This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

**Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

**About Google Book Search**

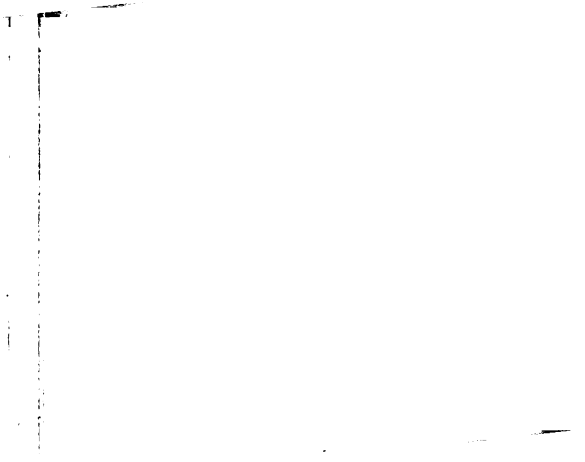
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 07489833 3

LENOX LIBRARY

Lenox Collection.
1870.

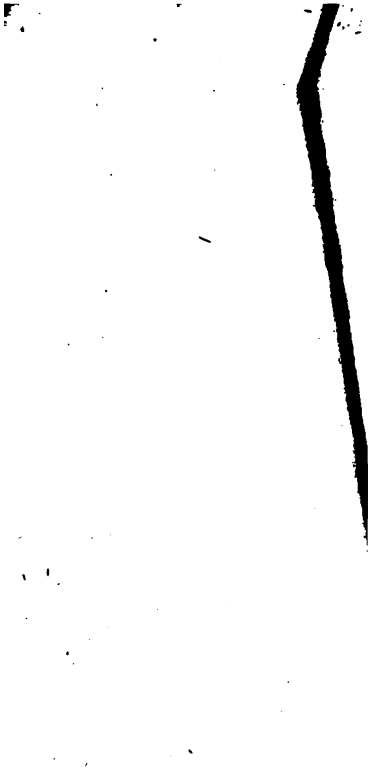
*NCM
(STEEVE
SHAKESPEA



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

*NCM
S81



THE

# PLAYS

OF

# WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

ACCURATELY PRINTED FROM

THE TEXT OF MR. STEEVEN'S

LAST EDITION,

WITH

A SELECTION

OF

THE MOST IMPORTANT NOTES.

VOLUME VIII.

*CONTAINING*

*KING JOHN.*

*KING RICHARD II.*

LEIPSICK:

FOR GERHARD FLEISCHER THE YOUNGER.

1806.

LENOX LIBRARY
NEW YORK

# KING JOHN.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED

King John :
PrinceHenry, *his son ; afterwards King* Hen
Arthur, *Duke of* Bretagne, *son of* Geffrey
*Duke of* Bretagne, *the elder brother of King*
William Mareshall, *Earl of* Pembroke.
Geffrey Fitz-Peter, *Earl of* Essex, *Chief*
*ciary of* England.
William Longsword, *Earl of* Salisbury.
Robert Bigot, *Earl of* Norfolk.
Hubert de Burgh, *Chamberlain to the K*
Robert Faulconbridge, *son of Sir* Robert
conbridge :
Philip Faulconbridge, *his half-brother; b*
*son to K.* Richard *the First.*
James Gurney, *servant to Lady* Faulconb
Peter *of* Pomfret, *a Prophet.*
Philip, *King of* France.
Lewis, *the Dauphin.*
Arch-duke *of* Austria.
Cardinal Pandulpho, *the Pope's Legate.*
Melun, *a* French *Lord.*
Chatillon, *Ambassador from* France *to King*
Elinor, *the widow of King* Henry II
*mother of King* John.
Constance, *mother to* Arthur.
Blanch, *daughter to* Alphonso *King of* C
and *niece to King* John.
*Lady* Faulconbridge, *mother to the l*
*and* Robert Faulconbridge.
*Lords, Ladies, Citizens of* Angiers,
*Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messenger*
*other Attendants.*
SCENE, *sometimes in* England, *a*
*times in* France.

# KING JOHN.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

Northampton. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

*Enter King* JOHN, *Queen* ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, *and Others, with* CHATILLON.

*K. John.* Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

*Chat.* Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France,
In my behaviour, to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty of England here.

*Eli.* A strange beginning;—borrow'd majesty!

*K. John.* Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

*Chat.* Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of his deseased brother Geffrey's son,
Your Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island, and the territories;

To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Toura
Maine:
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,
Which sways usurpingly these several titles
And put the same into young Arthur's hand
Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.
*K. John.* What follows, if we disallow
this?
*Chat.* The proud control of fierce
bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld
*K. John.* Here have we war for war,
blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment; so answer Fra
*Chat.* Then take my King's defiance fr
my mouth,
The furthest limit of my embassy.
*K. John.* Bear mine to him, and so dep
in peace:
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:
So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wra
And sullen presage of your own decay. —
An honourable conduct let him have; —
Pembroke, look to't: Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt* CHATILLON *and* PEMBRO

*Eli.* What now, my son? have I not ever
How that ambitious Constance would not
Till she had kindled France, and all the
*Upon the right and* party of her son?
*This might have* been prevented, an
whole,
*With very easy* arguments of love;

Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.
*K. John.* Our strong possession, and our right, for us.
*Eli.* Your strong possession, much more than your right;
Or else it must go wrong with you, and me:
So much my conscience whispers in your ear;
Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

*Enter the* Sheriff of Northamptonshire, *who whispers* Essex.

*Essex.* My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you
That e'er I heard: Shall I produce the men?
*K. John.* Let them approach. — [*Exit* Sheriff.
ur abbies, and our priories, shall pay

*enter* Sheriff, *with* Robert Faulconbridge, *and* Philip, *his bastard brother.*

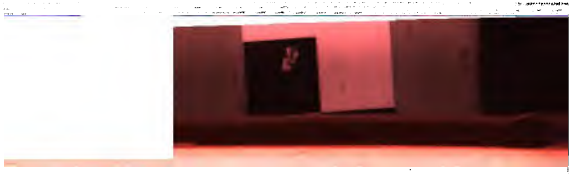
s expedition's charge. — What men are you?
*ast.* Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,
in Northamptonshire; and eldest son,
suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge;
ldier, by the honour-giving hand
eur-de-lion knighted in the field.
*John.* What art thou?
*The son* and heir to that same Faulconbridge.
*hn.* Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?

I put you o'er to heaven, and to
Of that I doubt, as all men's chil
*Eli.* Out on thee, rude man!
shame thy moth
And wound her honour with this
*Bast.* I, Madam? no, I have
for it;
That is my brother's plea, and no
The which if he can prove, 'a p
At least from fair five hundred pou
Heaven guard my mother's hono
land!
*K. John.* A good blunt fellow:—
younger b
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritan
*Bast.* I know not why, except
land.

*Eli.* He hath a trick of Coeur-de-lion's face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?
*K. John.* Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?
*Bast.* Because he hath a half-face, like my father;
With that half-face would he have all my land:
A half-faced groat five hundred pound a year!
*Rob.* My gracious Liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much;—
*Bast.* Well, Sir, by this you cannot get my land;
Your tale must be, how he employ'd my mother.
*Rob.* And once despatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there, with the Emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time:
The advantage of his absence took the King,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak:
But truth is truth; large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father speak himself,)
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequoath'd
His lands to me; and took it, on his death,
That this, my mother's son, was none of his;
And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
*Then, good* my Liege, let me have what is mine,
*My father's* land, as was my father's will.

*K. John.* Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:
And, if she did play false, the fault was hers:
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;
In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him: This concludes,—
My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.
*Rob.* Shall then my father's will be of no force,
To dispossess that child which is not his?
*Bast.* Of no more force to dispossess me, Sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.
*Eli.* Whether hadst thou rather,—be a Faulconbridge,
And like thy brother to enjoy thy land:
Or the reputed son of Coeur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?
*Bast.* Madam, an if my brother had my
And I had his, sir Robert his, like him
And if my legs were two such riding
My arms such eelskins stuff'd; my
*That in mine ear* I durst not stic
*Lest men should* say, Look, wh
things
*And, to his shape*, were heir t

'Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be sir Nob in any case.
*Eli.* I like thee well; Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.
*Bast.* Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance:
Your face hath got five hundred pounds a year;
Yet sell your face for fivepence, and 'tis dear.—
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.
*Eli.* Nay, I would have you go before me thither.
*Bast.* Our country manners give our betters way.
*K. John.* What is thy name?
*Bast.* Philip, my Liege; so is my name begun:
Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.
*K. John.* From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bear'st:
Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great;
Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet.
*Bast.* Brother by the mother's side, give me your hand;
My father gave me honour, yours gave land:—
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, sir Robert was away.
*Eli.* The very spirit of Plantagenet!—
I am thy grandame, Richard; call me so.
*Bast.* Madam, by chance, but not by truth:
What though?
Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:
*Who dares not* stir by day, must walk by night;
*And have is* have, however men do catch:





Near or far off, well won is still well shot;
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.
*K. John.* Go, Faulconbridge; now hast thou thy desire,
A landless knight makes thee a landed 'squire.—
Come, Madam, and come, Richard; we must speed
For France, for France; for it is more than need.
*Bast.* Brother, adieu; Good fortune come to thee!
For thou wast got i'the way of honesty.
[*Exeunt all but the* Bastard.
A foot of honour better than I was;
But many a many foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady: —
*Good den, Sir Richard,* — *Good-a-mercy, fellow*; —
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:
For new-made honour doth forget men's names;
'Tis too respective, and too sociable,
For your conversion. Now your traveller, —
He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess;
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
My picked man of countries: — *My dear Sir,*
(Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,)
*I shall beseech you* — That is question now:
And then comes answer like an ABC-boo
*O Sir,* says answer, *at your best comman*
*At your employment; at your service, Si*
*No, Sir,* says question; *I, sweet Sir, at y*
And so, ere answer knows what question w
(Saving in dialogue of compliment;
*And talking of* the Alps, and Apenni
*The Pyrenean,* and the river Po,)

It draws towards supper in conclusion so.
But this is worshipful society,
And fits te mounting spirit, like myself:
For he is but a bastard to the time,
That doth not smack of observation;
(And so am I, whether I smack, or no;)
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
Which though I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising. —
But who comes in such haste, in riding robes?
What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

*Enter Lady* FAULCONBRIDGE *and* James Gurney.

O me! it is my mother:—How now, good Lady?
What brings you here to court so hastily?

*Lady F.* Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he?

That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

*Bast.* My brother Robert? old sir Robert's son?
Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?
Is it sir Robert's son, that you seek so?

*Lady F.* Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's son: Why scorn'st thou at sir Robert?
He is Sir Robert's son; and so art thou.

*Bast.* James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

*Gur.* Good leave, good Philip.
*Bast.* Philip?—sparrow!—James,
There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.
[*Exit* Gurney.
Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son;
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-friday, and ne'er broke his fast:
Sir Robert could do well; Marry, (to confess!)
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;
We know his handiwork: — Therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholden for these limbs?
Sir Robert never holp to make this leg.
*Lady F.* Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain should'st defend mine honour?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?
*Bast.* Knight, knight, good mother, — Basiliscolike:
What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.
But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son;
I have disclaim'd sir Robert, and my land;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone:
Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
Some proper man, I hope; Who was it, mother?
*Lady F.* Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?
*Bast.* As faithfully as I deny the devil.
*Lady F.* King Richard Coeur-de-lion was
*By long and vehement suit I was seduc*
*To make room for him in my husband's*
*Heaven lay not my transgression to my*
father;

Thou art the issue of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urg'd past my defence.
*Bast.* Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,—
Subjected tribute to commanding love,—
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The awless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father:
Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
Come, Lady, I will show thee to my kin;
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:
Who says it was, he lies: I say, 'twas not.
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

France. *Before the walls of* Angiers.

*Enter, on one side, the Archduke of* Austria, *and Forces; on the other,* PHILIP, *King of* France, *and Forces,* LEWIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and Attendants.*

*Lew.* Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—

Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave Duke came early to his grave:
And, for amends to his posterity
At our importance hither is he come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John;
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

*Arth.* God shall forgive you Coeur-de-lion's death,
The rather, that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, Duke.

*Lew.* A noble boy! Who would not do th right?

*Aust.* Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous k
As seal to this indenture of my love;
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in Fra
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd sh
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's ro tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders,
Even till that England, hedg'd in with main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
*And confident* from foreign purpose
*Even till that* utmost corner of the
*Salute thee* for her King: till then,
*Will I not think of home*, but follo

*Const.* O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength.
To make a more reqnital to your love.
*Aust.* The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.
*K Phi.* Well then, to work; our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town. —
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages: —
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the marketplace in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.
*Const.* Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood:
My lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

*Enter* CHATILLON.

*K. Phi.* A wonder, Lady! — lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd, —
What England says, say briefly, gentle Lord,
We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.
*Chat.* Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And *stir them* up against a mightier task:
*England, impatient* of your just demands,

Hath put himself in arms; the adverse
Whose leisure I have staid, have given
To land his legions all as soon as I:
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen
An Até, stirring him to blood and strife;
With her her niece, the lady Blanch of S
With them a bastard of the King deceas'd
And all the unsettled humours of the land,
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragon's spleens,
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here,
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er.
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath in Christendom.
The interruption of their churlish drums
[*Drums beat.*
Cut off more circumstance: they are at hand,
To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

*K. Phi.* How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

*Aust.* By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

*Enter King* JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, *the* Bastard, PEMBROKE, *and Forces.*

*K. John.* Peace be to France: if France in peace permit

Our

r just and lineal entrance to our own!
not; bleed France, and peace ascend to hea-
ven!
Vhiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to
heaven.

*K. Phi.* Peace be to England; if that war re-
turn
From France to England, there to live in peace!
England we love; and, for that England's sake,
With burden of our armour here we sweat:
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
ut thou from loving England art so far,
hat thou hast underwrought his lawful King,
t off the sequence of posterity,
ıtfaced infant state, and done a rape
on the maiden-virtue of the crown.
k here upon thy brother Geffrey's face;—
se eyes, these brows were moulded out of
his:
little abstract doth contain that large,
h died in Geffrey; and the hand of time
draw this brief into as huge a volume.
Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
is his son; England was Geffrey's right,
is is Geffrey's: In the name of God,
mes it then, that thou art call'd a King,
iving blood doth in these temples beat,
we the crown that thou o'ermasterest?
n. From whom hast thou this great com-
mission, France,
ny answer from thy articles?
From that supernal judge, that stirs
good thoughts
t of strong authority,
the blots and stains of right.

That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong;
And, by whose help, I mean to chastise it.
*K. John.* Alack, thou dost usurp authority.
*K. Phi.* Excuse; it is to beat usurping down.
*Eli.* Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France?
*Const.* Let me make answer;—thy usurping son.
*Eli.* Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be King;
That thou may'st be a Queen, and check the world!
*Const.* My bed was ever to thy son as true,
As thine was to thy husband: and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey,
Than thou and John in manners; being as like,
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think,
His father never was so true begot;
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.
*Eli.* There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.
*Const.* There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.
*Aust.* Peace!
*Bast.* Hear the crier.
*Aust.* What the devil art thou?
*Bast.* One that will play the devil, Sir, with you,
An 'a may catch your hide and you alone.
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard:
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right.
Sirrah, look to't; i' faith, I will, i' faith.
*Blanch.* O, well did he become that lion's robe,
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

*Bast.* It lies as sightly on the back of him,
As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass: —
But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back;
Or lay on that, shall make your shoulders crack.
*Aust.* What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
*K. Phi.* Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.
*Lew.* Women and fools, break off your conference. —
King John, this is the very sum of all, —
England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?
*K. John.* My life as soon: — I do defy thee, France,
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:
Submit thee, boy.
*Eli.* Come to thy grandam, child.
*Const.* Do, child, go to it, grandam, child;
Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There's a good grandam.
*Arth.* Good my mother, peace!
I would, that I were low laid in my grave!
I am not worth this coil, that's made for me.
*Eli.* His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.
*Const.* Now shame upon you, whe'r she does, or no!
His *grandam's* wrongs, and not his mother's shames,

Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee;
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

*Eli.* Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

*Const.* Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!
Call not me slanderer; thou, and thine, usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights,
Of this oppressed boy: This is they eldest son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee;
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him.
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

*K. John.* Bedlam, have done.

*Const.* I have but this to say,—
That he's not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,
And with her plague, her sin; his injury
Her injury,—the beadle to her sin;
All punish'd in the person oft this child,
And all for her; A plague upon her!

*Eli.* Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy son.

*Const.* Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;
A woman's will; a cankor'd grandam's will

*K. Phi.* Peace, Lady; pause, or be more temperate:

It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim
To these ill-tuned repetitions.
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's,

*Trumpets sound. Enter* Citizens *upon the walls.*

1 *Cit.* Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?
*K. Phi* 'Tis France, for England.
*K. John.* England, for itself:
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—
*K. Phi.* You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.
*K. John.* For our advantage; — Therefore, hear us first. —
These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement:
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath.
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:
All preparation for a bloody siege.
And merciless proceeding by these French
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordnance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havock made
For *bloody* power to rush upon your peace.
But on the sight of us, your lawful King, —

Who painfully, with much expedient march,
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,
Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle:
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears:
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your King; whose labour'd spirits,
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

*K. Phi.* When I have said, make answer to us both.

Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet;
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And King o'er him, and all that he enjoys:
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town;
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal
In the relief of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty, which you truly owe,
To him that owes it; namely, this young Prince
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up:
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven
And, with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd swords, and helmets all u
We *will bear home* that lusty blood ag
*Which here* we came to spout against y

And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the roundure of your old-fac'd walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war;
Though all these English, and their discipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

1 *Cit.* In brief, we are the King of England's subjects;
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

*K. John.* Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.

1 *Cit.* That can we not: but he that proves the King,
To him will we prove loyal; till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

*K. John.* Doth not the crown of England prove the King?
And, if not that, I bring you witnesses.
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

*Bast.* Bastards, and else.

*K. John.* To verify our title with their lives.

*K. Phi.* As many, and as well-born bloods as those,—

*Bast.* Some bastards too.

*K. Phi.* Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.

1 *Cit.* Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.

*K. John.* Then God forgive the sin of those souls,
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's King!

*K. Phi.* Amen, Amen! — Mount, chevali to arms!

*Bast.* St. George, — that swing'd the dra and e'er since,
Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence! — Sirrah, were I at ho
At your den, sirrah, [*To* AUSTRIA.] with lioness,
I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.

*Aust.* Peace; no more.

*Bast.* O, tremble; for you hear the lion r

*K. John.* Up higher to the plain; where set forth,
In best appointment, all our regiments.

*Bast.* Speed then, to take advantage o field,

*K. Phi.* It shall be so; — [*To* LEWIS.] the other hill
Command the rest to stand. — God, an right!

[*E*

## SCENE II.

*The same.*

*Alarums and Excursions; then a Retre ter a* French *Herald, with trumpets, gates.*

*F. Her.* You men of Angiers, open gates,

And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in;
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lye scatter'd on the bleeding ground:
Many a widow's husband groveling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French;
Who are at hand triumphantly display'd.
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's King, and yours.

*Enter an* English *Herald, with trumpets.*

*E. Her.* Rejoice you men of Angiers, ring
your bells;
King John, your King and England's doth ap-
proach,
Commander of this hot malicious day!
Their armour, that march'd hence so silver-
bright.
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood:
There stuck no plume in any English crest.
That is removed by a staff of France;
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd
forth,
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Died in the dying slaughter of their foes:
Open your gates, and give the victors way,
*Cit.* Heralds, from off our towers we might
behold,
*From first to last*, the onset and retire
*Of both your armies*; whose equality
*By our best eyes* cannot be censured:

Blood hath bought blood, and blows hav
swer'd blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power
fronted power:
Both are alike; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest: while they wei
even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for bot

*Enter, at one side, King* JOHN, *with his pc*
ELINOR, BLANCH, *and the* Bastard; *at*
*other, King* PHILIP, LEWIS, AUSTRIA,
*Forces.*

*K. John.* France, hast thou yet more b
to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right run on?
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impedimen
Shall leave his native channel, and o'ersw
With course disturb'd even thy confining sh
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.
*K. Phi.* England, thou hast not sav'd
drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more: And by this hand I sv
That sways the earth this climate overlook
Before we will lay down our just-borne a
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these
we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead;
Gracing the scroll, that tells of this wa
With slaughter coupled to the name of
*Bast Ha,* Majesty! how high thy
ors,
*When the rich blood of Kings is se*

O, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mouthing the flesh of men,
In undetermin'd differences of Kings. —
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry, havock, Kings! back to the stained field,
You equal potents, firy-kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!

*K. John.* Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

*K. Phi.* Speak, citizens, for England; who's your King?

1 *Cit.* The King of England, when we know the King.

*K. Phi.* Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

*K. John.* In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here;
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

1 *Cit.* A greater power than we, denies all this;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates:
King'd of our fears; until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain King purg'd and depos'd.

*Bast.* By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, Kings;
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
*At your industrious scenes and acts of death.*
*Your royal presences be rul'd by me;*
*Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,*

Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;
Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point:
Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion;
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?

*K. John.* Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well:—France, shall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
Then, after, fight who shall be King of it?

*Bast.* And if thou hast the mettle of a King,—
Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls:
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why, then defy each other; and, pell-mell,
*Make work* upon ourselves, for heaven,

*K. Phi.* Let it be so:—Say where will you assault?

*John.* We from the west will send destruction
this city's bosom.
*st.* I from the north.
*Phi.* Our thunder from the south,
rain their drift of bullets on this town.
*st.* O prudent discipline! From north to south;
ria and France shoot in each other's mouth:
[*Aside.*
tir them to it.—Come, away, away!
*it.* Hear us, great Kings: vouchsafe a while to stay,
I shall show you peace, and fair-faced league;
you this city without stroke, or wound;
ue those breathing lives to die in beds
here come sacrifices for the field:
ever not, but hear me, mighty Kings.
*John.* Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear.
*it.* That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch,
ar to England; Look upon the years
ewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid:
sty love should go in quest of beauty,
re should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
alous love should go in search of virtue,
re should he find it purer than in Blanch?
ve ambitious sought a match of birth,
se veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?
as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
e *young* Dauphin every way complete:
*complete*, O say, he is not she;
*be again* wants nothing, to name want,

If want it be not, that she is not he:
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such a she:
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him,
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in:
And two such shores to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, Kings,
To these two Princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can,
To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match,
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance: but, without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion; no, not death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

*Bast.* Here's a stay,
That shakes the rotten carcase of old death
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke bounce;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
*Our ears are* cudgel'd; not a word of his,
*But buffets better* than a fist of France:
*Zounds! I was never* so bethump'd with

Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.
*Eli.* Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;
Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,
That you green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whisper: urge them, while their souls
Are capable of this ambition;
Lest zeal, now melted, by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.
1 *Cit.* Why answer not the double Majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?
*K. Phi.* Speak England first, that hath been forward first
To speak unto this city; What say you?
*K John.* If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read, I love,
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a Queen:
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea
(Except this city now by us besieg'd,)
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any Princess of the world.
*K. Phi.* What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face,
*Lew.* I do, my Lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,

The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow:
I do protest, I never lov'd myself,
Till now infixed I beheld myself,
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.
[*Whispers with* BLANCH.

*Bast.* Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!—
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow! —
And quarter'd in her heart! — he doth espy
Himself love's traitor: This is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should be,
In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

*Blanch.* My uncle's will, in this respect, is mine;
If he see aught in you, that makes him like,
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will;
Or, if you will, (to speak more properly,)
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my Lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this, — that nothing do I see in you,
(Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge,)
That I can find should merit any hate.

*K. John.* What say these young ones? What say you, my niece

*Blanch.* That she is bound in honour still to
What you in wisdom shall vouchsafe to say.

*K. John.* Speak then, Prince Dauphin; you love this lad

*Lew.* Nay, ask me if I can refrain from
*For I do love her most unfeignedly.*

*K. John.* Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,
Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin. —
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

*K. Phi.* It likes us well: — Young Princes, close your hands.

*Aust.* And your lips too; for, I am well assur'd,
That I did so, when I was first assur'd.

*K. Phi.* Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;
For at saint Mary's chapel, presently,
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd. —
Is not the lady Constance in this troop? —
I know, she is not; for this match, made up,
Her presence would have interruped much: —
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

*Lew.* She is sad and passionate at your Highness' tent,

*K. Phi.* And, by my faith, this league, that we have made,
Will give her sadness very little cure. —
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? In her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.

*K. John.* We will heal up all:
For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Bretagne,
And Earl *of Richmond*; and this rich fair town
*We make him lord of.* — Call the lady Constance;
*Some speedy messenger bid her repair*

To our solemnity: — I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for unprepared pomp.
[*Exeunt all but the* Bastard, — *The* Citizen *retire from the wall*
*Bast.* Mad world! mad Kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part:
And France, (whose armour conscience buckled on;
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own soldier,) rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,
Of Kings, of beggars, old men, young men maids; —
Who having no external thing to lose
But the word maid, — cheats the poor maid that;
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling commodity, —
Commodity, the bias of the world;
The world, who of itself is peised well,
Made to run even, upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:
*And this same* bias, this commodity,
*This bawd*, this broker, this all-changing wight,
*Clapp'd on* the outward eye of fickle France

Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
From a resolv'd and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace. —
And why rail I on this commodity?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say, — there is no sin, but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say, — there is no vice, but beggary:
Since Kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, *be* my lord; for I will worship thee! [*Exit.*

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*The same.* *The* French *King's Tent.*

*Enter* CONSTANCE, ARTHUR *and* SALISBURY.

*Const.* Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those provinces?
It is not so; thou hast mis-spoke, misheard;
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou dost but say, 'tis so;
I trust, I may not trust thee; for thy word
Is but the *vain* breath of a common man:
*Believe me, I* do not believe thee, man;
*I have a King's* oath to the contrary.

Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frighting me,
For I am sick, and capable of fears;
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears:
And though thou now confess, thou didst but jest,
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

*Sal.* As true, as, I believe, you think them false,
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

*Const.* O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die.—
Lewis marry Blanch! O, boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England! what becomes of me? —
Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight;
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

*Sal.* What other harm have I, good Lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

*Const.* Which harm within itself so heinous is
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

*Arth.* I do beseech you, Madam, be content.
*Const.* If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and slander'ous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lillies boast,
And with the half-blown rose: but fortune, O!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to fortune, and King John;
That strumpet fortune, that usurping John:—
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone,
Am bound to underbear.

*Sal.* Pardon me, Madam,
I may not go without you to the Kings.

*Const.* Thou may'st, thou shalt. I will not go with thee:
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
*Let Kings assemble*; for my grief's so great,
*That no supporter* but the huge firm earth
*Can hold it up*: here I and sorrow sit;

Here is my throne, bid Kings come bow to it.

[*She throws herself on the ground.*

*Enter King* JOHN, *King* PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH, ELINOR, Bastard, AUSTRIA, *and Attendants.*

*K. Phi.* 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day,
Ever in France shall be kept festival:
To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist;
Turning, with splendor of his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holyday.

*Const.* A wicked day, and not a holyday!—
[*Rising.*
What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done;
That it in golden letters should be set,
Among the high tides, in the kalendar?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray, that their burdens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:
But on this day, let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made:
This day, all things begun come to ill end;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

*K. Phi.* By heaven, Lady, you shall have no cause
*To curse the fair* proceedings of this day:
*Have I not* pawn'd to you my majesty?

*Const.* You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,
Resembling majesty; which, being touch'd, and tried,
Proves valueless: You are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war,
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league:—
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd Kings!
A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd Kings!
Hear me, O, hear me!

*Aust.* Lady Constance, peace.

*Const.* War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward;
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humourous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,

And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

*Aust.* O, that a man should speak those words to me!

*Bast.* And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

*Aust.* Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

*Bast.* And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

*K. John.* We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

*Enter* PANDULPH.

*K. Phi.* Here comes the holy legate of the Pope.

*Pand.* Hail, you anointd deputies of heaven!—
To thee, King John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan Cardinal,
And from Pope Innocent the legate here,
Do, in his name, religiously demand,
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen Archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

*K. John.* What earthly name to interrogatories,
Can task the free breath of a sacred King?
Thou canst not, Cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the Pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England,
*Add thus much* more, — That no Italian priest
*Shall tithe* or toll in our dominions;

But as we under heaven are supreme head,
So, under him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold.
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the Pope; all reverence set apart,
To him, and his usurp'd authority.

*K. Phi.* Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

*K. John.* Though you, and all the Kings of Christendom,
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself:
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

*Pand.* Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand curs'd, and excommunicate;
And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretick;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized, and worship'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

*Const.* O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome to curse a while!
Good father Cardinal, cry thou, amen,
To my keen curses; for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

*Pand.* There's law and warrant, Lady, for my curse.

*Const.* And for mine too; when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law;
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

*Pand.* Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that archheretick;
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

*Eli.* Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.

*Const.* Look to that, devil! lest that France repent,
And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

*Aust.* King Philip, listen to the Cardinal.

*Bast.* And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

*Aust.* Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because —

*Bast.* Your breeches best may carry them.

*K. John.* Philip, what say'st thou to the Cardinal?

*Const.* What should he say, but as the Cardinal?

*Lew.* Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forgo the easier.

*Blanch.* That's the curse of Rome.

*Const.* O Lewis, stand fast; the devil tempts thee here,
In likeness of a new untrimmed bri

*Blanch.* The lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
it from her need.
*Const.* O, if thou grant my need,
hich only lives but by the death of faith,
iat need must needs infer this principle,—
iat faith would live again by death of need;
, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
ep my need up, and faith is trodden down.
*K. John.* The King is mov'd and answer not to this.
*Const.* O, be remov'd from him, and answer well.
*Aust.* Do so, King Philip; hang no more in doubt.
*Bast.* Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.
*K. Phi.* I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.
*Pand.* What can'st thou say, but will perplex thee more,
thou stand excommunicate, and curs'd?
*K. Phi.* Good reverend father, make my person yours,
d tell me, how you would bestow yourself.
is royal hand and mine are newly knit;
d the conjunction of our inward souls
rried in league, coupled and link'd together
th all religious strength of sacred vows;
e latest breath, that gave the sound of words,
s deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
*ween our kingdoms*, and our royal selves;
*even before* this truce, but new before,—
*onger* than we well could wash our hands,

To clap this royal bargain up of peace,—
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and over-
stain'd
With slaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed Kings:
And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regreet?
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with hea-
ven,
Make such unconstant children of ourselves
As now again to snatch our palm from palm;
Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O holy Sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so!
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order; and then we shall be bless'd
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

*Pand.* All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore, to arms: be champion of our church!
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her
curse,
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
A cased lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost
hold.

*K. Phi.* I may disjoin my hand, but not my
faith.

*Pand.* So mak'st thou faith an enemy to
faith;
And like a civil war, set'st oath to oath,

Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd;
That is, to be the champion of our church!
What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thyself,
And may not be performed by thyself:
For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
Is not amiss, when it is truly done;
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it:
The better act of purposes mistook
Is, to mistake again; though indirect
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools fire.
Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.
It is religion, that doth make vows kept;
But thou hast sworn against religion;
But what thou swear'st the thing thou swear'st;
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
Against an oath: The truth thou art unsure
To swear, swear only not to be forsworn;
Else, what a mockery should it be to swear?
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
Therefore, thy latter vows, against thy first,
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself:
And better conquest never canst thou make,
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions:
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
*If thou vouchsafe them*: but, if not, then know,
*The peril of our* curses light on thee;
*So heavy, as thou* shalt not shake them off,

But, in despair, die under their black
*Aust.* Rebellion, flat rebellion!
*Bast.* Will't not be?
Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of
*Lew.* Father, to arms!
*Blanch.* Upon thy wedding day?
Against the blood that thou hast married
What, shall our feast be kept with slau
men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud ch
drums,—
Clamours of hell,—be measures to our
O husband, hear me!— ah, alack, how
Is husband in my mouth!—even for that
Which till this time my tongue did ne'e
nounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.
*Const.* O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to t
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the do
Fore-thought by heaven.
*Blanch.* Now shall I see thy love; Wha
tive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of w
*Const.* That which upholdeth him tha
upholds,
His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis,
honour!
*Lew.* I muse, your Majesty doth seem s
When such profound respects do pull yc
*Pand.* I will denounce a curse upon his
*K. Phi.* Thou shalt not need:—England
fall from thee.
*Const.* O fair return of banish'd maje
*Eli.* O foul revolt of French inconsta

*K. John.* France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

*Bast.* Old time the clock-setter, that bald sexton time,
Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

*Blanch.* The sun's o'ercast with blood: Fair day, adieu!
Which is the side that I must go withal?
I am with both: each army hath a hand,
And, in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder, and dismember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win;
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose;
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;
Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

*Lew.* Lady with me; with me thy fortune lies.

*Blanch.* There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

*K. John.* Cousin, go draw our puissance together. —

[*Exit* Bastard.

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
A rage, whose heat hath this condition,
Than nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood, of France.

*K. Phi.* Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

*K. John.* No more than he that threats. — To arms let's hie!

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*The same. Plains near* Angiers.

*Alarums, Excursions. Enter the* Bastard, *with* AUSTRIA'S *head.*

*Bast.* Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there;
While Philip breathes.

*Enter King* JOHN, ARTHUR, *and* HUBERT.

*K. John.* Hubert, keep this boy:—Philip, make up:
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.
*Bast.* My Lord, I rescu'd her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
But on, my Liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end.
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*The same.*

*Alarums; Excursions; Retreat. Enter King* JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, *the* Bastard, HUBERT, *and* Lords.

*K. John.* So shall it be: your Grace shall stay behind,
[*To* ELINOR.
So

So strongly guarded,—Cousin, look not sad:
[*To* Arthur.
Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

*Arth.* O, this will make my mother die with grief.

*K. John.* Cousin, [*To the* Bastard.] away for England: haste before:
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels
Set thou at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
Use our commission in his utmost force.

*Bast.* Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
I leave your Highness:—Grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy,)
For your fair safety; so I kiss your hand.

*Eli.* Farewell, my gentle cousin.

*K. John.* Coz, farewell. [*Exit* Bastard.

*Eli.* Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.
[*She takes* Arthur *aside.*

*K. John.* Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much, within this wall of flesh
There is a soul, counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd
To say what good respect I have of thee.

*Hub.* I am much bounden to your Majesty.
*K. John.* Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet:
But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say — But let it go:
The sun is in the heaven; and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience: — If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one unto the drowsy race of night;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick;
(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes;)
Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But ah, I will not: — Yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.
*Hub.* So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
*By heaven*, I'd do't.
*K. John.* Do not I know, thou would'st?
*Good Hubert*, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye

On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: Dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.
*Hub.* And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your Majesty.
*K. John.* Death
*Hub.* My Lord?
*K. John.* A grave.
*Hub.* He shall not live.
*K. John.* Enough.
I could be merry now: Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember.—Madam, fare you well:
I'll send those powers o'er to your Majesty.
*Eli.* My blessing go with thee!
*K. John.* For England, cousin:
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On toward Calais ho!
(*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

*The same. The* French *King's Tent.*

*Enter King* PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, *and Attendants.*

*K. Phi.* So, by a roaring tempest on the flood
A whole armado of convicted sail
Is scatter'd, and disjoin'd from fellowship.

*Pand.* Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well,

*K. Phi.* What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

*Lew.* What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example: Who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this?

*K. Phi.* Well could I bear that England had this praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

*Enter* CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul:
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath:—
I pr'ythee, Lady, go away with me.

*Const.* Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace!

*K. Phi.* Patience, good Lady! comfort, gentle Constance!

*Const.* No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death:—O amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
*Thou hate* and terror to prosperity,
*And I will kiss* thy détestable bones;
*And put my* eyeballs in thy vaulty brows;

And ring these fingers with thy household worms;
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be carrion monster like thyself:
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,
And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,
O, come to me!

*K. Phi.* O fair affliction, peace.

*Const.* No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:—
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world;
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation.

*Pand.* Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

*Const.* Thou art not holy to belie me so;
I am not mad: this hair I tear, is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
I am not mad;—I would to heaven, I were!
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!—
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, Cardinal;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
If I were mad, I should forget my son;
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
*The different* plague of each calamity.

*K. Phi. Bind* up those tresses: O, what love I note

In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fall'n,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glew themselves in sociable grief;
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

*Const.* To England, if you will.

*K. Phi.* Bind up your hairs.

*Const.* Yes, that I will; And wherefore will I do it?

I tore them from their bonds; and cried aloud,
*O that these hands could so redeem my son,*
*As they have given these hairs their liberty!*
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner. —
And, father Cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him: therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

*Pand.* You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

*Const.* He talks to me, that never had a son.

*K. Phi.* You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

*Const.* Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.—
I will not keep this form upon my head,
[*Tearing off her head-dress.*
When there is such disorder in my wit.
O lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure!
[*Exit.*

*K. Phi.* I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her. [*Exit.*

*Lew.* There's nothing in this world can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,
That it yields naught, but shame, and bitterness.

*Pand.* Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils, that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil:
What have you lost by losing of this day?

*Lew.* All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

*Pand.* If you had won it, certainly, you had.
*No, no:* when fortune means to men most good,
*She looks* upon them with a threatening eye.

'Tis strange, to think how much King John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won:
Are not you griev'd, that Arthur is his prisoner?
*Lew.* As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.
*Pand.* Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak, with a prophetick spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and, therefore, mark.
John hath seiz'd Arthur, and it cannot be,
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest:
A scepter, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd:
And he, that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.
*Lew.* But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?
*Pand.* You, in the right of lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.
*Lew.* And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.
*Pand.* How green you are, and fresh in this old world!
*John lays you plots; the times conspire with* you:

For he, that steeps his safety in true blood,
Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.
This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;
That none so small advantage shall step forth,
To check his reign, but they will cherish it:
No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scape of nature, no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no customed event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, présages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

*Lew.* May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

*Pand.* O, Sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;
And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John,
Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot;
And, O, what better matter breeds for you,
Than I have nam'd! — The bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England, ransacking the church,
Offending charity: If but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side;
Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
*Anon becomes a mountain.* O noble Dauphin,
*Go with me to* the King: 'Tis wonderful,

What may be wrought out of their disco[illegible]
Now that their souls are topfull of offen[illegible]
For England go; I will whet on the Kin[illegible]
*Lew.* Strong reasons make strong a[illegible]
Let us go;
If you say, ay, the King will not say, no.
*Exeu[illegible]*

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

Northampton. *A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter* HUBERT, *and two Attendants.*

*Hub.* Heat me these irons hot; and, look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth;
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.
1 *Attend.* I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.
*Hub.* Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to't.—
[*Exeunt Attendants.*
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

*Enter* ARTHUR.

*Arth.* Good morrow, Hubert.
*Hub.* Good morrow, little Prince.
*Arth.* As little Prince (having so great a title
To be more Prince,) as may be.—You are sad.
*Hub.* Indeed, I have been merrier.

*Arth.* Mercy on me!
Methinks, no body should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed, is't not; And I would to heaven,
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

*Hub.* If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch.
[*Aside.*

*Arth.* Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In sooth, I would you were a little sick;
That I might sit all night, and watch with you:
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

*Hub.* His words do take possession of my bosom. —
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*]
How now, foolish rheum!
[*Aside.*
Turning dispitеous torture out of door!
I must be brief; lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears. —
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

*Arth.* Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

*Hub.* Young boy, I must.

*Arth.* And will you?
*Hub.* And I will.
*Arth.* Have you the heart? When your head did but ake,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a Princess wrought it me,)
And I did never ask it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a Prince.
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
And call it, cunning; Do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must. — Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?
*Hub.* I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.
*Arth.* Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench his firy indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
*But for containing* fire to harm mine eye.
*Are you more* stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?

An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd no tongue, but Hubert's.

*Hub.* Come forth. [*Stamps.*

*Re-enter* Attendants, *with cords, irons,* &c.

Do as I bid you do.

*Arth.* O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

*Hub.* Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

*Arth.* Alas, what need you be so boist'rous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand-stone-still.
For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

*Hub.* Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

1 *Attend.* I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt* Attendants.

*Arth.* Alas! I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
*Give life to yours.*

*Hub.* *Come, boy,* prepare yourself.

*Arth.* *Is there no* remedy?

*Hub.* None, but to lose your eyes.
*Arth.* O heaven! — that there were but a moat;
in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous
there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.
*Hub.* Is this your promise? go to, hold your
tongue.
*Arth.* Hubert, the utterance of a brace of
tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes; O, spare mine eyes:
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.
*Hub.* I can heat it, boy.
*Arth.* No, in good sooth; the fire is dead
with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes: See else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.
*Hub.* But with my breath I can revive it, boy.
*Arth.* And if you do, you will but make it
blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
*Nay, it, perchance,* will sparkle in your eyes;
*And, like a dog* that is compell'd to fight,
*Snatch at his master* that doth tarre him on.

All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.
*Hub.* Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.
*Arth.* O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.
*Hub.* Peace: no more. Adieu;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.
*Arth.* O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.
*Hub.* Silence; no more: Go closely in with me;
Much danger do I undergo for thee.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*The same. A Room of state in the Palace.*

*Enter King* JOHN, *crowned;* PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and other Lords. The King takes his state.*

*K. John.* Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,

And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.
*Pemb.* This once again, but that your Highness pleas'd,
Was once superfluous: your were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,
With any long'd-for change, or better state.
*Sal.* Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.
*Pemb.* But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told;
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.
*Sal.* In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured:
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.
*Pemb.* When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness:
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault,
*Doth make* the fault the worse by the excuse;
*As patches*, set upon a little breach,
*Discredit more* in hiding of the fault,

Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

*Sal.* To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counsel: but it pleas'd your Highness
To overbear it; and we are all well pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Doth make a stand at what your Highness will.

*K. John.* Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;
And more, more strong, (when lesser is my fear,)
I shall indue you with: Mean time, but ask
What you would have reform'd that is not well;
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

*Pemb.* Then I, (as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,)
Both for myself and them, (but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies,) heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument, —
If, what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why then your fears, (which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong,) should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
*The rich advantage of* good exercise,
*That the time's enemies* may not have this
*To grace occasions*, let it be our suit,

That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no further as
Than whereupon our weal, on you depe
Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.
*K. John.* Let it be so; I do commit h

*Enter* HUBERT.

To your direction. — Hubert, what ne
you?
*Pemb.* This is the man should do the
deed;
He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much-troubled
And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.
*Sal.* The colour of the King doth come
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles
His passion is so ripe, it needs must bre
*Pemb.* And, when it breaks, I fear, w
thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's de
*K. John.* We cannot hold mortality'
hand: —
Good Lords, although my will to give is
The suit which you demand is gone and
He tell us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.
*Sal.* Indeed, we fear'd, his sickness w
cure.
*Pemb.* Indeed, we heard how near h
he was,
*Before the child himself* felt he was sick:
*This must be* answer'd, either here,

*K. John.* Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

*Sal.* It is apparent foul-play: and 'tis shame,
That greatness should so grossly offer it: —
So thrive it in your game! and so farewell.

*Pemb.* Stay yet, Lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child.
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood, which ow'd the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold; Bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt.
[*Exeunt* Lords.

*K. John.* They burn in indignation; I repent;
There is no sure foundation set on blood:
No certain life achiev'd by others' death. —

*Enter a* Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast: Where is that blood,
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather: — How goes all in France?

*Mess.* From France to England, — Never such a power
For any foreign preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land!
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

*K. John.* O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?
*Mess.* My Liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April, died
Your noble mother: And, as I hear, my Lord,
The lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.
*K. John.* Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
O, make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers! — What! mother dead?
How wildly then walks my estate in France! —
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,
That thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here?
*Mess.* Under the Dauphin.

*Enter the* Bastard *and* Peter *of* Pomfret.

*K. John.* Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings. — Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.
*Bast.* But, if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.
*K. John.* Bear with me, cousin; for I was amaz'd
Under the tide: but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood; and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.
*Bast.* How I have sped among the clergymen,

sums I have collected shall express.
, as I travell'd hither through the land,
nd the people strangely fantasied;
sess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams;
t knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
id here's a prophet, that I brought with me
om forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
ith many hundreds treading on his heels;
o whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your Highness should deliver up your crown.

*K. John.* Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

*Peter.* Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

*K. John.* Hubert, away with him; imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd:
Deliver him to safety, and return,
For I must use thee. — O my gentle cousin,
[*Exit* HUBERT, *with* Peter.
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

*Bast.* The French, my Lord; men's mouths are full of it:
Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,
(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,)
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

*K. John.* Gentle kinsman, go,
*And thrust* thyself into their companies:
*I have* a way to win their loves again;
*Bring them* before me.

*Bast.* I will seek them out.

*K. John.* Nay, but make haste; the bet
foot before. —
O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion! —
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels;
And fly, like thought, from them to me aga

*Bast.* The spirit of the time shall teach
speed. [*Ex*

*K. John.* Spoke like a spriteful noble g
tleman. —
Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.

*Mess.* With all my heart, my Liege. [*Ex*

*K. John.* My mother dead!

*Re-enter* HUBERT.

*Hub.* My Lord, they say, five moons w
see to-night:
Four fixed: and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wond'rous motion.

*K. John.* Five moons?

*Hub.* Old men, and beldams, in the str
Do prophecy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mout
And when they talk of him, they shake th
heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
*And he, that speaks,* doth gripe the hear
wrist;
*Whilst he, that hears,* makes fearful acti

With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,)
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embatteled and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

*K. John.* Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

*Hub.* Had none, my Lord! why, did you not provoke me?

*K. John.* It is the curse of Kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life:
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.

*Hub.* Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

*K. John.* O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
*Is to be made*, then shall this hand and seal
*Witness against* us to damnation!
*How oft* the sight of means to do ill deeds,

Makes deeds ill done! Hadest not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a King,
Made it no conscience to destroy a Prince.

*Hub.* My Lord, —

*K. John.* Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposed;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words;
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name. —
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is brav'd,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

*Hub.* *Arm* you against your other enemies,
*I'll make a peace* between your soul and you.
*Young Arthur* is alive: This hand of mine

Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood,
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,
And you have slander'd nature in my form;
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cower of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

*K. John.* Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the Peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not; but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste:
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*The same. Before the Castle.*

*Enter* ARTHUR, *on the Walls.*

*Arth.* The wall is high; and yet will I leap down: —
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not! —
There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,
This shipboy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
*I am afraid; and yet* I'll venture it.
*If I get down, and* do not break my limbs,
*I'll find a thousand* shifts to get away;

As good to die, and go, as die, and stay.
[*Leaps down.*
O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones: —
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones! [*Dies.*

*Enter* PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

*Sal.* Lords, I will meet him at saint Edmund's-Bury;
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.
*Pemb.* Who brought that letter from the Cardinal?
*Sal.* The Count Melun, a noble lord of France;
Whose private with me, of the Dauphin's love,
Is much more general than these lines import.
*Big.* To-morrow morning let us meet him then.
*Sal.* Or, rather then set forward: for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, Lords, or e'er we meet.

*Enter the* Bastard.

*Bast.* Once more to-day well met, distemper'd Lords!
The King, by me, requests your presence straight.
*Sal.* The King hath dispossess'd himself of us;
We will not line his thin bestained cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks
Return, and tell him so; we know the worst.
*Bast.* Whate'er you think, good words, I think were best.
*Sal.* Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.
*Bast.* But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore, 'twere reason, you had manners

*Pemb.* Sir, Sir, impatience hath his privilege.
*Bast.* 'Tis true; to hurt his master, no man else.
*Sal.* This is the prison: What is he lies here?
[*Seeing* ARTHUR.
*Pemb.* O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.
*Sal.* Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.
*Big.* Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.
*Sal.* Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this object,
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.
*Pemb.* All murders past do stand excus'd in this:
And this, so sole, and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten sin of times;
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exampled by this heinous spectacle.
*Bast.* It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.
*Sal.* If that it be the work of any hand? —
*We had a kind of* light, what would ensue:
*It is the shameful* work of Hubert's hand;
*The practice* and the purpose of the King: —

From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow;
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of revenge.

*Pemb. Big.* Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

*Enter* HUBERT.

*Hub.* Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:
Arthur doth live; the King hath sent for you.

*Sal.* O, he is bold, and blushes not at death:—
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

*Hub.* I am no villain.

*Sal.* Must I rob the law?

[*Drawing his sword.*

*Bast.* Your sword is bright, Sir; put it up again.

*Sal.* Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.

*Hub.* Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;
By heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours:
I would not have you, Lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility,

*Big.* Out dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?

*Hub.* Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an Emperor.

*Sal.* Thou art a murderer.

*Hub.* Do not prove me so;

Yet, I am none: Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.
*Pemb.* Cut him to pieces.
*Bast.* Keep the peace, I say.
*Sal.* Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.
*Bast.* Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury:
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.
*Big.* What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a villain, and a murderer?
*Hub.* Lord Bigot, I am none.
*Big.* Who kill'd this Prince?
*Hub.* 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him: and will weep
My date of live out, for his sweet life's loss.
*Sal.* Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum:
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house:
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.
*Big.* Away toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!
*Pemb.* There, tell the King, he may enquire us out.
[*Exeunt* Lords.
*Bast.* Here's a good world! — Knew you of this fair work?
*Beyond the infinite and boundless reach*
*Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,*
*Art thou damn'd,* Hubert.

*Hub.* Do but hear me, Sir.
*Bast.* Ha! I'll tell thee what;
Thou art damn'd as black — nay, nothing is so
Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.
*Hub.* Upon my soul, —
*Bast.* If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be
A beam to hang thee on; or, would'st thou
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean.
Enough to stifle such a villain up. —
I do suspect thee very grievously.
*Hub.* If I in act, consent, or sin of thoug
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous cla
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.
*Bast.* Go, bear him in thine arms. —
I am amaz'd, methinks; and lose my wa
Among the thorns and dangers of this wo
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all thi
Is fled to heaven; and England now is
To tug, and scamble, and to part by
The unowed interest of proud-swellin
*Now*, for the bare-pick'd bone of ma
*Doth* dogged war bristle his angry c
*And* snarleth in the gentle eyes of pe

Now powers from home, and discontents at home,
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits
(As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,)
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed; I'll to the King:
A thousand businesses are brief in hand.
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter King* JOHN, PANDULPH *with the Crown, and Attendants.*

*K. John.* Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.
*Pand.* Take again [*Giving* JOHN *the Crown.*
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority.
*K. John.* Now keep your holy word: go meet the French;
And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.
Our discontented counties do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience;
Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistemper'd humour
Rests by you only to be qualified.

Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,
That present medicine must be administer'd,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

*Pand.* It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the Pope:
But, since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this Ascension day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the Pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms.
[*Exit.*

*K. John.* Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet
Say, that, before Ascension-day at noon,
My crown I should give off? Even so I have:
I did suppose, it should be on constraint;
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

*Enter the* Bastard.

*Bast.* All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out,
But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

*K. John.* Would not my lords return to me again,
*After they heard* young Arthur was alive?

*Bast.* *They found* him dead, and cast into the streets;

An

An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.
*K. John.* That villain Hubert told me, he did live.
*Bast.* So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away; and ylister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:
Show boldness, and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den?
And fright him there; and make him tremble there?
O, let it not be said! — Forage, and run
To meet displeasure further from the doors;
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.
*K. John.* The legate of the Pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.
*Bast.* O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silken wanton brave our fields,

And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my Liege, to arms:
Perchance, the Cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

*K. John.* Have thou the ordering of this present time.

*Bast.* Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*A Plain, near* St. Edmund's-Bury.

*Enter, in arms,* Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, *and Soldiers.*

*Lew.* My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance:
Return the precedent to these lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

*Sal.* Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, and unurg'd faith,
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, Prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,
By making many: O, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
*To be a widow-maker*; O, and there,

Where honourable rescue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury:
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physick of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong. —
And is't not pity, O my grieved friends!
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot of this enforced cause,)
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here?—O nation, that thou could'st remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee unto a pagan shore;
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to-spend it so unneighbourly!

*Lew.* A noble temper dost thou show in this;
And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought,
Between compulsion, and a brave respect!
Let me wipe of this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
*This shower*, blown up by tempest of the soul,
*Startles mine eyes*, and makes me more amaz'd
*Than had I seen* the vaulty top of heaven

Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby eyes,
That never saw the giant world enrag'd;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come: for thou shalt thrust thy hand a deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity,
As Lewis himself:—so, nobles, shall you all
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

*Enter* PANDULPH, *attended.*

And even there, methinks, an angel spake:
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven;
And on our actions set me name of right,
With holy breath.

*Pand.* Hail, noble Prince of France!
The next is this,—King John hath reconcil
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind
And tame the savage spirit of wild war;
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

*Lew.* Your Grace shall pardon me, I will back;
I am too high-born to be propertied,
*To be a secondary* at control,
*Or useful serving-man*, and instrument,
*To any sovereign* state throughout the v

Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chástis'd kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it,
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart;
And come you now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? is't not I,
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
*Vive le roy!* as I have bank'd their towns?
Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match play'd for a crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, on my soul, it never shall be said.

*Pand.* You look but on the outside of this work.

*Lew.* Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified
*As to my* ample hope was promised
*Before I* drew this gallant head of war,
*And* cull'd these firy spirits from the world,

To outlook conquest, and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death. —
[*Trumpet sounds.*
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

*Enter the* Bastard, *attended.*

*Bast.* According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience; I am sent to speak: —
My holy Lord of Milan, from the King
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.
*Pand.* The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.
*Bast.* By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth says well: — Now hear our English King;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepar'd; and reason too, he should:
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd sauciness, and boyish troops,
The King doth smile at; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand, which had the strength, even at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;
To crouch in litter of your stable planks;
To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks;
*To hug with swine*; to seek sweet safety out
*In vaults and prisons*; and to thrill, and shake,

Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking his voice and armed Englishman; —
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No: Know, the gallant monarch is in arms;
And like an eagle o'er his aiery towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest. —
And you degenerate, your ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame:
For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
Like Amazons. come tripping after drums;
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
Their needls to launces, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

*Lew.* There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace;
We grant, thou canst outscold us: fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabbler.

*Pand.* Give me leave to speak.

*Bast.* No, I will speak.

*Lew.* We will attend to neither: —
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest, and our being here.

*Bast.* Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten: Do but start
And echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall,
*As loud as* thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
*And mock* the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand
*(Not trusting* to this halting legate here,

Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need,)
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.
*Lew.* Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.
*Bast.* And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*The same. A Field of Battle.*

*Alarums. Enter King* JOHN *and* HUBERT.

*K. John.* How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.
*Hub.* Badly, I fear: How fares your Majesty?
*K. John.* This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me; O, my heart is sick!

*Enter a* Messenger.

*Mess.* My Lord, your valiant kinsman, Faconbridge,
Desires your Majesty to leave the field;
And send him word by me, which way you
*K. John.* Tell him, toward Swinstead to the abbey there.
*Mess.* Be of good comfort; for the supply,
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwi

This news was brought to Richard but even now:
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.
*K. John.* Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news. —
Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint,
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

*The same. Another part of the same.*

*Enter* SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, *and Others.*

*Sal.* I did not think the King so stor'd with friends.
*Pemb.* Up once again; put spirit in the French;
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.
*Sal.* That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.
*Pemb.* They say, King John, sore sick, hath left the field.

*Enter* MELUN *wounded, and let by Soldiers.*

*Mel.* Lead me to the revolts of England here
*Sal.* When we were happy, we had other names.
*Pemb.* It is the Count Melun.
*Sal.* Wounded to death.
*Mel.* Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,

And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out King John, and fall before his feet;
For, if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's-Bury;
Even on that altar, where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.
*Sal.* May this be possible! may this be true!
*Mel.* Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life;
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false; since it is true
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
Be is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east:
But even this night, — whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun, —
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire;
Paying the fine of rated treachery,
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your King;
The love of him, — and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman, —
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
*In lieu whereof,* I pray you, bear me hence
*From forth the* noise and rumour of the field;
*Where I may* think the remnant of my thoughts

In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.
*Sal.* We do believe thee, — And beshrew my soul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,
And calmly run on in obedience,
Even to our ocean, to our great King John. —
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye, — Away, my friends! New flight;
And happy newness, that intends old right.
[*Exeunt, leading off* MELUN.

## SCENE V.

*The same. The* French *Camp.*

*Enter* LEWIS, *and his Train.*

*Lew.* The sun of heaven, methought, was loth to set;
But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,
When the English measur'd backward their own ground,
In faint retire: O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot
*After such bloody toil*, we bid good night;
*And wound* our tatter'd colours clearly up,
*Last in* the field, and almost lords of it! —

*Enter a* Messenger.

*Mess.* Where is my Prince, the Dauphin?
*Lew.* Here:—What news?
*Mess.* The Count Melun is slain; the English lords,
By his persuasion, are again fallen off:
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.
*Lew.* Ah, foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be so sad to-night,
As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said,
King John did fly, an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?
*Mess.* Whoever spoke it, it is true, my Lord.
*Lew.* Well; keep good quarter, and good care to-night:
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI.

*An open place in the neighbourhood of* Swinstead-Abbey.

*Enter the* Bastard, *and* Hubert, *meeting.*

*Hub.* Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.
*Bast.* A friend:—What art thou?
*Hub.* Of the part of England.
*Bast.* Whither dost thou go?
*Hub.* *What's that* to thee? Why may not I demand
*Of thine affairs, as* well as thou of mine?

*Bast.* Hubert, I think.

*Hub.* Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will, upon all hazards, well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:
Who art thou?

*Bast.* Who thou wilt: an if thou please,
Thou may'st befriend me so much, as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

*Hub.* Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeless night,
Have done me shame:—Brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

*Bast.* Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?

*Hub.* Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.

*Bast.* Brief, then; and what's the news?

*Hub.* O, my sweet Sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

*Bast.* Show me the very wound of this ill news:
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

*Hub.* The King, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

*Bast.* How did he take it? who did taste to him?

*Hub.* A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out! the King
*Yet speaks*, and, peradventure, may recover.

*Bast.* Who didst thou leave to tend his Majesty?

*Hub.* Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,
And brought Prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the King hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Majesty.

*Bast.* Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!—
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,
These Lincoln washes have devoured them;
Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escap'd.
Away, before! conduct me to the King;
I doubt, he will be dead, or ere I come. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VII.

*The Orchard of* Swinstead-Abbey.

*Enter Prince* HENRY, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

*P. Hen.* It is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality,

*Enter* PEMBROKE.

*Pemb.* His Highness yet doth speak; and holds belief,
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
*Of that fell poison* which assaileth him.

*P. Hen.* Let him be brought into the orchard here.—

Doth he still rage? [*Exit* Bigot.
*Pemb.* He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.
*P. Hen.* O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes,
In their continuance, will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them insensible; and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies:
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange, that death should sing. —
I am the cygnet to his pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organpipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.
*Sal.* Be of good comfort, Prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

*Re-enter* Bigot *and Attendants. who bring in King* John *in a Chair.*

*K. John.* Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.
*P. Hen.* How fares your Majesty?
*K. John. Poison'd,* — ill-fare; — dead, forsook, cast off:

And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips.
And comfort me with cold: — I do not ask you much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,
And so ungrateful, you deny me that.

*P. Hen.* O, that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

*K. John.* The salt in them is hot. —
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemned blood.

*Enter the* Bastard.

*Bast.* O, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your Majesty.

*K. John.* O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd;
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

*Bast. The* Dauphin is preparing hitherward;
*Where, heaven* he knows, how we shall answer him:

For,

For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood.
[*The King dies.*
*Sal.* You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear. —
My Liege! my Lord! — But now a King, — now thus.
*P. Hen.* Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a King, and now is clay!
*Bast.* Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge;
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still. —
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers? Show now your mended faiths;
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction, and perpetual shame,
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.
*Sal.* It seems, you know not then so much as we:
The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin;
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
*With purpose* presently to leave this war.
*Bast.* He will the rather do it, when he sees
*Ourselves well* sinewed to our defence.

*Sal.* Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the seaside, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the Cardinal:
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

*Bast.* Let it be so: — And you, my noble Prince,
With other Princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

*P. Hen.* At Worcester must his body be interr'd;
For so he will'd it.

*Bast.* Thither shall it then.
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

*Sal.* And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

*P Hen.* I have a kind soul, that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

*Bast.* O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs. —
This England never did, (nor never shall,)
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her Princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us rue,
If *England to itself* do rest but true. [Exeunt.

# KING RICHARD II.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Richard the Second.
Edmund *of* Langley, *Duke of* York; } *uncles to the*
John *of* Gaunt, *Duke of* Lancaster; } *King.*
Henry, *surnamed* Bolingbroke, *Duke of* Hereford, *son to* John *of* Gaunt; *afterwards King* Henry IV.
Duke *of* Aumerle, *son to the Duke of* York.
Mowbray, *Duke of* Norfolk.
Duke *of* Surrey.
Earl *of* Salisbury. Earl Berkley.
Bushy, }
Bagot, } *creatures to King* Richard.
Green, }
Earl *of* Northumberland:
Henry Percy, *his son.*
Lord Ross. Lord Willoughby. Lord Fitzwater.
*Bishop of* Carlisle. *Abbot of* Westminster.
Lord Marshal; *and another lord.*
Sir Pierce *of* Exton. Sir Stephen Scroop.
*Captain of a band of Welchmen.*

Queen *to King* Richard.
Duchess *of* Gloster.
Duchess of York.
*Lady attending on the Queen.*

*Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, two Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.*

*SCENE, dispersedly in* England and Wales.

# THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD II.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter King* RICHARD, *attended;* JOHN *of* GAUNT, *and other nobles, with him.*

*K. Rich.* Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son;
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

*Gaunt.* I have, my Liege.

*K. Rich.* Tell me moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the Duke on ancient malice;
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

*Gaunt.* As near as I could sift him on that argument,—
*On some* apparent danger seen in him,
*Aim'd* at your Highness, no inveterate malice.

*K. Rich.* Then call them to our presence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser, and the accused, freely speak:—
[*Exeunt some Attendants.*
High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

*Re-enter Attendants, with* BOLINGBROKE *and* NORFOLK.

*Boling.* Many years of happy days befal
My gracious Sovereign, my most loving Liege!
*Nor.* Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!
*K. Rich.* We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?
*Boling.* First, (heaven be the record to my speech!)
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my Prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.—
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well: for what I speak,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live;
*Since, the more* fair and crystal is the sky,
*The uglier seem* the clouds that in it fly,
*Once more, the more* to aggravate the note,

With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat,
And wish, (so please my Sovereign,) ere I move;
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword may prove.

*Nor.* Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;
The blood is hot, that must be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hush'd; and nought at all to say:
First, the fair reverence of your Highness curbs me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;
Which else would post, until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my Liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him;
Call him — a slanderous coward, and a villain:
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;
And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty, —
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

*Boling.* Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of the King;
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop;
*By that, and* all the rites of knighthood else,
*Will I make* good against thee, arm to arm,
*What I have* spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

*Nor.* I take it up; and, by that sword I swear,
Which gently lay'd my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight!
*K. Rich.* What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?
It must be great, that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.
*Boling.* Look, what I speak my life shall prove it true;—
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,
In name of lendings for your Highness' soldiers;
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.
Besides I say, and will in battle prove,—
Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,—
That all the treasons, for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Further I say,—and further will maintain
Upon his bad life, to make all this good,—
That he did plot the Duke of Gloster's death;
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries;
And, consequently, like a traitor coward,
Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
*Even from the* tongueless caverns of the earth,
*To me, for justice,* and rough chastisement;

And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.
*K. Rich.* How high a pitch his resolution soars!—
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?
*Nor.* O, let my Sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.
*K. Rich.* Mowbray, impartial are our eyes, and ears:
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
(As he is but my father's brother's son,)
Now by my scepter's awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul;
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou;
Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.
*Nor.* Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest!
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,
Disburs'd I duly to his Highness' soldiers:
The other part reserv'd I by consent;
For that my sovereign Liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his Queen:
Now swallow down that lie. — For Gloster's death, —
I slew him not; but, to my own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case. —
For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster,
*The honourable* father to my foe,
*Once did I* lay an ambush for your life,
*A trespass* that doth vex my grieved soul:

But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
I did confess it; and exactly begg'd
Your Grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.
This is my fault: As for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor:
Which in myself I boldly will defend;
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
Your Highness to assign our trial day.

*K. Rich.* Wrath-kindled Gentlemen, be rul'
by me;
Let's purge this choler without letting blood
This we prescribe, though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision:
Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;
Our doctors say, this is no time to bleed. —
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your son

*Gaunt.* To be a makepeace shall become m
age: —
Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk'
gage.

*K. Rich.* And, Norfolk, throw down his.

*Gaunt.* When, Harry? when?
Obedience bids, I should not bid again.

*K. Rich.* Norfolk, throw down; we bid
there is no boot.

*Nor.* Myself I throw, dread Sovereign, a
thy foot:
*My life thou shalt* command, but not my shame
*The one my duty* owes; but my fair name,
*(Despite of death*, that lives upon my grav

To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here;
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear;
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poison.

*K. Rich.* Rage must be withstood;
Give me his gage: — Lions make leopards tame.

*Nor.* Yea, but not change their spots: take but my shame,
And I resign my gage. My dear dear Lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is — spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest
Is — a bold spirit in a loyal breast,
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done;
Then, dear my Liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

*K. Rich.* Cousin, throw down your gage; do you begin.

*Boling.* O, God defend my soul from such foul sin!
Shall I seem crestfallen in my father's sight?
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height
Before this outdar'd dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear;
And spit it bleeding, in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.

[Exit GAUNT.

*K. Rich.* We were not born to sue, but to command:

Which since we cannot do to make you friends
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon saint Lambert's day;
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate;
Since we cannot atone you, we shall see
Justice design the victor's chivalry. —
Marshal, command our officers at arms
Be ready to direct these home-alarms.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*The same. A Room in the Duke of* Lancaster's *Palace*

*Enter* GAUNT, *and Duchess of* Gloster.

*Gaunt.* Alas! the part I had in Gloster's blood
Doth more solicit me, than your exclaims,
To stir against the butchers of his life.
But since correction lieth in those hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
Who when he sees the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

*Duch.* Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,
*Or seven fair branches,* springing from one root:
*Some of those seven* are dried by nature's course,

Some of those branches by the destinies cut:
But Thomas, my dear Lord, my life, my Gloster, —
One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,—
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,
By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that bed, that womb,
That mettle, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man; and though thou liv'st, and breath'st,
Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father's death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair:
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:
That which in mean men we entitle — patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
The best way is — to 'venge my Gloster's death.

*Gaunt.* Heaven's is the quarrel; for heaven's substitute,
His deputy anointed in his sight,
Hath caus'd his death: the which if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift
An angry arm against his minister.

*Duch.* Where then, alas! may I complain myself?

*Gaunt.* To heaven, the widow's champion and defence.

*Duch.* Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.
Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight:
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!
O, if misfortune miss the first career,
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his foaming courser's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford!
Farewell, old Gaunt; thy sometimes brother's wife,
With her companion grief must end her life.

*Gaunt.* Sister, farewell: I must to Coventry:
As much good stay with thee, as go with me!

*Duch.* Yet one word more; — Grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:
I take my leave before I have begun;
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.
Lo, this is all: — Nay, yet depart not so;
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
I shall remember more. Bid him — O, what? —
With all good speed at Plashy visit me.
Alack, and what shall good old York there see,
But empty lodgings, and unfurnish'd walls,
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?
And what cheer there for welcome, but my groans?
Therefore commend me; let him not come there,
To seek out sorrow that dwells every where;
Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die:
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

(*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

Gosford-Green *near* Coventry.

*Lists set out, and a throne. Heralds etc. attending. Enter the Lord* Marshall, *and* Aumerle.

*Mar.* My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?
*Aum.* Yea, at all points! and longs to enter in.
*Nar.* The Duke of Norfolk, sprightfully and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.
*Aum.* Why then, the champion's are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his Majesty's approach.

*Flourish of trumpets. Enter King* Richard, *who taker his seat on his throne;* Gaunt, *and several noblemen, who take their places. A trumpet is sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Then enter* Norfolk *in armour, preceded by a Herald.*

*K. Rich.* Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:
Ask him his name; and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.
*Mar.* In God's name, and the King's, say who thou art,
And why thou com'st, thus knightly clad in arms:

Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel:
Speak truly, on the knighthood, and thy oath;
And so defend thee heaven, and thy valour!
*Nor.* My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk;
Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which, heaven defend, a knight should violate!)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my King, and my succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my King and me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!
[*He takes his seat.*

*Trumpet sounds. Enter* BOLINGBROKE, *in armour; preceded by a Herald.*

*K. Rich.* Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war;
And formally according to our law
Depose him in the justice of his cause.
*Mar.* What is thy name? and wherefore com'st thou hither,
Before King Richard, in his royal lists?
Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!
*Boling.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,

To prove, by heaven's grace, and my bod
valour,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfo
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, King Richard, and to n
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

*Mar.* On pain of death, no person be so bc
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists;
Except the marshal, and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

*Boling.* Lord Marshal, let me kiss my
vereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his Majesty:
For Mowbray, and myself, are like two r
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonies leave,
And loving farewell, of our several friends.

*Mar.* The appellant in all duty greets y
Highness,
And craves to kiss your hand, and take
leave.

*K. Rich.* We will descend, and fold hin
our arms.
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!
Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou s
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dea

*Boling.* O, let no noble eye profane a
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spea
As confident, as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight. —
My loving Lord, [*To* Lord Marshal.] I
my leave of you;
*Of you*, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle;
*Not sick*, although I have to do with neal
*But lusty*, young, and cheerly drawing b

Lo, as at English feasts, so I regreet
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:
O thou the earthly author of my blood, —
[*To* GAUNT.
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head, —
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,
And furbish new the name of John of Gaunt,
Even in the lusty haviour of his son.

*Gaunt.* Heaven in thy good cause make thee prosperous!
Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

*Boling.* Mine innocency, and saint George to thrive!
[*He takes his seat.*

*Nor.* [*Rising.*] However heaven, or fortune, cast my lot,
There lives, or dies, true to King Richard's throne,
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman:
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary. —
*Most mighty Liege*, — and my companion peers, —
*Take from* my mouth the wish of happy years:
*As gentle and as* jocund, as to jest,

Go I to fight; Truth hath a quiet breast.
*K. Rich.* Farewell, my Lord: securely I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye. —
Order the trial, Marshal, and begin.
[*The King and the Lords return to their seats.*
*Mar.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!
[*Boling.* [*Rising.*] Strong as a tower in hope, I cry — amen.
*Mar.* Go bear this lance [*To an Officer.*] to Thomas Duke of Norfolk.
1 *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his Sovereign, and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his King, and him,
And dares him to set forward to the fight.
2 *Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his Sovereign, and to him, disloyal;
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin.
*Mar.* Sound trumpets; and set forward, combatants.
[*A charge sounded.*
Stay, the King hath thrown his warder down.
*K. Rich.* Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
*And both* return back to their chairs again; —

Withdraw with us: — and let the trumpets sound,
While we return these Dukes what we decree. —
[*A long flourish.*
Draw near. [*To the Combatants.*
And list, what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fostered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords;
And for we think the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set you on
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;]
Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,
With harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood; —
Therefore, we banish you our territories; —
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of death,
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regreet our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

*Boling.* Your will be done: This must my comfort be, —
That sun, that warms you here, shall shine on me;
And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

*K. Rich.* Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,

Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
The fly-slow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile; —
The hopeless word of — never to return
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

*Nor.* A heavy sentence, my most sovereign Liege,
And all unlook'd for from your Highness' mouth:
A dearer merit, not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your Highness' hand.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego:
And now my tongue's use is to me no more,
Than an unstringed viol, or a harp;
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd, with my teeth, and lips;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too fair in years to be a pupil now;
What is thy sentence then, but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

*K. Rich.* It boots thee not to be compassionate;
After our sentence, plaining comes too late.

*Nor.* Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.
[*Retiring.*

*K. Rich.* Return again, and take an oath with thee.
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;

Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven,
(Our part therein we banish with yourselves,)
To keep the oath that we administer: —
You never shall (so help you truth and heaven!)
Embrace each other other's love in banishment;
Nor never look upon each other's face;
Nor never write, regreet, reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor never by advised purpose meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

*Boling.* I swear.

*Nor.* And I, to keep all this.

*Boling.* Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy; —
By this time, had the King permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulcher of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

*Nor.* No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence!
But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know:
And all too soon, I fear, the King shall rue. —
Farewell, my Liege: — Now no way can I stray;
Save back to England, all the world's my way.

[*Exit.*

*K. Rich.* Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart: thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away; — Six frozen winters spent,
Return [*To* BOLING.] with welcome home from banishment.

*Boling.* How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,
End in a word; Such is the breath of Kings.

*Gaunt.* I thank my Liege, that, in regard of me,
He shortens four years of my son's exile:
But little vantage shall I reap thereby;
For, ere the six years, that he hath to spend,
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted light,
Shall be extinct with age, and endless night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

*K. Rich.* Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

*Gaunt.* But not a minute, King, that thou canst give:
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow!
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is current with him for my death;
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

*K. Rich.* Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave;
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lower?

*Gaunt.* Things sweet to taste, prove in digestion sour.
You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather,
You would have bid me argue like a father:—
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,

To smooth his fault I should have been more mild:
A partial slander sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.
Alas, I look'd, when some of you should say,
I was too strict, to make mine own away;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Against my will, to do myself this wrong.

*K. Rich.* Cousin, farewell: — and, uncle, bid him so;
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[*Flourish. Exeunt K.* RICHARD *and Train.*

*Aum.* Cousin, farewell: what presence must not know,
From where you do remain, let paper show.

*Mar.* My Lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your side.

*Gaunt.* O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

*Boling.* I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

*Gaunt.* Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

*Boling.* Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

*Gaunt.* What is six winters? they are quickly gone.

*Boling.* To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

*Gaunt.* Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

*Boling.* My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,
*Which finds* it an enforced pilgrimage.

*Gaunt.* The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art so set
The precious jewel of thy home-return.
*Boling.* Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make,
Will but remember me, what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticehood
To foreign passages; and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else,
But that I was a journeyman to grief?
*Gaunt.* All places that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens:
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not, the King did banish thee;
But thou the King: Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say—I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not—the King exil'd thee: or suppose,
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st:
Suppose the singing birds, musicians;
The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strew'd;
The flowers, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more
Than a delightful measure, or a dance:
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.
*Boling.* O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
*By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?*
*Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,*
*By bare imagination of a feast?*

Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastick summer's heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the good,
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

*Gaunt.* Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way:
Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.

*Boling.* Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet soil, adieu;
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!
Where-e'er I wander, boast of this I can,—
Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

*The same. A Room in the King's Castle.*

*Enter King* RICHARD, BAGOT, *and* GREEN; AUMERLE *following.*

*K. Rich.* We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

*Aum.* I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next highway, and there I left him.

*K. Rich.* And, say, what store of parting tears were shed?

*Aum.* 'Faith, none by me: except the north-east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awak'd the sleeping rheum; and so, by chance,
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

*K. Rich.* What said our cousin, when you parted with him?

*Aum.* Farewell:
And for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word farewell have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells;
But, since it would not, he had none of me.

*K. Rich.* He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
Observ'd his courtship to the common people:—
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poor craftsmen, with the craft of smiles,
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 'twere, to banish their effects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oysterwench;
A brace of draymen bid — God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With — *Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;* —
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

*Green.* Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.
*Now for the rebels,* which stand out in Ireland; —
*Expedient manage* must be made, my Liege;
*Ere further leisure* yield them further means,

For their advantage, and your Highness' loss.

*K. Rich.* We will ourself in person to this war.
And, for our coffers — with too great a court,
And liberal largess,—are grown somewhat light,
We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm;
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand: If that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters:
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
And send them after to supply our wants;
For we will make for Ireland presently.

*Enter* BUSHY.

*K. Rich.* Bushy, what news?

*Bushy.* Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my Lord;
Suddenly taken; and hath sent post-haste,
To entreat your Majesty to visit him.

*K. Rich.* Where lies he?

*Bushy.* At Ely-house.

*K. Rich.* Now put it, heaven, in his physician's mind,
To help him to his grave immediately!
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.—
Come, Gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
Pray God, we may make haste, and come too late! [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

London. *A Room in Ely-house.*

GAUNT *on a Couch; the Duke of* YORK, *and Others standing by him.*

*Gaunt.* Will the King come? that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstay'd youth.
*York.* Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.
*Gaunt.* O, but, they say, the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention, like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain;
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.
He, that no more must say, is listen'd more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;
More are men's ends mark'd, then their lives before:
The setting sun, and musick at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last;
Writ in remembrance, more than things long past:
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.
*York.* No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,
As, praises of his state: then, there are found

Lascivious metres; to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen:
Report of fashions in proud Italy;
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after, in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
(So it be new, there's no respect how vile,)
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
Direct not him, whose way himself will choose;
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

*Gaunt.* Methinks, I am a prophet new inspir'd;
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:—
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last;
For violent fires soon burn out themselves:
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of Kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, the seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection, and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
*This blessed* plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
*This nurse*, this teeming womb of royal Kings,

Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
(For Christian service, and true chivalry,)
As the sepulcher in stubborn Jewry,
Of the worlds ransom, blessed Mary's son:
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out (I die pronouncing it,)
Like to a tenement, or pelting farm:
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds;
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself:
O, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

*Enter King* RICHARD, *and* QUEEN; AUMERLE, CUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, *and* WILLOUGHBY.

*York.* The King is come: deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.
*Queen.* How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?
*K. Rich.* What comfort, man? How is't with aged Gaunt?
*Gaunt.* O, how that name befits my composition!
Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And *who abstains* from meat, that is not gaunt?
*For sleeping* England long time have I watch'd;
*Watching breeds* leanness, leanness is all gaunt:

The pleasure, that some fathers feed upon,
Is my strict fast, I mean — my children's looks;
And, therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

*K. Rich.* Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

*Gaunt.* No, misery makes sport to mock itself:
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great King, to flatter thee.

*K. Rich.* Should dying men flatter with those that live?

*Gaunt.* No, no; men living flatter those that die.

*K. Rich.* Thou, now a dying, say'st — thou flatter'st me.

*Gaunt.* Oh! no; thou diest, though I the sicker be.

*K. Rich.* I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

*Gaunt.* Now, He that made me, knows I see thee ill;
Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.
Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land,
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee:
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;
And yet, incaged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
O, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,
*Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,*
*From forth* thy reach he would have laid thy shame;

Depo

Deposing thee before thou wert possessed,
Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame, to let this land by lease:
But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame, to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou now, not King:
Thy state of law is bondslave to the law;
And thou —

*K. Rich.* — a lunatick lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek; chasing the royal blood,
With fury, from his native residence.
Now by my seat's right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverend shoulders.

*Gaunt.* O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
For that I was his father Edward's son;
That blood already, like the pelican,
Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd:
My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,
(Whom fair befal in heaven 'mongst happy souls!)
May be a precedent and witness good,
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood:
Join with the present sickness that I have;
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!—
These words hereafter thy tormentors be! —
*Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:* —
*Love they to live*, that love and honour have.

[*Exit, borne out by his Attendants.*

*K. Rich.* And let them die, that age and sullens have;
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.
*York.* 'Beseech your Majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickliness and age in him:
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry Duke of Hereford, were he here.
*K. Rich.* Right; you say true: as Hereford's love, so his:
As theirs, so mine: and all be as it is.

*Enter* NORTHUMBERLAND.

*North.* My Liege, old Gaunt commends him to your Majesty.
*K. Rich.* What says he now?
*North.* Nay, nothing; all is said:
His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.
*York.* Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.
*K. Rich.* The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:
So much for that. — Now for our Irish wars:
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns;
Which live like venom, where no venom else,
But only they, hath privilege to live.
And, for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance, we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Where of our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.
*York.* How long shall I be patient? Ah, how long
*Shall tender* duty make me suffer wrong?
*Not Gloster's* death, nor Hereford's banishment,

Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my Sovereign's face. —
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first;
In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman:
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;
But, when he frown'd, it was against the French,
And not against his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
O, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.

*K. Rich.* Why, uncle, what's the matter?

*York.* O, my Liege,
Pardon me, if you please; if not, I pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just? and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
His charters, and his customary rights;
*Let not to-morrow* then ensue to-day?
*Be not thyself*, for how art thou a king,
*But by fair sequence and succession?*

Now, afore God (God forbid, I say true!)
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
Call in the letters patents that he hath
By his attornies-general to sue
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

*K. Rich.* Think what you will; we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

*York.* I'll not be by, the while: My Liege, farewell:
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;
But by bad courses may be understood,
That their events can never fall out good.

[*Exit.*

*K. Rich.* Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire straight;
Bid him repair to us to Ely-house,
To see this business: To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow;
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord governor of England,
For he his just, and always lov'd us well. —
Come on, our Queen; to-morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

[*Flourish.*

[*Exeunt* King, Queen, BUSHY, AUMERLE, GREEN, *and* BAGOT.

*North.* Well, Lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

*Ross. And* living too; for now his son is Duke.

*Willo.* Barely in title, not in revenue.

*North.* Richly in both, if justice had her right.
*Ross.* My heart is great; but it must break with silence,
Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.
*North.* Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more,
That speaks thy words again, to do thee harm!
*Willo.* Tends that thou'dst speak, to the Duke of Hereford?
If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear, to hear of good towards him.
*Ross.* No good at all, that I can do for him,
Unless you call it good, to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.
*North.* Now, afore heaven, 'tis shame, such wrongs are borne,
In him a royal Prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The King is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the King severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.
*Ross.* The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.
*Willo.* And daily new exactions are devis'd;
As — blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what:
But what, o 'God's name, doth become of this?
*North.* Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,
*But basely yielded upon compromise*
*That which his ancestors achiev'd with blows:*
*More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.*

*Ross.* The Earl of Wiltshire hath the *real* [illegible] in farm.

*Willo.* The King's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

*North.* Reproach, and dissolution, hangeth over him.

*Ross.* He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burdenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd Duke.

*North.* His noble kinsman: — Most degenerate King!
But, Lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

*Ross.* We see the very wreck that we must suffer;
And unavoided is the danger now,
For suffering to the causes of our wreck.

*North.* Not so; even through the hollow eyes of death,
I spy life peering; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

*Willo.* Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

*Ross.* Be confident to speak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyself: and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.

*North.* Then thus: — I have from Port le Blanc, a bay
In Britany, receiv'd intelligence,
That Harry Hereford, Reignold lord Cobham,
[*The son of* Richard Earl of Arundel,]
*That late broke from* the Duke of Exeter,
*His brother,* Archbishop late of Canterbury,

Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and
Francis Quoint, —
All these, well furnish'd by the Duke of Bretagne,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:
Perhaps, they had ere this; but that they stay
The first departing of the King for Ireland.
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our scepter's gilt,
And make high majesty look like itself,
Away, with me, in post to Ravenspurg:
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and myself will go.

*Ross.* To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.

*Willo.* Hold out my horse, and I will first be there. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* Queen, BUSHY, *and* BAGOT.

*Bushy.* Madam, your Majesty is too much sad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the King,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

*Queen.* To please the King, I did; to please myself,

I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard: Yet, again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles; at something it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the King.

*Bushy.* Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so:
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Show nothing but confusion; ey'd awry,
Distinguish form: so your sweet Majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail;
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious Queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not; more's not seen:
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

*Queen.* It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me, it is otherwise: Howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,
As,—though, in thinking, on no thought I think,—
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

*Bushy.* 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious Lady.

*Queen.* 'Tis nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd
From some fore-father grief; mine is not so;
*For nothing hath* begot my something grief;
*Or something hath* the nothing that I grieve;
*'Tis in reversion* that I do possess;

But what it is, that is not yet known; what
I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

*Enter* GREEN.

*Green.* God save your Majesty! — and well met Gentlemen: —
I hope, the King is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.
*Queen.* Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope, he is;
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope;
Then wherefore dost thou hope, he is not shipp'd?
*Green.* That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power,
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land:
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
At Ravenspurg.
*Queen.* Now God in heaven forbid!
*Green.* O, Madam, 'tis too true: and that is worse, —
The lord Northumberland, his young son Henry Percy,
The lords of Ross, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.
*Bushy.* Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland,
And all the rest of the revolting faction
Traitors?
*Green.* We have: whereon the Earl of Worcester
*Hath broke* his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
*And all* the household servants fled with him
*To* Bolingbroke.

*Queen.* So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy;
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.
*Bushy.* Despair not, Madam.
*Queen.* Who shall hinder me?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

*Enter* York.

*Green.* Here comes the Duke of York.
*Queen.* With signs of war about his aged neck;
O, full of careful business are his looks!—
Uncle,
For heaven's sake, speak comfortable words.
*York.* Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts:
Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives, but crosses, care, and grief.
Your husband he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home:
Here am I left to underprop his land;
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself:—
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

*Enter a* Servant.

*Serv.* My Lord, your son was gone before I came.

*York.* He was? — Why, so! — go all which way it will! —
The nobles they are fled, the commons cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side. —
Sirrah,
Get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound: —
Hold, take my ring.
*Serv.* My Lord, I had forgot to tell your Lordship:
To-day, as I came by, I called there; —
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.
*York.* What is it, knave?
*Serv.* An hour before I came, the Duchess died.
*York.* God for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!
I know not what to do; — I would to God,
(So my untruth had not provok'd him to it,)
The King had cut off my head with my brother's. —
What, are there posts despatch'd for Ireland?
How shall we do for money for these wars? —
Come, sister, — cousin, I would say: pray, pardon me. —
Go, fellow, [*To the* Servant.] get thee home, provide some carts,
And bring away the armour that is there. —
[*Exit* Servant.
Gentlemen, will you go muster men? if I know
How, or which way, to order these affairs,
Thus thrust disorderly into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen;
The one's my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; the other again,
*Is my kinsman,* whom the King hath wrong'd;
*Whom conscience* and my kindred bids to right.
*Well, somewhat* me must do. — Come, cousin, I'll

Dispose of you: — Go, muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Berkley-castle.
I should to Plashy too; —
But time will not permit: — All is uneven,
And every thing is left at six and seven.
[*Exeunt* YORK *and* Queen.

*Bushy.* The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power,
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all impossible.

*Green.* Besides, our nearness to the King in love,
Is near the hate of those love not the King.

*Bagot.* And that's the wavering commons: for their love
Lies in their purses; and whoso empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

*Bushy.* Wherein the King stands generally condemn'd.

*Bagot.* If judgement lie in them, then so do we,
Because we ever have been near the King.

*Green.* Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol castle;
The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.

*Bushy.* Thither will I with you: for little office
The hateful commons will perform for us;
Except, like curs, to tear us all to pieces. —
Will you go along with us?

*Bagot.* No; I'll to Ireland to his Majesty.
Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

*Bushy.* That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

*Green.* Alas, poor Duke! the task he undertakes

Is — numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans dry;
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.
*Bushy.* Farewell at once; for once, for all, and ever.
*Green.* Well, we may meet again.
*Bagot.* I fear me, never. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*The Wilds in* Glostershire.

*Enter* BOLINGBROKE *and* NORTHUMBERLAND, *with Forces.*

*Boling.* How far is it, my Lord, to Berkley now?
*North.* Believe me, noble Lord,
I am a stranger here in Glostershire.
These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome:
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and délectable.
But, I bethink me, what a weary way
From Ravenspurg to Cotswold, will be found
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company;
Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd
The tediousness and process of my travel:
But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have
The present benefit which I possess:
And hope to joy, is little less in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords
*Shall make* their way seem short, as mine hath done
*By sight of* what I have, your noble company.

*Boling.* Of much less value is my company,
Than your good words. But who comes here?

*Enter* HARRY PERCY.

*North.* It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever. —
Harry, how fares your uncle?
*Percy.* I had thought, my Lord, to have learn'd his health of you.
*North.* Why, is he not with the Queen?
*Percy.* No, my Lord; he hath forsook the court,
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd
The household of the King.
*North.* What was his reason?
He was not so resolv'd, when last we spake together.
*Percy.* Because your Lordship was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my Lord, is gone to Ravenspurg,
To offer service to the Duke of Hereford;
And sent me o'er by Berkley, to discover
What power the Duke of York had levied there
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurg.
*North.* Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford, boy?
*Percy.* No, my good Lord: for that is not forgot,
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.
*North.* Then learn to know him now, this is the Duke.
*Percy.* My gracious Lord, I tender you my service,

Such at it is, being tender, raw, and young:
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm
To more approved service and desert.
*Boling.* I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure,
I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends;
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.
*North.* How far is it to Berkley? And what stir
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?
*Percy.* There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard:
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour;
None else of name, and noble estimate.

*Enter* Ross *and* Willoughby.

*North.* Here come the lords of Ross and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, firy-red with haste.
*Boling.* Welcome, my Lords; I wot, your love pursues
A banish'd traitor; all my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.
*Ross.* Your presence makes us rich, most noble Lord.
*Willo.* And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

*Boling.* Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

*Enter* BERKLEY.

*North.* It is my Lord of Berkley, as I guess.
*Berk.* My Lord of Hereford, my message is to you.
*Boling.* My Lord, my answer is — to Lancaster;
And I am come to seek that name in England:
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.
*Berk.* Mistake me not, my Lord; 'tis not my meaning,
To raze one title of your honour out: —
To you, my Lord, I come, (what lord you will,)
From the most glorious regent of this land,
The Duke of York; to know, what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time,
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

*Enter* YORK, *attended.*

*Boling.* I shall not need transport my words by you;
Here comes his Grace in person.—My noble uncle!
[*Kneels.*
*York.* Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false,
*Boling.* My gracious uncle! —
*York.* Tut, tut!
*Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:*
*I am no traitor's uncle; and that word — grace,*

In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But then more why; — Why have they dar'd to
march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom;
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
And ostentation of despised arms?
Com'st thou because the anointed King is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the King is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of
men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French;
O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!

*Boling.* My gracious uncle, let me know my
fault;
On what condition stands it, and wherein?

*York.* Even in condition of the worst degree,—
In gross rebellion, and detested treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

*Boling.* As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Her-
reford;
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your Grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father, for, methinks, in you
I see old Gaunt alive; O, then, my father!
*Will you permit* that I shall stand condemn'd
*A wand'ring* vagabond; my rights and royalties

Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away
To upstart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin King be King of England,
It must be granted, I am Duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman;
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.
I am denied to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters-patent give me leave:
My father's goods are all destrain'd, and sold;
And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And challenge law: Attornies are denied me;
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.

*North.* The noble Duke hath been too much abus'd.

*Ross.* It stands your Grace upon, to do him right.

*Willo.* Base men by his endowments are made great.

*York.* My Lords of England, let me tell you this, —
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right:
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong, — it may not be;
And you, that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

*North.* The noble Duke hath sworn, his coming is
But for his own: and, for the right of that,
*We all have* strongly sworn to give him aid;
*And let him* ne'er see joy, that breaks that oath.

*York.* Well, well, I see the issue of these arms;
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak, and all ill left:
But, if I could, by Him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the King,
But, since I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;—
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.

*Boling.* An offer, uncle, that we will accept.
But we must win your Grace, to go with us
To Bristol castle; which, they say, is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.

*York.* It may be, I will go with you:—but yet I'll pause;
For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are:
Things past redress, are now with me past care.
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

*A Camp in* Wales.

*Enter* SALISBURY, *and a Captain.*

*Cap.* My Lord of Salisbury, we have staid ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
*And yet* we hear no tidings from the King;
*Therefore* we will disperse ourselves: farewell.

*Sal.* Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman;
The King reposeth all his confidence
In thee.

*Cap.* 'Tis thought, the King is dead: we will not stay.
The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—
The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other, to enjoy by rage and war:
These signs forernn the death or fall of Kings.—
Farewell; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd, Richard their King is dead.

[*Exit.*

*Sal.* Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy mind,
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament!
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest:
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes;
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes.

*Exit.*

## ACT III. SCENE I.

Bolingbroke's *Camp at* Bristol.

*Enter* BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, ROSS: *Officers behind with* BUSHY *and* GREEN, *prisoners.*

*Boling.* Bring forth these men. —
Bushy, and Green, I will not vex your souls
(Since presently your souls must part your bodies,)
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 'twere no charity: yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
I will unfold some causes of your death.
You have misled a Prince, a royal King,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean.
You have, in manner, with your sinful hours,
Made a divorce betwixt his Queen and him;
Broke the possession of a royal bed,
And stain'd the beauty of a fair Queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
Myself — a Prince, by fortune of my birth;
Near to the King in blood; and near in love,
Till you did make him misinterpret me, —
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
*Eating the* bitter bread of banishment:
*Whilst you* have fed upon my signories,
*Dispark'd* my parks, and fell'd my forest woods;

From my own windows torn my household coat,
Raz'd out my impress, leaving me no sign,
Save men's opinions, and my living blood, —
To show the world I am a gentleman.
This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death: — See them deliver'd over
To execution and the hand of death.

*Bushy.* More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Than Bolingbroke to England. — Lords, farewell.

*Green.* My comfort is, — that heaven will take our souls,
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

*Boling.* My Lord Northumberland, see them despatch'd.

[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND *and Others, with prisoners.*

Uncle, you say, the Queen is at your house;
For heaven's sake, let her be entreated:
Tell her, I send to her my kind commends;
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

*York.* A gentleman of mine I have despatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.

*Boling.* Thanks, gentle uncle. —Come, Lords, away;
To fight with Glendower and his complices;
Awhile to work, and, after, holiday.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*The coast of* Wales. *A castle in view.*

*Flourish: drums and trumpets. Enter King* RICHARD. *Bishop of* Carlisle. AUMERLE, *and Soldiers.*

*K. Rich.* Barkloughly castle call you this at hand?
*Aum.* Yea, my Lord: How brooks your Grace the air,
After late tossing on the breaking seas?
*K. Rich.* Needs must I like it well; I weep for joy,
To stand upon my kingdom once again, —
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
As a long parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting;
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his rav'nous sense:
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way;
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies:
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder;
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies. —
Mock not my senseless conjuration, Lords;

This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native King
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

*Bishop.* Fear not, my Lord: that Power that made you King,
Hath power to keep you King, in spite of all.
The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,
And not neglected; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse;
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

*Aum.* He means, my Lord, that we are too remiss;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great, in substance, and in friends.

*K. Rich.* Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not,
That, when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders, and in outrage, bloody here;
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
Whilst we were wand'ring with the antipodes,—
Shall see us rising in our throne the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
*Not able to* endure the sight of day,
*But, self-affrighted,* tremble at his sin.
*Not all the* water in the rough-rude sea

Can wash the balm from an anointed King:
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord:
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd,
To lift shrew'd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall; for heaven still guards the right.

*Enter* SALISBURY.

Welcome, my Lord; How far off lies your power?

*Sal.* Nor near, nor further off, my gracious Lord,
Than this weak arm: Discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear, my noble Lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men!
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

*Aum.* Comfort, my Liege: Why looks your Grace so pale?

*K. Rich.* But now, the blood of twenty thousand men
*Did triumph* in my face, and they are fled;
*And, till so much blood thither come again,*
*Have* I not reason to look pale and dead?

All souls that will be safe, fly from my side;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

*Aum.* Comfort, my Liege; remember who you are,

*K. Rich.* I had forgot myself: Am I not King?
Awake, thou sluggard Majesty! thou sleep'st.
Is not the King's name forty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a King; Are we not high?
High be our thoughts; I know, my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who
Comes here?

*Enter* SCROOP.

*Scroop.* More health and happiness betide my Liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!

*K. Rich.* Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd;
The worst is worldly loss, thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost: why, 'twas my care;
And what loss is it, to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be! if he serve God,
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so:
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God, as well as us:
Cry, woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;
The worst is—death, and death will have his day.

*Scroop.* Glad am I, that your Highness is so arm'd
*To bear the* tidings of calamity.
*Like an unseasonable* stormy day,

Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.
White beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy Majesty; boys, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown:
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew against thy state;
Yea, distaff women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

*K. Rich.* Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill.
Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant, they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

*Scroop.* Peace have they made with him, indeed, my Lord.

*K. Rich.* O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!
*Three* Judasses, each one thrice worse than Judas!
*Would* they make peace? terrible hell make war

Upon their spotted souls for this offence!
*Scroop.* Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate: —
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands: those whom you curse,
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.
*Aum.* Is Bushy, Green, and the Earl of Wiltshire, dead?
*Scroop.* Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.
*Aum.* Where is the Duke my father with his power?
*K. Rich.* No matter where; of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills;-
And yet not so, — for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own, but death;
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of Kings: —
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd;
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd;
*All murder'd*: — For within the hollow crown,
*That rounds* the mortal temples of a King,
*Keeps death his court*: and there the antick sits

Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit, —
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable; and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and — farewell King!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while;
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends: — Subjected thus,
How can you say to me — I am a King?

*Car.* My Lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.
Fear, and be slain; no worse can come, to fight:
And fight and die, is death destroying death;
Where fearing dying, pays death servile breath.

*Aum.* My father hath a power, inquire of him;
And learn to make a body of a limb.

*K. Rich.* Thou chid'st me well: — Proud Bolingbroke, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;
An easy task it is, to win our own. —
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

*Scroop.* Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day:
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:—
Your uncle York hath join'd with Bolingbroke;
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.

*K. Rich.* Thou hast said enough.—
Beshrew thee, cousin, whith didst lead me forth
[*To* AUMERLE.
Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? What comfort have we now?
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go, to Flint castle; there I'll pine away;
A King, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
That power I have discharge; and let them go
To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none:— Let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

*Aum.* My Liege, one word.

*K. Rich.* He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers, let them hence;— Away,
From Richard's night, to Bolingbroke's fair day.
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

Wales. *Before* Flint *castle.*

*Enter with drum and colours,* BOLINGBROKE *and Forces;* YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and Others.*

*Boling.* So that by this intelligence we learn,
The Welshmen are dispers'd: and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed,
With some few private friends, upon this coast.
*North.* The news is very fair and good, my Lord;
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.
*York.* It would beseem the lord Northumberland,
To say — King Richard: — Alack the heavy day,
When such a sacred King should hide his head!
*North.* Your Grace mistakes me; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.
*York.* The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.
*Boling.* Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.
*York.* Take not, good cousin, further than you should,
Lest you mis-take: The heavens are o'er your head.
*Boling.* I know it, uncle; and oppose not
*Myself against* their will. — But who comes here?

*Enter* PERCY.

Well, Harry; what, will not this castle yield?
*Percy*. The castle royally is mann'd, my Lord,
Against thy entrance.
*Boling*. Royally!
Why, it contains no King?
*Percy*. Yes, my good Lord,
It doth contain a King; King Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone:
And with him are lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.
*North*. Belike, it is the Bishop of Carlisle.
*Boling*. Noble Lord, [*To* NORTH.
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver.
Harry Bolingbroke
On both his knees, doth kiss King Richard's hand;
And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,
To his most royal person: hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power;
Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,
And lands restor'd again, be freely granted:
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood.
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, such crimson tempest should be drench
*The fresh* green lap of fair King Richard's land,
*My stooping* duty tenderly shall show.
*Go, signify* as much; while here we march

Upo

Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.—
[NORTHUMBERLAND *advances to the Castle, with a Trumpet.*
Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,
That from the castle's totter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks, King Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

*A parle sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Flourish. Enter on the walls King* RICHARD, *the Bishop of* Carlisle, AUMERLE, SCROOP, *and* SALISBURY.

*York.* See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east;
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.
Yet looks he like a King; behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty: Alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show!
*K. Rich.* We are amaz'd; and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
[To NORTHUMBERLAND.
Because we thought ourself thy lawful King:

And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our scepter,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends;—
Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,
Is must'ring in his clouds, on our behalf,
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond', methinks, he is,)
That every stride he makes upon my land,
Is dangerous treason: He is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war:
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face;
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

*North.* The King of heaven forbid, our lord the King
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin,
Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand,
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon thy royal grandsire's bones;
*And by the* royalties of both your bloods,
*Currents that* spring from one most gracious head;
*And by the* buried hand of warlike Gaunt;

And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said, —
His coming hither hath no further scope,
Than for his lineal royalties; and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables; and his heart
To faithful service of your Majesty.
This swears he, as he is a Prince, is just;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

*K. Rich.* Northumberland, say,—thus the King returns; —
His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends. —
We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not.
[*To* AUMERLE.
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

*Aum.* No, my good Lord; let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

*K. Rich.* O God! o God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yon proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth! O, that I were as great
As is *my grief*, or lesser than my name!
*Or that I could* forget what I have been!
*Or not remember* what I must be now!

Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee sco
to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and n
*Aum.* Northumberland comes back from B
lingbroke.
*K. Rich.* What must the King do now? M
he submit?
The King shall do it. Must he be depos'd?
The King shall be contented: Must he lose
The name of King? o'God's name, let it go;
I'll give my jewels, for a set of beads;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;
My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown;
My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood;
My sceptre, for a palmer's walking-staff;
My subjects, for a pair of carved saints;
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave:—
Or I'll be buried in the King's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subject's
May hourly trample on their sovereign's heac
For on my heart they tread, now whilst I li
And, buried once, why not upon my head?
Aumerle, thou weep'st; My tender-hearted
sin!—
We'll make foul weather with despised tea
Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summe
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our wo
And make some pretty match with sheddin
As thus;—To drop them still upon one
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid,—*Th*
*Two kinsmen, digg'd their graves with*
*eyes?*
*Would not this ill* do well?—Well,

I talk but idly, and you mock at me. —
Most mighty Prince, my Lord Northumberland,
What says King Bolingbroke? will his Majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says — ay.

*North.* My Lord, in the base court he doth attend
To speak with you; may't please you to come down.

*K. Rich.* Down, down, I come; like glistering Phaeton,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
[NORTH. *retires to* BOLING.
In the base court? Base court, where Kings grow base,
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.
In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down King!
For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should sing.
[*Exeunt, from above.*

*Boling.* What says his Majesty?

*North.* Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantick man:
Yet he is come.

*Enter King* RICHARD, *and his* Attendants, *below.*

*Boling.* Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his Majesty. —
My gracious Lord, — [*Kneeling.*

*K. Rich.* Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,

Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.
Up cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, [*Touching his own h*
although your knee be
*Boling.* My gracious Lord, I come bu
mine own.
*K. Rich.* Your own is yours, and I am y
and all.
*Boling* So far be mine, my most redo
Lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love
*K. Rich.* Well you deserve: — They wel
serve to have,
That know the strong'st and surest way to g
Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your
Tears show their love, but want their remedi
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing t
For do we must, what force will have us d
Set on towards London: — Cousin, is it so
*Boling.* Yea, my Lord.
*K. Rich.* Then I must not say, no.
[*Flourish. Ex*

## SCENE IV.

Langley. *The Duke of* York's *Garden.*

*Enter the* Queen, *and two* Ladies.

*Queen.* What sport shall we devise here i
garden,
*To drive* away the heavy thought of care?
*1 Lady.* Madam, we'll play at bowls.

*Queen.* 'Twill make me think,
The world is full of rubs, and that my fortune
Runs 'gainst the bias.
1 *Lady.* Madam, we will dance.
*Queen.* My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.
1 *Lady.* Madam, we'll tell tales.
*Queen.* Of sorrow, or of joy?
1 *Lady.* Of either, Madam.
*Queen.* Of neither, girl:
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it boots not to complain.
1 *Lady.* Madam, I'll sing.
*Queen.* 'Tis well, that thou hast cause;
But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weep.
1 *Lady.* I could weep, Madam, would it do you good.
*Queen.* And I could weep, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.
But stay, here come the gardeners:
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.—

*Enter a* Gardener, *and two* Servants.

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of state; for every one doth so
*Against* a change: Woe is forerun with woe.
[Queen and Ladies retire.

*Gard.* Go, bind thou up yon' dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight;
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.—
Go thou, and like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All must be even in our government. —
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

1 *Serv.* Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate?
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

*Gard.* Hold thy peace: —
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds, that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
That seem'd in eating him, to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;
I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

1 *Serv.* What, are they dead?

*Gard.* They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seiz'd the wasteful King.—Oh! What pity is it,
*That he had* not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,

As we this garden! We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees;
Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

1 *Serv.* What, think you then, the King shall be depos'd?

*Gard.* Depress'd he is already; and depos'd,
'Tis doubt, he will be: Letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

*Queen.* O, I am press'd to death,
Through want of speaking!—Thou, old Adam's likeness,
[*Coming from her concealment.*
Set to dress this garden, how dares
Thy harsh-rude tongue sound this unpleasing news?
What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why dost thou say, King Richard is depos'd?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfal? Say, where, when, and how,
Cam'st thou by these ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.

*Gard.* Pardon me, Madam: little joy have I,
To breathe this news; yet what I say, is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are weigh'd:
*In your lord's* scale is nothing but himself,
*And some few* vanities that make him light;

But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers
And with that odds he weighs King Richard
Post you to London, and you'll find it so;
I speak no more than every one doth kn
*Queen.* Nimble mischance, that art s
of foot,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O, thou th
To serve me last, that I may longest ke
Thy sorrow in my breast.— Come, Ladi
To meet at London London's King in woe
What, was I born to this! that my sad l
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbr
Gardener, for telling me this news of wo
I would, the plants thou graft'st, may
grow.
[*Exeunt* Queen *and* I
*Gard.* Poor Queen! so that thy state mi
no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy cur
Here did she drop a tear; here, in this
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grac
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be
In the remembrance of a weeping Queen.
[*E*

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

London. Westminster *Hall.*

*The Lords spiritual on the right side of the throne; the Lords temporal on the left: the Commons below. Enter* BOLINGBROKE. AUMERLE, SURREY, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, *another* Lord, *Bishop of* Carlisle, *Abbot of* Westminster, *and Attendants. Officers behind, with* BAGOT.

*Boling.* Call forth Bagot: —
Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death;
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeless end.
*Bagot.* Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.
*Boling.* Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.
*Bagot.* My Lord Aumerle, I know, your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd
In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted.
I heard you say. — *Is not my arm of length,*
*That reacheth from the restful English court*
*As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?*
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,

Than Bolingbroke's return to England;
Adding withal, how blest this land would be,
In this your cousin's death.

*Aum.* Princes, and noble Lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainder of his sland'rous lips. —
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell; I say, thou liest,
And will maintain, what thou hast said, is false,
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

*Boling.* Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it up.

*Aum.* Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.

*Fitz.* If that thy valour stand on sympathies,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:
By that fair sun that shows me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

*Aum.* Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.

*Fitz.* Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

*Aum.* Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

*Percy.* Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true
*In this appeal*, as thou art all unjust:
*And, that* thou art so, there I throw my gage,

To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing; seize it, if thou dar'st.
*Aum.* And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!
*Lord.* I take the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle;
And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun: there is my honour's pawn:
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.
*Aum.* Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw at all:
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.
*Surry.* My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.
*Fitz.* My Lord, 'tis true: you were in presence then;
And you can witness with me, this is true.
*Surry.* As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.
*Fitz.* Surry, thou liest.
*Surry.* Dishonourable boy!
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie
In earth as quiet as thy fathers scull.
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.
*Fitz.* How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surry in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies,

And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction. —
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say,
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble Duke at Calais.

*Aum.* Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

*Boling.* These differences shall all rest under gage,
Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his land and signories; when he's return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

*Car.* That honourable day shall ne'er be seen. —
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ; in glorious Christian field
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

*Boling.* Why, Bishop, is Norfolk dead?

*Car.* As sure as I live, my Lord.

*Boling.* Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham! — Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage,
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

*Enter* YORK, *attended.*

*York.* Great Duke of Lancaster, I come
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high scepter yiel
To the possession of thy royal hand:
Ascend his throne, descending now from hi
And long live Henry, of that name the four
*Boling.* In God's name, I'll ascend the r throne.
*Car.* Marry, God forbid!—
Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard; then true nobless would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his King?
And who sits here, that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them:
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O, forbid it, God,
That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd
Could show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
Speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by heaven thus boldly for his King.
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call King,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's King:
And if you crown him, let me prophecy,—
The blood of English shall manure the grou
And future ages groan for this foul act;

O, if you rear this house against this
It will the wofullest division prove
That ever fell upon this cursed earth:
Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against
*North.* Well have you argu'd, Sir; a
pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you her
My Lord of Westminster, be it your
To keep him safely till his day of tr
May't please you, Lords, to grant th
suit?
*Boling.* Fetch hither Richard, that
view
He may surrender; so we shall proce
Without suspicion.
*York.* I will be his conduct.
*Boling.* Lords, you that are her
arrest

Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favour of these men: Were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, all hail? to me?
So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the King! — Will no man say, amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.
God save the King! although I be not he;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me. —
To do what service am I sent for hither?

*York.* To do that office, of thine own good will,
Which tired majesty did make thee offer, —
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.

*K. Rich.* Give me the crown: — Here, cousin, seize the crown;
Here, on this side, my hand; on that side, thine.
Now in this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water:
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

*Boling.* I thought, you had been willing to resign.

*K. Rich.* My crown, I am; but still my griefs are mine:
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I King of those.

*Boling.* Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

*K. Rich.* Your cares set up, do not pluck my cares down.

My care is — loss of care, by old care done;
Your care is — gain of care, by new care won:
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.
*Boling.* Are you contented to resign the crown?
*K Rich.* Ay, no: — no, ay; — for I must nothing be;
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee,
Now mark me how I will undo myself: —
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldly sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths:
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues, I forgo;
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny:
God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke, are made to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd;
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd!
Long may'st thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!
God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days! —
What more remains?
*North.* No more, but that you read
[*Offering a paper.*
These accusations, and these grievous crimes,
Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the state and profit of this land;
*That,* by confessing them, the souls of men
*May deem* that you are worthily depos'd.
*K. Rich.* Must I do so? and must I ravel out

My weav'd-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? If thou would'st,
There should'st thou find one heinous article,—
Containing the deposing of a King,
And craking the strong warrant of an oath,—
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven:—
Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,—
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity: yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

*North.* My Lord, despatch; read o'er these articles.

*K. Rich.* Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:
And yet salt water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest:
For I have given here my soul's consent,
To undeck the pompous body of a King;
Make glory base; and sovereignty, a slave;
Proud majesty, a subject; state, a peasant.

*North.* My Lord,—

*K. Rich.* No lord of thine, thou haught, insulting man,
Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,—
No, not that name was given me at the font,—
*But 'tis* usurp'd:—Alack the heavy day,
*That I have* worn so many winters out,
*And know not* now what name to call myself!

O, that I were a mockery King of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke
To melt myself away in water-drops! —
Good King, — great King, — (and yet not greatly good,)
And if my world be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight;
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

*Boling.* Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.

[*Exit an* Attendant.

*North.* Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

*K. Rich.* Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come to hell.

*Boling.* Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

*North.* The commons will not then be satisfied.

*K. Rich.* They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's—myself.

*Re-enter* Attendant, *with a glass.*

Give me that glass, and therein will I read. —
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds?—O, flattering glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face,
That every day under his household roof
*Did keep* ten thousand men? Was this the face,
*That like* the sun, did make beholders wink?

Was this the face, that faced so many follies,
And was at last outfaced by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face;
[*Dashes the glass against the ground.*
For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers. —
Mark, silent King, the moral of this sport, —
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

*Boling.* The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.

*K. Rich.* Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see: —
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of lament
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul.
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, King,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

*Boling.* Name it, fair cousin.

*K. Rich.* Fair cousin? Why, I am greater than a King:
For, when I was a King, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a King here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

*Boling.* Yet ask.

*K. Rich.* And shall I have?

*Boling.* You shall.

*K. Rich.* Then give me leave to go.

*Boling.* Whither?

*K. Rich.* Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

*Boling.* Go some of you, convey him to the Tower.

*K. Rich.* O, good! Convey?—Conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true King's fall.

[*Exeunt K.* RICHARD, *some Lords, and a guard.*

*Boling.* On Wednesday next, we solemnly set down
Our coronation: Lords, prepare yourselves.

[*Exeunt all but the* Abbot, *Bishop of* Carlisle, *and* AUMERLE.

*Abbot.* A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

*Car.* The woe's to some; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

*Aum.* You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

*Abbot.* Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury mine intents, but to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise:—
I see, your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears;
Come home with me to supper; I will lay
A plot, shall show us all a merry day.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V. SCENE I.

London. *A Street leading to the Tower.*

*Enter* Queen, and Ladies.

*Queen.* This way the King will come; this is the way
To Julius Caesar's ill-erected tower,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke:
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true King's Queen.

*Enter King* RICHARD, *and guards.*

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither: Yet look up; behold;
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.—
Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand;
Thou map of honour; thou King Richard's tomb,
And not King Richard; thou most beauteous inn,
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?

*K. Rich.* Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
*Shows* us but this: I am sworn brother, sweet,

To grim necessity; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house:
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

*Queen.* What is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd, and weakened? Hath Bolingbroke
Depos'd thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly? kiss the rod;
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion, and a King of beasts?

*K. Rich.* A King of beasts, indeed; if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy King of men.
Good sometime Queen, prepare thee hence for France:
Think, I am dead; and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
With good old folks; and let them tell thee tales
Of woful ages, long ago betid:
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And, in compassion, weep the fire out:
*And some will mourn* in ashes, some coal-b*lack*
*For the deposing* of a rightful King.

*Enter* NORTHUMBERLAND, *attended.*

*North.* My Lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd;
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.—
And, Madam, there is order ta'en for you;
With all swift speed you must away to France.

*K. Rich.* Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,—
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption; thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all;
And he shall think, that thou, which know'st the way
To plant unrightful Kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear, to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and deserved death.

*North.* My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave, and part; for you must part forthwith.

*K. Rich.* Doubly divorc'd—Bad men, ye violate
A twofold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me;
And then, betwixt me and my married wife.—
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made,
*Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north*
*Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;*

My wife to France; from whence, set forth in pomp,
She come adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas, or short'st of day.

*Queen.* And must we be divided? must we part?

*K. Rich.* Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

*Queen.* Banish us both, and send the King with me.

*North.* That were some love, but little policy.

*Queen.* Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

*K. Rich.* So two, together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far off, than — near, be ne'er the near'.
Go, count thy way with sighs: I, mine with groans.

*Queen.* So longest way shall have the longest moans.

*K. Rich.* Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief.
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine, and thus I take thy part.

[*They kiss.*

*Queen.* Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart.

[*Kiss again.*

So, now I have mine own again, begone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

*K. Rich.* We make woe wanton with this delay:
*Once more, adieu*; the rest let sorrow say

## SCENE II.

*The same. A Room in the Duke of* YORK'S *Palace.*

*Enter* YORK, *and his* Duchess.

*Duch.* My Lord, you told me, you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off
Of our two cousins coming into London.
*York.* Where did I leave?
*Duch.* At that sad stop, my Lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from windows' tops
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.
*York.* Then, as I said, the Duke, great Bolingbroke,—
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,—
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,
While all tongues cried—God save thee, Bolingbroke!
You would have thought the very window spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,
With painted imag'ry, had said at once,—
Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus,—I thank you, countrymen;
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.
*Duch.* Alas, poor Richard! where rides he the while?
*York.* As in a theatre, the eyes of men,

a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
ly bent, on him that enters next,
ing his prattle to be tedious:
so, or with much more contempt, men's
eyes
scowl on Richard; no man cried, God save
him?
joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
ut dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,—
That had not God, for some strong purpose,
steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melt.
ed,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events;
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

*Enter* AUMERLE.

*Duch.* Here comes my son Aumerle.
*York.* Aumerle that was;
But that is lost, for being Richard's friend,
And, Madam, you must call him Rutland
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
And lasting fealty to the new-made King.
*Duch.* Welcome, my son: Who are the
now,
That strew the green lap of the new-come
*Aum.* Madam, I know not, nor I gr
not:
God knows, I had as lief be none,

*York.* Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?
*Aum.* For aught I know, my Lord, they do.
*York.* You will be there, I know.
*Aum.* If God prevent it not; I purpose so.
*York.* What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom?
Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.
*Aum.* My Lord, 'tis nothing.
*York.* No matter then who sees it:
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.
*Aum.* I do beseech your Grace to pardon me;
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.
*York.* Which for some reasons, Sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear,—
*Duch.* What should you fear?
'Tis nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd into
For gay apparel, 'gainst the triumph day.
*York.* Bound to himself? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to! Wife, thou art a fool.—
Boy let me see the writing.
*Aum.* I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not show it.
*York.* I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.
[*Snatches it, and reads*
Treason! foul treason!—villain! traitor! slave!
*Duch.* What is the matter, my Lord?
*York.* Ho! who is within there? [Enter a Servant.] Saddle my horse.

*York.* Peace, foolish woman.
*Duch.* I will not peace: — What
son?
*Aum.* Good mother, be content; i
Than my poor life must answer.
*Duch.* Thy life answer!

*Re-enter* Servant, *with bo*

*York.* Bring me my boots, I w
King.
*Duch.* Strike him, Aumerle. — Po
art amaz'
Hence, villain; never more come i
[*To*
*York.* Give me my boots, I say.
*Duch.* Why, York, what wilt tho
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of th
Have we more sons? or are we lik

reach him.

*Duch.* Hadst thou groan'd for him
As I have done, thou'dst be more pit
But now I know thy mind; thou dost
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son:
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of t
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, or any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

*York.* Make way, unruly woman.

*Duch.* After, Aumerle: mount thee
horse;
Spur, post; and get before him to the K
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse the
I'll not be long behind; though I be old
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York.
And never will I rise up from the groun
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee: A
Begone. [

Enquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there.
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions;
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;
While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour, to support
So dissolute a crew.

*Percy.* My Lord, some two days since I saw the Prince;
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

*Boling.* And what said the gallant?

*Percy.* His answer was,—he would unto the stews;
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

*Boling.* As dissolute, as desperate: yet, through both
I see some sparkles of a better hope,
Which edler days may happily bring forth.
But who comes here?

*Enter* AUMERLE, *hastily.*

*Aum.* Where is the King?

*Boling.* What means
Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?

*Aum.* God save your Grace. I do beseech your Majesty,
To have some conference with your Grace alone.

*Boling.* Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.—
[*Exeunt* PERCY and Lords.
What is the matter with our cousin now?

*Aum*

*Aum.* For ever may my knees grow to the earth. [*Kneels.*
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.
*Boling.* Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If but the first, how heinous ere it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.
*Aum.* Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.
*Boling.* Have thy desire.
[AUMERLE *locks the door.*
*York.* [*Within*] My Liege, beware; look to thyself;
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.
*Boling.* Villain, I'll make thee safe.
[*Drawing.*
*Aum.* Stay thy revengeful hand;
Thou hast no cause to fear.
*York.* [*Within.*] Open the door, secure, foolhardy King:
Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.
[BOLINGBROKE *opens the door.*

*Enter* YORK.

*Boling.* What is the matter, uncle? speak;
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.
*York.* Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.
*Aum.* Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise past:
*I do repent me*; read not my name there,

My heart is not confederate with my hand.
*York.* 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.—
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, King;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.
*Boling.* O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!—
O loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages,
Hath held his current, and defil'd himself!
Thy overflow of good converts to bad;
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.
*York.* So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.
*Duch.* [*Within*] What ho, my Liege! for God's sake, let me in.
*Boling.* What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager cry?
*Duch.* A woman, and thine aunt, great King; 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door;
A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.
*Boling.* Our scene is alter'd,—from a serious thing,
*And now chang'd to The Beggar and the King.*
*My dangerous cousin, let your mother in;*
*I know, she's come to pray for your foul*

*York.* If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound;
This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

*Enter* Duchess.

*Duch.* O King, believe not this hard-hearted man;
Love, loving not itself, none other can.
*York.* Thou frantick woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?
*Duch.* Sweet York, be patient: Hear me, gentle Liege. [*Kneels.*
*Boling.* Rise up, good aunt.
*Duch.* Not yet, I thee beseech:
For ever will I kneel upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.
*Aum.* Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my knee. [*Kneels.*
*York.* Against them both, my true joints bended be. [*Kneels.*
Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!
*Duch.* Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest:
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:
He prays but faintly, and would be denied;
We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside:
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;

nees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:
rayers are full of false hypocrisy;
, of true zeal and deep integrity.
prayers do out-pray his; then let them have
t mercy, which true prayers ought to have.
*Boling.* Good aunt, stand up.
*Duch.* Nay, do not say — stand up;
t, pardon, first; and afterwards, stand up.
ıd if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
ardon — should be the first word of thy speech.
never long'd to hear a word till now;
say — pardon, King; let pity teach thee how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
No word like, pardon, for Kings' mouths so meet.
*York.* Speak it in French, King; say, *pardonnez moy.*
*Duch.* Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?
Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted Lord,
That set'st the word itself against the word! —
Speak, pardon, as 'tis current in our land;
The chopping French we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there:
Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce
Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.
*Boling.* Good aunt, stand up.
*Duch.* I do not sue to stand,
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.
*Boling.* I pardon him, as God shall pard
*Duch.* O happy vantage of a kneeling
*Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;*
*Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon t*
*But makes one pardon strong.*

*Boling.* With all my heart
pardon him.
*Duch.* A god on earth thou art.
*Boling.* But for our trusty brother-in-law,—
and the Abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted crew,—
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.—
Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell,—and cousin too, adieu:
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.
*Duch.* Come, my old son;—I pray God make
thee new. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

*Enter* EXTON, *and a* Servant.

*Exton.* Didst thou not mark the King, what
words he spake?
*Have I not friend will rid me of this living
fear?*
Was it not so?
*Serv.* Those were his very words.
*Exton. Have I no friend?* quoth he: he spake
it twice,
And urg'd it twice together; did he not?
*Serv.* He did.
*Exton.* And, speaking it, he wistly look'd on
me;
*As who* should say,—I would, thou wert the
man
*That* would divorce this terror from my heart;

Meaning, the King at Pomfret. Come, let's go;
I am the King's friend and will rid his foe.
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.

Pomfret. *The Dungeon of the Castle.*

*Enter King* RICHARD.

*K. Rich.* I have been studying how I may compare
This prison, where I live, unto the world:
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it:—Yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;
My soul, the father: and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world;
I humours, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,—
As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd
With scruples, and do set the word itself
Against the word:
As thus, *Come,—little ones;* and then again,—
*It is as hard to come, as for a camel*
*To thread the postern of a needle's eye.*
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves,—
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,

Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,—
That many have, and others must sit there:
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I, in one person, many people,
And none contented: Sometimes am I King;
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am: Then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a King;
Then am I king'd again: and, by-and-by,
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing:— But, whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing.—Musick do I hear?
[*Musick.*
Ha, ha! keep time:—How sour sweet musick is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the musick of men's lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear,
To check time broke in a disorder'd string;
But, for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock:
My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they jar
Their watches on to mine eyes, the outward watch,
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now, Sir, the sound, that tells what hour it is,
*Are clam*orous groans, that strike upon my heart,

Which is the bell: So sighs, and tears, and groans,
Show minutes, times, and hours:—but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o'the clock,
This musick mads me, let it sound no more;
For, though it have holpe madmen to their wits,
In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad.
Yet, blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world

*Enter* Groom.

*Groom.* Hail, royal Prince!

*K. Rich.* Thanks, noble Peer:
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how comest thou hither,
Where no man never comes, but that sad dog
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

*Groom.* I was a poor groom of thy stable, King,
When thou wert King; who, travelling towards York,
With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes master's face.
O, how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld,
In London streets, that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!
That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid;
That horse, that I so carefully have dress'd!

*K. Rich.* Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?

*Groom.* So proudly, as if he disdain'd the ground.

*K. Rich.* So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!

That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down,
(Since pride must have a fall,) and break the neck
Of that proud man, that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jauncing Bolingbroke.

*Enter* Keeper, *with a dish.*

*Keep.* Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay. [*To the* Groom,

*K. Rich.* If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

*Groom.* What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. [*Exit.*

*Keep.* My Lord, will't please you to fall to?

*K. Rich.* Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

*Keep.* My Lord, I dare not; Sir Pierce of Exton, who

tely came from the King, commands the contrary.

*. Rich.* The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee!

ence is stale, and I am weary of it.

ep. Help, help, help! [*Beats the* Keeper,

*Enter* Exton, *and* Servants, *armed.*

*ich.* How now? what means death in this rude assault?

Villain, they own hand yields thy death's instrument.

Go thou, and fill another room in hell. [*Snatching a weapon, and killing one.*

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire, [*He kills another; then* EXTON *strikes him down.*

That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand

Hath with the King's blood stain'd the King's own land.

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;

Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die. [*Dies.*

*Exton.* As full of valour, as of royal blood:

Both have I spilt; O, would the deed were good!

For now the devil, that told me—I did well,

Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.

This dead King to the living King I'll bear;—

Take hence the rest, and give them burial her[e]

[*Exeun[t]*

## SCENE VI.

Windsor. *A Room in the Castle.*

*Flourish. Enter* BOLINGBROKE, *and* YORK, *Lords and Attendants.*

*Boling.* Kind uncle York, the latest ne[ws] hear,

*Is—that the rebels have consum'd with*

*Our town of Cicester in Glostershire;*

*But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we*

*Enter* NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my Lord: What is the news?
*North.* First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.
The next news is,—I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here.
[*Presenting a paper.*
*Boling.* We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

*Enter* FITZWATER.

*Fitz.* My Lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas, and Sir Bennet Seely;
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors,
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.
*Boling.* Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

*Enter* PERCY, *with the Bishop of* Carlisle.

*Percy.* The grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,
With clog of conscience, and sour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his bride.
*Boling.* Carlisle, this is your doom:—
Chuse out some secret place, some reverend room.

More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife:
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

*Enter* EXTON, *with Attendants bearing a coffin.*

*Exton.* Great King, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear: herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.

*Boling.* Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous land.

*Exton.* From your own mouth, my Lord, did I this deed.

*Boling.* They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee; though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour:
With Cain go wander through the shade of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light. —
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow:
Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent;
I'll make a voyage to the holy land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand: —
March sadly after; grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier. [*Exeunt.*

A

# SELECTION

OF THE

# MOST IMPORTANT NOTES

EXTRACTED

FROM

THE BEST COMMENTATORS

TO THE PLAYS

OF

# WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

---

VOLUME VIII.

# NOTES TO KING JOHN.

*** *The Troublesome Reign of King John* was written in two parts, by W. Shakspeare and W. Rowley, and printed 1611. But the present play is entirely different, and infinitely superior to it.

POPE.

The edition of 1611 has no mention of Rowley, nor in the account of Rowley's works is any mention made of his conjunction with Shakspeare in any play. *King John* was reprinted in two parts in 1622. The first edition that I have found of this play in its present form, is that of 1623, in folio. The edition of 1591 I have not seen.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson mistakes when he says there is no mention in Rowley's works of any conjunction with Shakspeare. *The Birth of Merlin* is ascribed to them jointly; though I cannot believe Shakspeare had any thing to do with it. Mr. Capell is equally mistaken when he says (Pref. p. 15.) that Rowley is called his partner in the title-page of *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*.

*There must have been some tradition, however erroneous, upon which Mr. Pope's account*

was founded. I make no doubt that Rowley wrote the first *King John;* and when Shakspeare's play was called for, and could not be procured from the players, a piratical bookseller reprinted the old one, with *W. Sh.* in the title-page. FARMER.

The elder play of *King John* was first published in 1591. Shakspeare has preserved the greatest part of the conduct of it, as well as some of the lines. A few of these I have pointed out, and others I have omitted as undeserving notice. The number of quotations from Horace, and similar scraps of learning scattered over this motley piece, ascertain it to have been the work of a scholar. It contains likewise a quantity of rhyming Latin, and ballad-metre; and in a scene where the Bastard is represented as plundering a monastery, there are strokes of humour, which seem, from their particular turn, to have been most evidently produced by another hand than that of our author.

Of this historical drama there is a subsequent edition in 1611, printed for John Helme, whose name appears before none of the genuine pieces of Shakspeare. I admitted this play some years ago as our author's own, among the twenty which I published from old editions; but a more careful perusal of it, and a further conviction of his custom of borrowing plots, sentiments, &c. disposes me to recede from that opinion.

STEEVENS.

A play entitled *The troublesome raigne of John King of England*, in two parts, was printed in 1591, without the writer's name. It was written, I believe, either by Robert Greene, or George Peele; and certainly preceded this our author. Mr. Pope, who is very inaccur-

in matters of this kind, says that the former was printed in 1611, as written by W. Shakspeare and W. Rowley. But this is not true. In the *second* edition of this old play in 1611, the letters *W. Sh.* were put into the title-page, to deceive the purchaser, and to lead him to suppose the piece was Shakspeare's play, which at that time was not published.—See a more minute account of this fraud in *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's Plays,* Vol. I. Our author's *King John* was written, I imagine, in 1596. The reasons on which this opinion is founded, may be found in that Essay. MALONE.

Though this play have the title of *The Life and Death of King John,* yet the action of it begins at the thirty-fourth year of his life; and takes in only some transactions of his reign to the time of his demise, being an interval of about seventeen years. THEOBALD.

Hall, Holinshed, Stowe, &c. are closely followed not only in the conduct, but sometimes in the very expressions throughout the following historical dramas; viz. *Macbeth,* this play, *Richard II. Henry IV.* two parts, *Henry V. Henry VI.* three parts, *Richard III.* and *Henry VIII.*

"A booke called *The Historie of Lord Faulconbridge, bastard Son to Richard Cordelion.*" was entered at Stationers' Hall, Nov. 29, 1614; but I have never met with it, and therefore know not whether it was the old black letter history, or a play on the same subject. For the orginal *K. John.* see *Six old Plays on which Shakspeare founded,* &c. published by S. Leacroft, Charing-Cross. STEEVENS.

*The hystorie of* Lord Faulconbridge, &c. in

a prose narrative, in bl. l. The earliest edition that I have seen of it, was printed in 1616.

A book entitled "Richard *Cur* de Lion" was entered on the Stationers' Books in 1558.

A play called *The Funeral of Richard Cordelion*, was written by Robert Wilson, Henry Chettle, Anthony Mundy, and Michael Drayton, and first exhibited in the year 1598. See *The Historical Account of the English Stage.* MALONE.

---

Page 2, line 9. William Longsword, *Earl of* Salisbury,] Son to King Henry II. by Rosamond Clifford. STEEVENS.

P. 5, l. 10–12. — speaks the King of France, *In my behaviour*,] The word *behaviour* seems here to have a signification that I have never found in any other author. *The King of France*, say the envoy, *thus speaks in my* behaviour *to the majesty of England*; that is, the King of France speaks in the *character* which I here assume. I once thought that these two lines, *in my behaviour*, &c. had been uttered by the ambassador as part of his master's message, and that *behaviour* had meant the *conduct* of the King of France towards the King of England; but the ambassador's speech, as continued after the interruption, will not admit this meaning. JOHNSON.

*I my behaviour* means, in the manner that *I now do*. M. MASON.

*In my behaviour* means, I think, in the words and action that I am now going to use. MALONE.

P. 4, l. 9. The proud *control*—] *Opposition* from *controller*. JOHNSON.

I think it rather means *constraint or compulsion*. M. MASON.

P. 4, l. 20. *Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;*] The simile does not suit well: the lightning indeed appears before the thunder is heard, but the lightning is destructive and the thunder innocent. JOHNSON.

The allusion may nothwithstanding be very proper so far as Shakspeare had applied it, i. e. merely to the *swiftness* of the *lightning*, and its *preceding and foretelling* the *thunder*. But there is some reason to believe that *thunder* was not thought to be *innocent* in our author's time, as we elsewhere learn from himself. See *King Lear*, Act III. sc. ii. *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act II. sc. v. *Julius Caesar*, Act I. sc. iij. and still more decisively in *Measure for Measure*, Act. II. sc. ii. This old superstition is still prevalent in many parts of the country. RITSON.

King John does not allude to the destructive powers either of thunder or lightning; he only means to say, that Chatillon shall appear to the eyes of the French like lightning, which shows that thunder is approaching: and the thunder he alludes to is that of his *cannon*. Johnson also forgets, that though philosophically speaking, the destructive power is in the lightning, it has generally in poetry been attributed to the thunder. M. MASON.

P. 4, l. 23. 24. — Be thou the trumpet of your wrath,

And *sullen* presage &c.] By the epithet *sullen*, which cannot be applied to a trumpet, it is plain that our author's imagination had now suggested a new idea. It is as if he had said, be a *trumpet* to alarm with our invasion, be a bird of ill omen *to croak out* the prognostick of your own ruin. JOHNSON.

I do not see why the epithet *sullen* may
applied to a *trumpet*, with as much propr
to a *bell*. In our author's *Henry IV*. P. II. v
"Sounds ever after as a *sullen bell*—.
M.

That here are two ideas, is evident;
second of them has not been luckily exp
*The sullen presage of your own decay,*
*the dismal passing bell, that announce*
*own approaching dissolution.* STEEVEN

P. 5, first l. — *manage* — is here c
administration. STEEVENS.

P. 5, l. 21. — *and* PHILIP, *his basar*
*ther.*] Though Shakspeare adopted this ch
of Philip Faulconbridge from the old pla
not improper to mention that it is comp
of two distinct personages.

Matthew Paris says: — "Sub illius te
curriculo, *Falcasius de Brente*, Neuste
et spurius ex parte matris, atque Bastard
in vili jumento manticato ad Regis paul
clientelam descenderat," &c.

Matthew Paris, in his *History of the*
*of St Albans*, calls him *Falco*, but in l
*neral History*, *Falcasius de Brente*, as
Holinshed says, "That Richard I. had
tural son named Philip, who in the year fol
killed the Viscount de Limoges to reve
death of his father." STEEVENS.

Perhaps the following passage in the
nuation of Harding's Chronicle, 1543, fol.
ad ann. 1472, induced the author of the old
affix the name of *Faulconbridge* to King Ri
*natural* son, who is only mentioned in our b
*by the* name of Philip: " — one Faulco
*therle of Kent*, his *bastarde*, a stoute-hart

**Who** the mother of Philip
**ained.** It is said that she was
**and that** King Richard bestowe
lordship in that province.

P. 6, l. 25. *Whe'r* for *wh*

P. 7, first l. The *trick*, or
same as the tracing of a drawin
peculiarity of face which may be s
by the slightest outline. STEEVE
By a *trick*, in this place, is
culiarity of look or motion. M.
Our author often uses this ph
nerally in the sense of a peculiar
countenance or feature. MALONE

P. 7. l. 12. *With that half-*
old copy — with *half that* face.
*half* that face? There is no questio
wrote, as I have restored the text
half-face —. Mr. Pope, perhaps,
with me for discovering an anachro
poet's in the next line, where he
coin not struck till the year 1504,
of King Henry VII. viz. a groat, wh
as the half groat, bore but half face
Vide *Stowe's Survey of London*, p.
*shed, Camden's Remains*, &c. The
at the meagre sharp visage of the eld
by comparing him to a silver groat,
he King's face in profile, so showed b
ace: the groats of all our Kings of En
ndeed all their other coins of silver,
nly excepted, had a full face crowned;
II. at the time above mentioned, coi
d *half-groats*, as also some shillings
*es, i. e. faces in profile*, as all o
. *The first groats of King Henry*

like those of his father; though afterwards he returned to the broad faces again. These groats, with the impression in profile, are undoubtedly here alluded to; though, as I said, the poet is knowingly guilty of an anachronism in it: for in the time of King John there were no groats at all; they being first, as far as appears, coined in the reign of King Edward III. THEOBALD.

P. 7, l. 31. — and *took it*, on his death,] i. e. entertained it as his fixed opinion, when he was dying. STEEVENS.

P. 8, l. 14-16. — *nor your father Being none of his, refuse him:*] This is a *decisive argument.* As your father, if he liked him, could not have been forced to resign him, so not liking him, he is not at liberty to reject him. JOHNSON.

P. 8, l. 28. *Lord of thy presence* means, master of that dignity and grandeur of appearance that may sufficiently distinguish thee from the vulgar, without the help of fortune.

*Lord of his presence* apparently signifies, *great in his own person*, and is used in this sense by King John in one of the following scenes. JOHNSON.

P. 8, l. 30. *And I had his, sir Robert* his, *like him;*] This is obscure and ill expressed. The meaning is — *If I had his shape, sir Robert's — as he has.*

*Sir Robert his*, for *Sir Robert's*, is agreeable to the practice of that time, when the *'s* added to the nominative was believed, I think erroneously, to be a contraction of *his*. So, Donne:

"— Who now lives to age,
"*Fit to be* call'd Methusalem *his* page?" JOHNSON.

*This* ought to be printed:

*Sir Robert his*, like him.

*His* according to a mistaken notion formerly received, being the sign of the genitive case. As the text before stood there was a double genitive. MALONE.

P. 8, l. 33-35. *That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose.*
*Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings goes!*] In this very obscure passage our poet is anticipating the date of another coin; humorously to rally a thin face, eclipsed, as it were, by a full blown *rose*. We must observe to explain this allusion, that Queen Elizabeth was the first, and indeed the only Prince, who coined in England three-half-pence, and three-farthing pieces. She coined shillings, six-pences, groats, three-pences, two-pences, three-half-pence, pence, three-farthings, and half-pence. And these pieces all had her head, and were alternately with the *rose* behind, and without the *rose*. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald has not mentioned a material circumstance relative to these three-farthing pieces, on which the propriety of the allusion in some measure depends; viz. that they were made of silver, and consequenty extremely *thin*. From their thinness they were very liable to be cracked. Hence Ben Jonson, in his *Every Man in his Humour*, says "He values me at a *crack'd three-farthings*." MALONE.

The sticking *roses* about them was then all the court-fashion, as appears from this passage of the *Confession Catholique du S. de Sancy*. L. II. c. i: "Je luy ay appris à mettre des *roses par tous les coins*," i. e. *in every* place about him, says *the speaker*, of one to whom he had taught all *the* court-fashions. WARBURTON.

The *roses* stuck in the ear, were, I believe, only *roses* composed of ribbands.

I think I remember, among Vandyck's pictures in the Duke of Queensbury's collection at Ambrosbury, to have seen one, with the lock nearest the ear ornamented with ribbands which terminate in *roses;* and Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, says, "that it was once the fashion to stick real *flowers* in the *ear*."

At Kirtling, in Cambridgeshire, the magnificent residence of the first Lord North, there is a juvenile portrait (supposed to be of Queen Elizabeth) with a red rose sticking in *her ear*. STEEVENS.

From the epigrams of Sir John Davies, printed at Middleburgh, about 1598, it appears that some men of gallantry in our author's time suffered their ears to be bored, and wore their mistress's silken shoe-strings in them. MALONE.

P. 9, l. 12. — I'll follow you *unto the death.*] This expression (a Gallicism, — *à la mort*) is common among our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

P. 9, l. 23. It is a common opinion, that *Plantagenet* was the surname of the royal house of England, from the time of King Henry II. but it is, as Camden observes in his *Remaines*, 1614, a popular mistake. Plantagenet was not a family name, but a nick-name, by which a grandson of Geffrey, the first Earl of Anjou was distinguished, from his wearing a *broom-stalk* in his bonnet. But this name was never borne either by the first Earl of Anjou, or by King Henry II. the son of that Earl by the Empress Maude; he being always called Henry *Fitz-Empress;* his son, Richard *Coeur-de-lion;* and the Prince who is exhibited *in the* play before us, John sans-terre, or lack-*land*. MALONE.

P. 9, l. 31. 32. *Madam, by chance, but not by truth: What though?* I am your grandson, Madam, by chance, but not by *honesty*;—what *then?* JOHNSON.

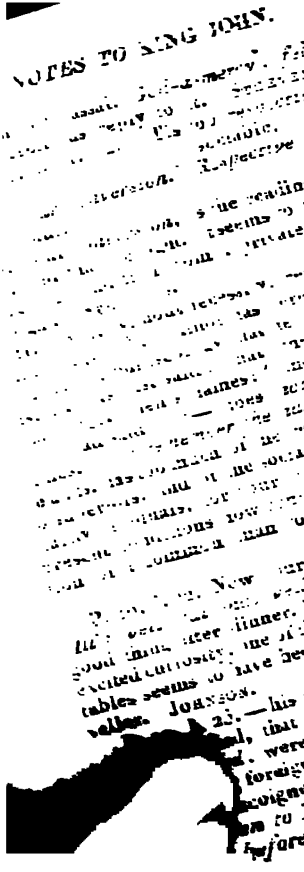
P. 9, l. 35—last l. and P. 10, l. 1. 2 *Something about, a little from the right,* &c. &c.] This speech, composed of allusive and proverbial sentences, is obscure. *I am*, says the spritely knight, *your grandson*, a little *irregularly*, but every man cannot get what he wishes the legal way. He that *dares not go* about his designs *by day*, must *make his motions* in the *night*; *he*, to whom the door is shut, must climb *the window*, or leap *the hatch*. This, however, shall not depress me; for the world never enquires how any man got what he is known to possess, but allows that *to have* is *to have*, however it was *caught*, and that he *who wins, shot well*, whatever was his skill, whether the arrow fell *near* the mark, or *far off* it. JOHNSON.

P. 9, l. 34. *In at the window, or else o'er the hatch.*] These expressions mean, to be *born out of wedlock*. STEEVENS.

P. 10, l. 14. *A foot*—i. e. *A step, un pas*. JOHNSON.

P. 10, l. 17. *Good den,*] i. e. a good evening. STEEVENS.

P. 10, l. 17. *Good den, Sir Richard,—God-a-mercy, fellow*;—] Thus the old copy, and rightly. In Act IV. Salisbury calls him Sir *Richard*, and the King has just knighted him by that name. The modern editors arbitrarily read, *Sir Robert*. Faulconbridge is now entertaining himself with ideas of greatness, suggested by his recent knighthood.—*Good den, Sir Richard*, he supposes to be the



1572. The following lines may perhaps be acceptable to the reader who is curious enough to enquire about the fashionable follies imported in that age:

"Now, Sir, if I shall see your mastership
"Come home disguis'd, and clad in quaint array;—
"As with a *pike-tooth* byting on your lippe;
"Your brave mustachios turn'd the Turkie way;
"A coptankt hat made on a Flemish blocke;
"A night-gowne cloake down trayling to your toes;
"A slender slop close couched to your dock;
"A curtolde slipper, and a short silk hose." &c.

STEEVENS.

P. 10, l. 23. — *at my worship's mess*:] Means, at that part of the table where I, as a *knight*, shall be placed.

Your *Worship* was the regular address to a knight or esquire, in our author's time, as your *Honour* was to a lord. MALONE.

P. 10, l. 26. *My picked man of countries*:] The word *picked* may not refer to the beard, but to the *shoes*, which were once worn of an immoderate length. To this fashion our author has alluded in *King Lear*, where the reader will find a more ample explanation. *Picked* may, however, mean only spruce in dress. STEEVENS.

The last interpretation of *picked*, offered by Mr. Steevens, is undoubtedly the true one. So, in Wilson's *Arte of Rhetorique*, 1553: "— such riot, dicyng, carding, *piking*," &c. *Piked* or *picked*, (for the word is variously spelt,) in the writings of our author and his contemporaries, generally means, *spruce*, affected; effeminate. MALONE.

My *picked man of countries*, is — my *travelled fop*. HOLT WHITE.

P. 10, l. 29. An *ABC-book*, or, as they spoke and wrote it, an *absey book*, is a *catechism*. JOHNSON.

P. 10, l. 34. Sir W. Cornwallis's 28th Essay thus ridicules the extravagance of compliment in our poet's days, 1601: "We spend even at his (i. e. a friend's or a stranger's) entrance, a whole volume of words. — What a deal of synamon and ginger is sacrificed to dissimulation! *O, how blessed do I take mine eyes for presenting me with this sight! O Signior, the star that governs my life in contentment, give me leave to interre myself in your arms! — Not so, Sir, it is too unworthy an inclosure to contain such preciousness*, &c. &c. This, and a cup of drink, makes the time as fit for a departure as can be." TOLLET.

P. 11, l. 4. *But he is but a bastard to the time*, &c.] He is accounted but a mean man in the present age, who does not shew by his dress, his deportment and his talk, that he has travelled, and made observations in foreign countries. MALONE.

P. 11, l. 11 *Which though I will not practise to deceive*,] The construction will be mended, if instead of *which though*, we read *this though*. JOHNSON.

P. 11, l. 14–16. *But who comes* &c. &c.] Milton, in his tragedy, introduces Dalilah with an interrogatory exclamation. JOHNSON.

P. 11, l. 15. 16. — — *hath she no husl*
*That will take pains to blow a horn before*

He means, that a woman who travelled a *post*, was likely to *horn* her husband.

P. 11, l. 18 — *James Gurney*.] O

found his name in perusing the history of King John; who not long before his victory at Mirabeau over the French, headed by young Arthur, seized the lands and castle of Hugh *Gorney*, near Butevant in Normandy. MALONE.

P. 11. l. 26. *Colbrand* was a Danish giant, whom Guy of Warwick discomfited in the presence of King Athelstan. The combat is very pompously described by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*. JOHNSON.

P. 12, first l. *Good leave* means a *ready assent*. STEEVENS.

P. 12. l. 2. *Philip? — sparrow!—*] Dr. Grey observes, that Skelton has a poem to the memory of Philip Sparrow; and Mr. Pope in a short note remarks that a sparrow is called Philip. JOHNSON.

The Bastard means: *Philip!* Do you take me for a sparrow? HAWKINS.

The sparrow is called *Philip* from its note.

"— — cry
"*Phip phip the sparrowes* as they fly."
Lyly's *Mother Bombie*.

From the sound of the sparrow's chirping, Catullus in his *Elegy on Lesbia's Sparrow*, has formed a verb:

"Sed circumsiliens modo huc, modo illuc,
"Ad solam dominam usque *pipilabat*."
HOLT WHITE.

P. 12, l. 3. There's *toys* abroad;] i. e. rumours, idle reports. STEEVENS.

P. 12, l. 8. — (to confess!)] Mr. M. Mason regards the adverb *to*, as an error of the press: But I rather think, *to* confess, means — to come to confession. "But, to come to a fair confession *now*, (says the Bastard,) could he have been the instrument of my production?". STEEVENS.

P. 12, l. 20. Knight, knight, good mother, — *Basiliscólike:*] Thus must this passage be pointed; and to come at the humour of it, I must clear up an old circumstance of stage-history. Faulconbridge's words here carry a concealed piece of satire on a stupid drama of that age, printed in 1599, and called *Soliman and Perseda.* In this piece there is a character of a bragging cowardly knight, called Basilisco. His pretension to valour is so blown, and seen through, that Piston, a buffoon-servant in the play, jumps upon his back, and will not disengage him, till he makes Basilisco swear upon his dudgeon dagger to the contents, and in the terms he dictates to him; as, for instance:

"*Bas.* O, I swear, I swear.

"*Pist.*. By the contents of this blade, —

"*Bas.* By the contents of this blade, —

"*Pist.* I, the aforesaid Basilisco, —

"*Bas.* I, the aforesaid Basilisco, — *knight,* good fellow, *knight.*

"*Pist. Knave,* good fellow, knave, knave."

So that it is clear, our poet is sneering at this play; and makes Philip, when his mother calls him *knave,* throw off that reproach by humourously laying claim to his new dignity of *knighthood;* as Basilisco arrogantly insists on his title of *knight* in the passage above quoted. The old play is an execrable bad one; and, I suppose, was sufficiently exploded in the representation: which might make this circumstance so well known, as to become the butt for a stage-sarcasm. THEOBALD.

P. 13, l. 6. *Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,*] There are *sins, that* whatever be determined of them above, are *not* much censured *on earth.* JOHNSON.

P. 13, l. 11. 12. *Against whose fury and unmatched force*
*The awless lion could not wage the fight,*] Shakspeare here alludes to the old metrical romance of *Richard Coeur-de-lion*, wherein this once celebrated monarch is related to have acquired his distinguishing appellation, by having plucked out a lion's heart to whose fury he was exposed by the Duke of Austria, for having slain his son with a blow of his fist. From this ancient romance the story has crept into some of our old chronicles: but the original passage may be seen at large in the introduction to the third volume of *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. PERCY.

P. 14, l. 2. *Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,*] So, Rastal, in his *Chronicle*; "It is sayd that a *lyon* was put to kynge *Richard*, beynge in prison, to have devoured him, and when the *lyon* was gapynge he put his arme in his mouth, and pulled the *lyon* by the harte so hard that he slewe the *lyon*, and therefore some say he is called *Richarde Cure de Lyon*; but some say he is called *Cure de Lyon*, because of his boldness and hardy stomake." GREY.

I have an old *black-lettered history of lord Faulconbridge*, whence Shakspeare might pick up this circumstance. FARMER.

In Heywood's *Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601, there is a long description of this fabulous atchievement.

The same story is told by Knighton, inter *Decem Scriptores*, and by Fabian, who calls it a *fable*. It probably took its rise from Hugh de Nevill, one of Richard's followers, having killed

a lion, when they were in the Holy Land: a circumstance recorded by Matthew Paris. MALONE.

Hugh de Nevill as a reward for his bravery, obtained from King Richard I. the manors of Medburn and Blaston in Leicestershire; which are to this day enjoyed by his family. NICHOLS.

P. 14, l. 4. *By this brave Duke came early to his grave*:] The old play led Shakspeare into this error of ascribing to the Duke of Austria the death of Richard, who lost his life at the siege of Chaluz, long after he had been ransomed out of Austria's power. STEEVENS.

The producing *Austria* on the scene is also contrary to the truth of history, into which anachronism our author was led by the old play. Leopold Duke of Austria, by whom Richard I. had been thrown in prison in 1193, died in consequence of a fall from his horse in 1195, some years before the commencement of the present play.

The original cause of the enmity between Richard the First, and the Duke of Austria, was, according to Fabian, that Richard "tooke from a knighte of the Duke of *Ostriche* the said Duke's banner, and in despite of the said Duke, trade i under foote, and did unto it all the spite h might." Harding says, in his Chronicle, that th cause of quarrel was Richard's taking down th Duke of Austria's arms and banner, which he h set up above those of the King of France and t King of Jernsalem. The affront was given, wh they lay before Acre in Palestine. This circ *stance is* alluded to in the old *King John, the Bastard*, after killing Austria, says

"*And as my father triumph'd in thy*
*And trod thine ensigns underneath*

Other historians say, that the Duke suspected Richard to have been concerned in the assassination of his kinsman, the Marquis of Montferrat, who was stabbed in Tyre, soon after he had been elected King of Jerusalem; but this was a calumny, propagated by Richard's enemies for political purposes. MALONE.

P. 14, l. 6. At our *importance* — i. e. At our *importunity*. JOHNSON.

P. 14, l. 25. — that *white fac'd shore*,] England is supposed to be called Albion from the *withe rocks* facing France. JOHNSON.

P. 15, l. 5. To make a *more* requital to your love.] I believe it has been already observed, that *more* signified in our author's time, *greater*. STEEVENS.

P. 15, l. 13. *To cull the plots of best advantages:*] i. e. to mark such stations as might most over-awe the town. HENLEY.

P. 15, l. 25. *A wonder, Lady!* &c.] The wonder is only that Chatillon happened to arrive at the moment when Constance mentioned him; which the French King, according to a superstition which prevails more or less in every mind agitated by great affairs, turns into a miraculous interposition, or omen of good. JOHNSON.

P. 16, l. 4. His marches are *expedient* — i. e. immediate, *expeditious*. JOHNSON.

P. 16. l. 7. *Até* was the Goddess of Revenge. The play-editors read—*an* Ace.

This image might have been borrowed from the celebrated libel, called Leicester's *Commonwealth*, originally published about the year 1584: "—*She* standeth like a fiend or fury, at the el-

bow of her Amadis, to *stirre* him forward when occasion shall serve." STEEVENS.

P. 16, l. 17. *Waft* for *wafted.*

So again in this play:

"The iron of itself, though *heat* red-hot —."

i. e. heat*ed.* STEEVENS.

P. 16, l. 19. — *scath* —] Destruction, harm. JOHNSON.

P. 17, l. 14. — *underwrought* — i. e. underworked, undermined. STEEVENS.

P. 17, l. 23. A *brief* is a short writing, abstract, or description. STEEVENS.

P. 17, l. 26. And *this* is Geffrey's:) I have no doubt but we should read — "and *his* is Geffrey's." The meaning is, "England was Geffrey's right, and whatever was Geffrey's, is now *his*," pointing to Arthur. M. MASON.

P. 17, last l. — into the *blots* and stains of right.] Mr. Theobald reads, with the first folio, *blots*, which being so early authorized, and so much better understood, needed not to have been changed by Dr. Warburton to *bolts*, though bolts might be used in that time for *spots*: so Shakspeare calls Banquo "*spotted with blood*, the *blood-bolter'd* Banquo." The verb to *blot* is used figuratively for to *disgrace*, a few lines lower. And perhaps, after all, *bolts* was only a typographical mistake. JOHNSON.

*Blots* is certainly right. The illegitimate branch of a family always carried the arms of it with what in ancient heraldry was called a *blot* or *difference*. STEEVENS.

*Blot* had certainly the heraldical sense mentioned by Mr. Steevens. But it here, I think, means only *blemishes*. So again, in Act III. MALONE.

P. 18, l. 10. *That thou may'st be a Queen,* and check the world!] "Surely (says Holinshed) Queen Eleanor, the Kyngs mother, was sore against her nephew Arthur, rather moved thereto by envye conceyved against his mother, than upon any just occasion, given in the behalfe of the childe; for that she saw, if he were King, *how his mother Constance woulde looke to beare the most rule within the realme of Englande,* till her sonne should come to a lawfull age to govern of himselfe. So hard a thing it is, to bring women to agree in one minde, their natures commonly being to contrary." MALONE.

P. 18, l. 19. — *an if thou wert his mother.*] Constance alludes to Elinor's infidelity to her husband Lewis the Seventh, when they were in the Holy Land; on account of which he was divorced from her. She afterwards (1151) married our King Henry II. MALONE.

P. 18, l. 25. *Hear the crier.*] Alluding to the usual proclamation for *silence,* made by criers n courts of justice, beginning *Oyez,* corruptly ronounced *O-Yes.* Austria has just said *Peace!* MALONE.

P. 18, l. 26. and fol. The ground of the arrel of the Bastard to Austria is no where spe-ied in the present play. But the story is, that ustria, who killed King Richard *Coeur-de-lion,* re as the spoil of that Prince, a lion's *hide,* ich had belonged to him. This circumstance ders the anger of the Bastard very natural, ought not to have been omitted. POPE.

The omission of this incident was natural. *speare* having familiarized the story to his *imagination*, forgot that it was obscure to

his audience; or what is equally probable, the story was then so popular that a hint was sufficient at that time to bring it to mind; and these plays were written with very little care for the approbation of posterity. JOHNSON.

P. 18, l. 30. *You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,*] The proverb alluded to is, "Mortuo leoni et lepores insultant." Erasmi ADAG. MALONE.

P. 19, l. 1. 2. It lies as sightly on the back of him,

*As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass:*] But why his *shoes* in the name of propriety? For let Hercules and his *shoes* have been really as big as they were ever supposed to be, yet they (I mean the *shoes*) would not have been an overload for an ass. I am persuaded, I have retrieved the true reading; and let us observe the justness of the comparison now. Faulconbridge in his resentment would say this to Austria: "That lion's skin, which my great father King Richard once wore, look's as uncouthly on thy back, as that other noble hide, which was borne by Hercules, would look on the back of an ass." A double allusion was intended; first, to the fable of the ass in the lion's skin; then Richard I. is finely set in competition with Alcides, as Austria is satirically coupled with the ass. THEOBALD.

The *shoes* of Hercules are more than once introduced in the old comedies on much the same occasions. STEEVENS.

i. e. upon the *hoofs* of an ass. Mr. Theobald thought the *shoes* must be placed on the *back* of *the ass; and*, therefore, to avoid this incongruity *reads* —*Alcides' shows*. MALONE.

*P. 19*, l. 32. — *whe'r* she does, or

ead: — *whe'r* he *does, or no!* — i. e. whether
e weeps, or not. Constance, so far from ad-
itting, expressly denies that *she* shames him.
RITSON.

P. 20, l. 22. and fol. *That he's not only plagued for her sin*, &c. &c.]
his passage appears to me very obscure. The
ief difficulty arises from this, that Constance
aving told Elinor of her *sin-conceiving womb*,
ursues the thought, and uses *sin* through the next
nes in an ambiguous sense, sometimes for *crime*,
nd sometimes for *offspring*.

*He's not only plagued for her* sin, &c. He
not only made miserable by vengeance for her
*in* or *crime*; but her *sin*, her *offspring*, and
e, are made the instruments of that vengeance,
n this descendant; who, though of the second
eneration, is *plagued for her and with her*; to
hom she is not only the cause but the instrument
f evil.

The next clause is more perplexed. All the
ditions read:

— — *plagu'd for her,*
*And with her plague her sin; his injury*
*Her injury, the beadle to her sin,*
*All punish'd in the person of this child.*

[ point thus:

*— plagu'd for her*
*And with her. — Plague her* son! *his injury*
*Her injury, the beadle to her sin.*

That is; instead of inflicting vengeance on this in-
nocent and remote descendant, *punish her son*,
her immediate offspring: then the affliction will
fall where it is deserved, *his* injury will be her in-
*jury, and* the misery of her sin; her son will be

a *beadle*, or chastiser, to her *crimes*, which are now *all punish'd in the person of this child.* JOHNSON.

Mr. Roderick reads:

*— plagu'd for her,*
*And with her* plagu'd; *her sin, his injury,—*

We may read:

*But God hath made her sin and her the plague*
*On this removed issue, plagu'd for her;*
*And, with her sin, her plague, his injury*
*Her injury, the beadle to her sin.*

i. e. *God hath made her and her sin together, the plague of her most remote descendants, who are plagued for her;* the same power hath likewise *made her sin her own plague, and the injury she has done to him her own injury, as a beadle to lash that sin,* i. e. Providence has so ordered it, that she who is made the instrument of punishment to another, has, in the end, converted that other into an instrument of punishment for herself. STEEVENS.

Constance observes that *he* (*iste*, pointing to *King John*, "whom from the flow of gall she names not,") is not only plagued [with the present war] for his mother's sin, but God hath made her sin and her the plague also on this removed issue, [Arthur,] plagued on her account, and by the means of her sinful offspring, whose injury [the usurpation of Arthur's rights] may be considered as her injury, or the injury of her sin-conceiving womb; and John's injury may also be considered as the beadle or officer of correction employed by her crimes to inflict all these punishments on the person of this child. TOLLET.

*Plagued* in these plays generally means *punished.* So, in *King Richard* III:

"And God, not we, hath *plagu'd* thy bloody deed."

So, Holinshed, "— they for very remorse and dread of the divine *plague*, will either shamefully flie," &c.

Not being satisfied with any of the emendations proposed, I have adhered to the original copy. I suspect that two half lines have been lost after the words — And with her —. If the text be right, *with*, I think, means *by*, (as in many other passages,) and Mr. Tollet's interpretation the true one. *Removed*, I believe, here signifies *remote*.

MALONE.

Much as the text of this note has been belaboured, the original reading needs no alteration.

*— I have but this to say. —*
*That he's not only plagued for her sin,*
*But God hath made her sin and her the plague*
*On this removed issue, plagued for her,*
*And with her plague, her sin; his injury,*
*Her injury, the beadle to her sin,*
*All punished in the person of this child.*

The key to these words is contained in the last speech of Constance, where she alludes to the denunciation in the *second commandment*, of "*visiting the iniquities of the parents* upon the children, unto the THIRD *and* FOURTH *generation*," &c.

"Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!
* * * * * * * * *
"— This is thy eldest son's son,
* * * * * * * * *
"Thy sins are *visited* in this poor child;
"The *canon of the law* is laid on him,
"*Being* but the *second* generation
"*Removed* from thy sin-conceiving womb."

Young Arthur is here represented as not only suffering *from* the guilt of his grandmother; but, also, by *her*, in person, she being made the very instrument of his sufferings. As he was not her *immediate*, but REMOVED *issue* — the *second generation from her sin-conceiving womb* — it might have been expected, that the evils to which, upon her account, he was obnoxious, would have *incidentally* befallen him; instead of his being punished for them all, by *her* immediate *infliction*. — He is not only plagued on account of her sin, according to the threatening of the commandment; but, she is preserved alive to her *second generation*, to be the instrument of inflicting on her grandchild the penalty annexed to her sin; so that *he is plagued on her account*, and *with her plague*, which is, *her sin*, that is [taking, by a common figure, the cause for the consequence] the *penalty entailed upon it*. HIS *injury*, or *the evil* he *suffers*, her *sin brings upon him*, and HER *injury*, *or*, *the evil* she *inflicts*, *he suffers from* her, as *the beadle to her sin*, or *executioner of the punishment annexed to it*. HENLEY.

P. 21, first l. Dr. Warburton has well observed on one of the former plays, that to *cry aim* is to *encourage*. I once thought it was borrowed from archery; and that *aim!* having been the word of command, as we now say *present!* to cry *aim* had been to *incite notice*, or raise *attention*. But I rather think, that the old word of applause was *J'aime, I love it*, and that to applaud was to cry *J'aime*, which the English, not easily pronouncing *Je*, sunk into *aime*, or *aim*. Our exclamations of applause are still borrowed, as *bravo* and *encore*. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's first thought, I believe, is best. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Love's Cure*, or *The Martial Maid:*

"— Can I *cry aim*

"To this against myself? — STEEVENS.

P. 21, l. 16. *For* our *advantage;*] If we read — *For* your *advantage*, it would be a more specious reason for interrupting Philip. TYRWHITT.

P. 21, l. 26. — *winking gates;*] i. e. gates hastily closed from an apprehension of danger. MALONE.

P. 21, l. 31. — *dishabited*,—] i. e. dislodged, violently removed from their places: — a word, I believe, of our author's coinage. STEEVENS.

P. 22, l. 2. *Countercheck*, I believe, is one of the ancient terms used in the game of chess. So, in *Mucedorus*, 1598:

"Post hence thyself, thou *counterchecking* trull." STEEVENS.

P. 22. l. 11 *Forwearied* — i. e. worn out. Sax. STEEVENS.

P. 22, l. 27. To him that *owes* it;] i. e. *owns* it. See our author and his contemporaries, passim. STEEVENS.

P. 23, l. 4. *Roundure* means the same as the French *rondeur*, i. e. the circle. STEEVENS.

P. 24, last l. and P. 25, l. 1—11. *You men of Angiers*, &c. &c.] This speech is very poetical and smooth, and except the conceit of the *widow's husband* embracing *the earth*, is just and beautiful. JOHNSON.

P. 25, l. 13. and fol. *Rejoice, you men of Angiers*, &c. &c.] The English herald falls somewhat below his antagonist. *Silver armour* gilt *with* blood is a poor *image*. Yet our author has it again in Macbeth;

"—Here lay Duncan,
"His *silver skin* lac'd with his *golden blood.*" JOHNSON.

P. 25, l. 26—29. *And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen,* &c.] It was, I think, one of the savage practices of the chase, for all to stain their hands in the blood of the deer, as a trophy. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare alludes to the same practise in *Julius Caesar:*

"—Here thy *hunters* stand,
"Sign'd in thy spoil, and *crimson'd in thy lethe.*" STEEVENS.

P. 25, l. 30. and fol. *Cit.* Heralds, &c. &c.] These three speeches seem to have been laboured. The citizen's is the best; yet *both alike we like* is a poor gingle. JOHNSON.

P. 25, last l. — — *whose equality*
*By our best eyes cannot be censured:*] i.e. cannot be estimated. Our author ought rather to have written—whose *superiority,* or whose *inequality,* cannot be censured. MALONE.

P. 27, l. 4. —mouthing *the flesh of men,*] The old copy reads—*mousing.* STEEVENS.

*Mousing,* like many other ancient and now uncouth expressions was expelled from our author's text by Mr. Pope; and *mouthing,* which he substituted in its room, has been adopted in the subsequent editions, without any sufficient reason, in my apprehension. *Mousing* is, I suppose, mamocking, and devouring eagerly, as a cat devours a mouse. So, in *A Midsummer Night's-Dream:* "Well *mous'd,* Lion!" Again, in *The Wonderful Year,* by Thomas Decker, 1603: "Whilst Troy was swilling sack and sugar, and *mousing* fat venison, the mad Greekes made bonfires of their houses." MALONE.

I retain Mr. Pope's emendation, which is supported by the following passage in *Hamlet*: "—first *mouth'd* to be last swallowed" Shakspeare designed no ridicule in this speech: and therefore did not write, (as when he was writing the burlesque interlude of *Pyramus and Thisbe*,)—*mousing*. STEEVENS.

P. 27, l. 7. *Cry, havock.*] That is, *command slaugther to proceed*; so, in *Julius Caesar*:

"*Cry, havock*, and let slip the dogs of war."

JOHNSON.

P. 27, l. 8. *Potents* for potentates. STEEVENS.

P. 27, l. 24—29. *A greater power than we*, may mean, *the Lord of hosts*, who has not yet decided the superiority of either army; and till it be undoubted, the people of Angiers will not open their gates. *Secure and confident as lions*, they are not at all afraid, but are *Kings*, i. e. masters and commanders, of their fears, until their fears or doubts about the rightful King of England are removed. TOLLET.

We should read, *than ye*. What power was this? their *fears*. It is plain, therefore we should read:

*Kings* are *our fears*; —

i. e. our fears are the Kings which at present rule us. WARBURTON.

Dr Warburton saw what was requisite to make this passage sense; and Dr. Johnson rather too hastily, I think, has received his emendation into the text. He reads:

*Kings* are *our fears*; —

which he explains to mean, "our fears are the Kings which at present rule us."

*As the same* sense may be obtained by a much *slighter alteration*, I am more inclined to read:

King'd of *our fears*; —

*King'd* is used as a participle passive by Shakspeare more than once, I believe. I remember one instance in *Henry the Fifth*, Act II. sc. v. The Dauphin says of England:

" — she is so idly *king'd*."

It is scarce necessary to add, that, *of*, here (as in numberless other places,) has the signification of, *by*. TYRWHITT.

King'd *of our fears*;] i. e. our fears being our Kings, or rulers. *King'd* is again used in *King Richard II*:

"Then I am *king'd* again:"

It is manifest that the passage in the old copy is corrupt, and that it must have been so worded, that their *fears* should be styled their *Kings* or masters, and not they, Kings or masters of their fears; because in the next line mention is made of these *fears* being *deposed*. Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation produces this meaning by a very slight alteration, and is, therefore, I think, entitled to a place in the text.

This passage in the folio is given to King Philip, and in a subsequent part of this scene, all the speeches of the citizens are given to Hubert; which I mention, because these, and innumerable other instances, where the same error has been committed in that edition, justify some licence in transferring speeches from one person to another. MALO

P. 27, l. 30. — these *scroyles* —] *Escrouell* Fr. i. e scabby scrophulous fellows. STEEV

P. 27, last l. The *mutines* are the mutin the seditious. So again, in Hamlet i.

"— and lay
"Worse than the *mutines* in the bilboes."
MALONE.

P. 28, l. 1. and fol. *Be friends a while*, &c.] This advice is given by the Bastard in the old copy of the play, though comprized in fewer and less spirited lines. STEEVENS.

P. 28, l. 5. — *soul-fearing* — i. e. soul-appalling. MALONE.

P. 29, l. 23. The lady *Blanch* was daughter to Alphonso the Ninth, King of Castile, and was niece to King John by his sister Elianor. STEEVENS.

P. 29, l. 28. *Zealous* seems here to signify *pious*, or *influenced by motives of religion*.
JOHNSON.

P. 30, l. 14. Our author uses *spleen* for any violent hurry, or tumultuous speed. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, he applies *spleen* to the *lightning*. I am loath to think that Shakspeare meant to play with the double of *match for nuptial*, and the *match* of a *gun*. JOHNSON.

P. 30, l. 23. 25. *Here's a stay* &c.] I cannot but think that every reader wishes for some other word in the place of *stay*, which though it may signify an *hindrance*, or *man* that *hinders*, is yet very improper to introduce the next line. I read:

*Here's a* flaw,
*That shakes the rotten carcase of old death.*

That is, here is a *gust* of bravery, a *blast* of menace. This suits well with the spirit of the speech. *Stay* and *flaw*, in a careless hand are not easily distinguished; and if the writing was obscure, *flaw* being a wordless usual was easily missed. JOHNSON.

*P. 31, l.* 13—15. Lest zeal, now melted
by the windy breath

*Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,*
*Cool and congeal again to what it was.*]
We have here a very unusual, and, I think,
not very just image of *zeal*, which, in its highest
degree, is represented by others as a flame, but
by Shakspeare, as a frost. *To repress zeal*, in
the language of others, is to *cool*, in Shakspeare's
to *melt* it; when it exerts its utmost power it is
commonly said to *flame*, but by Shakspeare to
be *congealed*. JOHNSON.

Sure the poet means to compare *zeal* to metal
in a state of fusion, and not to dissolving ice.
STEEVENS.

The allusion, I apprehend, is to dissolving
ice; and if this passage be compared with others
in our author's plays, it will not, I think, appear
liable to Dr. Johnson's objection. — The sense,
I conceive, is, *Lest the new zealous and to you*
*well-affected* heart of *Philip*, *which but lately*
*was cold and hard as ice, and has* newly *been*
melted and softened *should by the soft petitions*
of Constance, *and pity* for Arthur, *again* becom
congealed *and frozen*. I once thought that "t
windy breath of soft petitions," &c. should
coupled with the preceding words, and rela
to the proposal made by the citizen of Angie
but I now believe that they were intended to
connected, in construction, with the follo
line. MALONE.

The *windy breath* that will *cool metal*
*state of fusion*, produces not the effe
*frost*. I am therefore yet to learn, hov
*soft petitions of Constance*, and pity for A
(two gentle agents) were competent to
*freezing*. — There is surely somewhat

priety, in employing *Favonius* to do the work of Boreas. STEEVENS.

P. 31, l. 25. For *Anjou.*] In old editions; "For *Angiers:*"

What was the city *besieged*, but Angiers? King John agrees to give up all he held in France, except the city of Angiers, which he now besieged and laid claim to. But could he give up all expect Angiers, and give up *that* too? *Anjou* was one of the provinces which the English held in France. THEOBALD.

P. 32, l. 6. *Table* is picture, or, rather, the board or canvas on which any object is painted. *Tableau*, Fr. STEEVENS.

P. 33, first l. *Volquessen*, is the ancient name for the country now called *the Vexin;* in Latin *Pagus Velocassinus*. That part of it called the *Norman Vexin*; was in dispute between Philip and John. STEEVENS.

P. 33, l. 10. *Assur'd* is here used both in its common sense and in an uncommon one, where it signifies *affianced, contracted*. STEEVENS.

P. 33, l. 22. *Passionate*, in this instance, does not signify *disposed to anger*, but *a prey to mournful sensations*. STEEVENS.

P. 34, l. 12. To *part* and to *depart* were formerly synonymous. STEEVENS.

P. 34, l. 16. — rounded *in the ear* —] i. e. whispered in the ear. This phrase is frequently used by Chaucer, as well as later writers. STEEVENS.

P. 34, l. 27. *Commodity* is interest. STEEVENS.

P. 34, last l. but one. A *broker* in old language meant a *pimp* or *procuress*. MALONE.

P. 35, first l. — his own determin'd aid,] The word *eye*, in the line preceding, and the

word *own*, which can ill agree with *aid*, induces me to think that we ought to read—"his own determined *aim*," instead of aid. *His own aid* is little better than nonsense. M. MASON.

P. 35, l. 6. To *clutch* my hand, is to clasp it close. STEEVENS.

P. 35, l. 8. *But* for &c.] i. e. because. REED.

P. 35, l. 15. In the old copy the second act extends to the end of the speech of Lady Constance in the next scene, at the conclusion of which she throws herself on the ground. The present division which was made by M. Theobald, and has been adopted by the subsequent editors, is certainly right. MALONE.

P. 36, l. 2.— *I am sick, and capable of fears;*] i. e. I have a strong *sensibility;* I am tremblingly alive to apprehension. MALONE.

P. 36, l. 4. *A widow, husbandless,*] This was not the fact. Constance, was at this time married to a third husband, Guido, brother to the Viscount of Touars. She had been divorced from her second husband, Ranulph, Earl of Chester. MALONE.

P. 36, l. 15. Be these *sad signs* confirmers of thy words?] The *sad signs* are, *the shaking of his head, the laying his hand on his breast*, &c. MALONE.

P. 37, l. 5. The poet uses *sightless* for that which we now express by *unsightly*, disagreeable to the eyes. JOHNSON.

P. 37, l. 6. *Swart* is brown, inclining to black. STEEVENS.

P. 37, l. 6. — *prodigious*, — is *portentous, so deformed* as to be taken for a foretoken of evil. JOHNSON.

P. 37.

P. 57, l. 31. *For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.*] The old editions have — *makes its owner* stoop: the emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. JOHNSON.

Our author has rendered this passage obscure, by indulging himself in one of those conceits in which he too much delights, and by bounding rapidly, with his usual licence, from one idea to another. This obscurity induced Sir T. Hanmer for *stoop* to substitute *stout;* a reading that appears to me to have been too hastily adopted in the subsequent editions.

The confusion arises from the poet's having personified grief in the first part of the passage, and supposing the afflicted person to be *bowed* to the earth by that pride or haughtiness which Grief is said to possess; and by making the afflicted person, in the latter part of the passage, actuated by this very pride, and exacting the same kind of obeisance from others, that Grief has exacted from her. — "I will not go (says Constance) to these Kings; I will teach my sorrows to be proud; for Grief is proud, and makes the a flicted *stoop;* therefore here I throw myself, and let them come to me." Here, had she stopped, and thrown herself on the ground, and had nothing more been added, however we might have disapproved of the conceit, we should have had no temptation to disturb the text. But the idea of throwing herself on the ground suggests a new image; and because her *stately* grief is so great that nothing but the huge earth can support it, she considers the ground as her *throne;* and having thus invested herself with regal dignity, she as Queen in misery, as possessing (like Imogen) "the supreme crown of grief," calls on the Princes of the world to bow

down before her, as she has herself been *bowed down* by affliction.

Such, I think, was the process that passed in the poet's mind; which appears to me so clearly to explain the text, that I see no reason for departing from it. MALONE.

P. 37, l. 32 and 33. *To me, and to the state of my great grief,*
*Let Kings assemble;*] In *Much ado about Nothing*, the father of Hero, depressed by her disgrace, declares himself so subdued by grief that a *thread may lead him.* How is it that grief in Leonato and Lady Constance produces effects directly opposite, and yet both agreeable to nature? Sorrow softens the mind while it is yet warmed by hope, but hardens it when it is congealed by despair. Distress, while there remains any prospect of relief, is weak and flexible, but when no succour remains, is fearless and stubborn; angry alike at those that injure, and at those that do not help; careless to please where nothing can be gained, and fearless to offend when there is nothing further to be dreaded. Such was this writer's knowledge of the passions. JOHNSON.

P. 37, last l. — *here I and* sorrow *sit;*] The old copy has — *sorrows.* STEEVENS.

A slight corruption has here destroyed a beautiful image. There is no poetical reader that will not join with me in reading — "here I and *Sorrow* sit." M. MASON.

P. 38, first l. I must here account for the liberty I have taken to make a change in the division of the second and third acts. In the old editions, the second act was made to end here; though it is evident Lady Constance here, in her despair, seats herself on the floor: and she must be sup-

posed, as I formerly observed, immediately to rise again, only to go off and end the act decently; or the *flat scene* must shut her in from the sight of the audience, an absurdity I cannot wish to accuse Shakspeare of. Mr. Gildon and some other criticks fancied, that a considerable part of the second act was lost; and that the chasm began here. I had joined in this suspicion of a scene or two being lost; and unwittingly drew Mr. Pope into this error. "It seems to be so, (says he,) and it were to be wish'd the *restorer* (meaning *me*) could supply it." To deserve this great man's thanks, I will venture at the task; and hope to convince my readers, that nothing is lost, but that I have supplied the suspected chasm, only by rectifying the division of the acts. Upon looking a little more narrowly into the constitution of the play, I am satisfied that the third act ought to begin with that scene which has hitherto been accounted the last of the second act: and my reasons for it are these. The match being concluded, in the scene before that, betwixt the Dauphin and Blanch, a messenger is sent for Lady Constance to Kings Philip's tent, for her to come to Saint Mary's church to the solemnity. The Princes all go out, as to the marriage; and the Bastard staying a little behind, to descant on interest and commodity, very properly ends the act. The next scene then, in the French King's tent, brings us Salisbury delivering his message to Constance, who, refusing to go to the solemnity, sets herself down on the floor. The whole train returning from the church to the French King's pavilion, *Philip* expresses such satisfaction on *occasion of the* happy solemnity of that day, that *Constance rises* from the floor, and joins in the

scene by entering her protest against their joy, and cursing the business of the day. Thus, I conceive, the scenes are fairly continued; and there is no chasm in the action, but a proper interval made both for Salisbury's coming to Lady Constance, and for the solemnization of the marriage. Besides, as Faulconbridge is evidently the poet's favourite character, it was very well judged to close the act with his soliloquy. THEOBALD.

This whole note seems judicious enough; but Mr. Theobald forgets there were, in Shakspeare's time, no moveable scenes in common play-houses. JOHNSON.

It appears from many passages that the ancient theatres had the advantages of machinery as well as the more modern stages.

How happened it that Shakspeare himself should have mentioned the act of *shifting scenes*, if in his time there were no scenes capable of being *shifted?* Thus in the chorus to *King Henry V.*

"Unto Southampton do we *shift our scene.*"

This phrase was hardly more ancient than the custom which it describes. STEEVENS.

P. 38, l. 19. Among the *high tides*,—] i. e. solemn seasons, times to be observed above others. STEEVENS.

P. 38, l. 20 — *turn this day out of the week;*] In allusion (as Mr. Upton has observed) to Job iii, 3: "Let the day perish," &c. and v. 6: "Let it not be joined to the days of the year, let it not come into the number of the months." MALONE.

*In The Fair Penitent*, the imprecation of *Calista* on the night which betrayed her to Lothario, *is chiefly* borrowed from this and subsequent *verses* in the same chapter of Job. STEEVENS.

P. 38, l. 24. *Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:*] i. e. be disappointed by the production of a prodigy, a monster. STEEVENS.

P. 38, l. 26. No bargains break, that are not this day *made*:] That is *except* on this day. JOHNSON.

In the ancient almanacks (several of which I have in my possession) the days supposed to be favourable or unfavourable to bargains, are distinguished among a number of other particulars of the like inportance. STEEVENS.

P. 39, first l. — *counterfeit*, i. e. false coin. A *counterfeit* formerly signified also a protrait. — A representation of the King being usually impressed on his coin, the word seems to here used equivocally. MALONE.

P. 39, l. 3. Being *touch'd* — signifies, having the *touchstone* applied to it. STEEVENS.

P. 39, l. 5–7. *You came in arms* &c.] I am afraid here is a clinch intended. *You came* in war *to destroy my enemies, but now strengthen them* in embraces. JOHNSON.

P. 39, l. 16. *Set armed discord* &c.] Shakspeare makes this bitter curse effectual. JOHNSON.

P. 39, l. 21. *O Lymoges! O Austria!*] The propriety or impropriety of these titles, which every editor has suffered to pass unnoted, deserves a little consideration. Shakspeare has, on this occasion, followed the old play, which at once furnished him with the character of Faulconbridge, and ascribed the death of Richard I. to the Duke of Austria. In the person of Austria, he has conjoined the two well-known enemies of Coeur-de-lion. Leopold, Duke of Austria, threw him into prison, in a former expedition; [in 1193]

but the castle of Chaluz, before which he [in 1199] belonged to Vidomar, Viscoun Limoges; and the archer who pierced his shou with an arrow (of which wound he died) Bertrand de Gourdon. The editors seem therto to have understood *Lymoges* as being appendage to the title of Austria, and there enquired no further about it.

Holinshed says on this occasion: "The s yere, Phillip, bastard sonne to King Richar whom his father had given the castell and h of Coinacke, killed the Viscount of *Limoge* revenge of his father's death," &c. Austria the old play [printed in 1591] is called *Lymo the Austrich Duke.*

With this note, I was favoured by a gentle to whom I have yet more considerable obligat in regard to Shakspeare. His extensive kn ledge of history and manners, has freque supplied me with apt and necessary illustrati at the same time that his judgement has corre my errors; yet such has been his constant licitude to remain concealed, that I know but I may give offence while I indulge my vanity in affixing to this note the name of friend HENRY BLAKE, Esq. STEEVENS.

P. 39, last l. To *doff* is to *do off*, to *put* STEEV

P. 40, first l. *And hang a calf's-skin on t recreant limbs.*] W fools were kept for diversion in great fami they were distinguished by a *calf's-skin c* which had the buttons down the back; and *they wore* that they might be known for f *and escape* the resentment of those whom *provoked* with their waggeries.

In a little penny book, intitled *The Birth, Life, and Death of John Franks, with the Franks he played though a meer Fool,* mention s made in several places of a *calf's-skin.* In :hap. x. of this book, Jack is said to have made iis appearance at his lord's table, having then i new *calf-skin,* red and white spotted. This 'act will explain the sarcasm of Constance and Faulconbridge, who mean to call Austria a *fool.* SIR J. HAWKINS.

I may add, that the custom is still preserved n Ireland; and the fool in any of the legends vhich the mummers act at Christmas, always ippears in a *calf's* or cow's *skin.* STEEVENS.

It does not appear that Constance means to :all Austria a *fool,* as Sir John Hawkins would iave it; but she certainly means to call him *cowrd,* and to tell him that a *calf's skin* would uit his *recreant limbs* better than a lion's. They till say of a dastardly person that he is a *calf-learted fellow;* and a run-away school-boy is usually called a great *calf.* RITSON.

Perhaps, as has been suggested, Constance, y cloathing Austria in a calf's-skin, means only o insinuate that he is a *coward.* The word *rereant* seems to favour such a supposition.

MALONE.

P. 40, l. 9. Here Mr. Pope inserts the following speeches from the old play of *King John,* printed in 1591, before Shakspeare appears to have commenced a writer:

"*Aust.* Methinks, that Richard's pride, and Richard's fall,

"Should be a precedent to fright you all.

"*Faulc.* What words are these? how do my sinews shake!

"My father's foe clad in my father's spoil!
"How doth Alecto whisper in my ears,
"*Delay not, Richard, kill the villain straight;*
"*Disrobe him of the matchless monument,*
"*Thy father's triumph o'er the savages!* —
"Now by his soul I swear, my father's soul,
"Twice will I not review the morning's rise,
"Till I have torn that trophy from thy back.
"And split thy heart for wearing it so long."

STEEVENS.

I cannot by any means approve of the insertion of these lines from the other play. If they were necessary to *explain the ground of the Bastard's quarrel to Austria,* as Mr. Pope supposes, they should rather be inserted in the first scene of the second act, at the time of *the first altercation* between the Bastard and Austria. But indeed the ground of their quarrel seems to be as clearly expressed in the first scene as in these lines; so that they are unnecessary in either place; and therefore, I think, should be thrown out of the text, as well as the three other lines, which have been inserted with as little reason in Act III. sc. ii: *Thus hath King Richard's,* &c. TYRWHITT.

P. 40, l. 25. and fol. *What earthly name to interrogatories,* &c.]

This must have been at the time when it was written, in our struggles with Popery, a very captivating scene.

So many passages remain in which Shakspeare evidently takes his advantage of the facts then recent, and of the passions then in motion, that I cannot *but* suspect that time has obscured much of his *art,* and that many allusions yet remain undiscovered, which perhaps may be gradually retrieved *by* succeeding commentators. JOHNSON.

The speech stands thus in the old spurious play: "And what hast thou, or the Pope thy master to do, to demand of me how I employ mine own? Know, sir priest, as I honour the church and holy churchmen, so I scorne to be subject to the greatest Prelate in the world. Tell thy master so from me; and say, John of England said it, that never an Italian priest of them all, shall either have tythe, toll, or polling penny out of England; but as I am King, so will I reign next under God, supreme head both over spiritual and temporal: and he that contradicts me in this, I'll make him hop headless." STEEVENS.

P. 41, l. 24–27. *And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,* &c.] This may allude to the bull published against Queen Elizabeth. Or we may suppose, since we have no proof that this play appeared in its present state before the reign of King James, that it was exhibited soon after the popish plot. I have seen a Spanish book in which Garnet, Faux, and their accomplices, are registered as saints. JOHNSON.

If any allusion to his own times was intended by the author of the old play, (for this speech is formed on one in *King John*, 1591,) it must have been to the bull of Pope Pius the Fifth, 1569: "Then I Pandulph of Padua, legate from the Apostolike sea, doe in the name of Saint Peter, and his successor, our holy father Pope Innocent, pronounce thee *acursed*, discharging every of thy subjects of all dutie and fealtie that they do owe to thee, and pardon and forgivenesse of sinne to those or them whatsoever which shall *carrie armes* against thee or *murder* thee. This I *pronounce, and* charge all good men to abhorre thee *as an excommunicate* person." MALONE.

P. 42, l. 29. It is a political maxim, that *kingdoms are never married.* Lewis, upon the wedding, is for making war upon his new relations. JOHNSON.

P. 42, last l. In likeness of a new *untrimmed bride.*] Though all the copies concur in this reading, yet as *untrimmed* cannot bear any signification to square with the sense required, I cannot help thinking it a corrupted reading. I have ventured to throw out the negative, and read;

*In likeness of a new* and trimmed *bride.*

i. e. of a new bride, and one decked and adorned as well by art as nature. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald says, "that as *untrimmed* cannot bear any signification to square with the sense required," it must be corrupt; therefore he will cashier it, and read — *and trimmed;* in which he is followed by the Oxford editor; but they are both too hasty. It squares very well with the sense, and signifies *unsteady.* The term is taken from navigation. We say too, in a similar way of speaking, *not well manned.* WARBURTON.

I think Mr. Theobald's correction more plausible then Dr. Warburton's explanation. A commentator should be grave, and therefore I can read these notes with proper severity of attention; but the idea of *trimming* a lady to *keep* her *steady,* would be too risible for any common power of face. JOHNSON.

*Trim* is *dress.* An *untrimmed* bride is a bride *undrest.* Could the tempter of mankind assume a semblance in which he was more likely to be successful! The devil (says Constance) raises to your imagination your bride disencumbered of the forbidding forms of dress, and the memory

of my wrongs is lost in the anticipation of future enjoyment.

Mr. Collins inclines to a colder interpretation, and is willing to suppose that by an *untrimmed bride* is meant *a bride unadorned with the usual pomp and formality of a nuptial habit.* The propriety of this epithet he infers from the haste in which the match was made, and further justifies it from *King John's* preceding words;

"Go we, as well *as haste will suffer us,*
"To this unlook'd for, *unprepared* pomp."

Mr. Tollet is of the same opinion, and offers two instances in which *untrimmed* indicates a deshabille or a frugal vesture. In Minshieu's *Dictionary,* it signifies one not finely dressed or attired.

STEEVENS.

I incline to think that the transcriber's ear deceived him, ant that we should read, as Mr. Theobald has proposed, —

— *a new* and trimmed *bride.*

The freshness which our author has connected with the word *trim,* in the first and last of these passages, and the "laboursome and dainty *trims* that made great Juno angry," which surely a bride may be supposed most likely to indulge in, (however scantily Blanch's toilet may have been furnished in a camp,) prove, either that this emendation is right, or that Mr. Collins's interpretation of the word, *untrimmed* is the true one. Minshieu's definition of *untrimmed,* "qui n'est point orné, — *inornatus, incultus,*" as well as his explanation of the verb *"to trim,"* which, according to him, means the same as "to *prank* up," may also be adduced to the same point. *See his* DICT. 1617. Mr. M. Mason justly observes, that "to *trim* means to dress out, but

not to *clothe;* and consequently, though it might mean *unadorned*, it cannot mean *unclad*, or *naked.*" MALONE.

P. 44, l. 7. *So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,*] I believe the meaning is, *love so strong in both* parties. JOHNSON.

Rather, in *hatred* and in love; in deeds of *amity* or blood. HENLEY.

P. 44, l. 8. A *regreet*, is an exchange of salutation. STEEVENS.

P. 44, l. 28. A *cased* lion —] The modern editors read — a *chafed* lion. I see little reason for change. A *cased* lion is a lion irritated by confinement. STEEVENS.

Our author was probably thinking on the lions, which in his time, as at present, were kept in the Tower, in dens so small as fully to justify the epithet he has used. MALONE.

P. 45, l. 9. *It not amiss, when it is truly done;*] This is a conclusion *de travers*. We should read:

*Is* yet *amiss*, —

The Oxford editor, according to his usual custom, will improve it further, and reads — *most* amiss. WARBURTON.

I rather read:

Is't *not amiss, when it is truly done?*

as the alteration is less, and the sense which Dr. Warburton first discovered is preserved. JOHNSON.

The old copies read:

Is *not amiss, when it is truly done.*

Pandulph, having conjured the King to *perform* his first vow to heaven, — to be *champion* of the church, — tells him, that what *he has* since sworn against himself, and therefore may not be performed by him: for that,

says he, which you have sworn to do *amiss*, is *not amiss*, (i. e. becomes right) when it is *done truly* (that is, as he explains it, not done at all;) and being *not done*, where it would be a *sin* to *do it*, the *truth* is *most done* when you *do it not*. RITSON.

P. 45, l. 19. and fol. *But thou hast sworn against religion* &c.]

The propositions, that the *voice of the church is the voice of heaven*, and that *the Pope utters the voice of the church*, neither of which Pandulph's auditors would deny, being once granted, the argument here used is irresistible; nor is it easy, notwithstanding the gingle, to enforce it with greater brevity or propriety:

*But thou hast sworn against religion:*
*By* what *thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st:*
*And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth,*
*Against an oath the truth thou art unsure*
*To swear, swear only not to be forsworn.*

By *what*. Sir T. Hanmer reads — By *that*. I think it should be rather by *which*. That is, *thou swear'st against the thing, by* which *thou swear'st;* that is, *against religion.*

The most formidable difficulty is in these lines:

*And mak'st an oath the surety for they truth,*
*Against an oath;* the *truth thou art unsure*
*To swear*, &c.

This Sir T. Hanmer reforms thus:

*And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth,*
*Against an oath;* this *truth thou art unsure*
*To swear*, &c.

Dr. Warburton writes it thus:

*Against an oath the truth thou art unsure*—

which leaves the passage to me as obscure as before.

I know not whether there is any corruption beyond the omission of a point. The sense, after I had considered it, appeared to me only this: *In swearing by religion against religion, to which thou hast already sworn, thou makest an oath the security for thy faith against an oath already taken.* I will give, says he, a rule for conscience in these cases. Thou may'st be in doubt about the matter of an oath; *when thou swearest, thou mayst* not *be always* sure *to swear rightly;* but let this be thy settled principle, *swear only not to be forsworn;* let not the latter oaths be at variance with the former.

*Truth*, through this whole speech, means *rectitude* of conduct. JOHNSON.

I believe the old reading is right; and that the line "By *what*," &c. is put in apposition with that which precedes it. MALONE.

P. 46, l. 10. — *braying* trumpets,—] *Bray* appears to have been particularly applied to express the harsh grating sound of the trumpet. HOLT WHITE.

P. 46, l. 12. The *measures*, it has already been more than once observed, were a species of solemn dance in our author's time. MALONE.

P. 46. l. 30. *I* muse,] i. e. I wonder. REED.

P. 47, l. 11. *They whirl asunder, and dismember me.*] Alluding to a well-known Roman punishment:

"—Metium in diversa quadrigae
"Distulerant." *Aeneid.* VIII. 642. STEEVENS.

P. 48, l. 7. *Some airy devil hovers in the sky,*] *Shakspeare* here probably alludes to the distinctions and divisions of some of the demonologists, so much regarded in his time. They distributed the devils into different tribes and classes, each

of which had its peculiar qualities, attributes, &c. These are described at length in Burton's *Anatomie of Melancholy*, Part 1. sect. ii. p. 45, 1632:

"Of these sublunary devils—Psellus makes six kinds; fiery, aerial, terrestrial, watery, and subterranean devils, besides those faieries, satyres, nymphes," &c. PERCY.

There is a minute description of different devils or spirits, and their different functions, in *Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication*, 1592: With respect to the passage in question, take the following: "—the spirits of the *aire* will mixe themselves with thunder and lightning, and so *infect* the clyme where they raise any tempest, that sodainely great mortalitie shall ensue to the inhabitants. The spirits of *fire* have their mansions under the regions of the moone." HENDERSON.

P. 48, l. 12. Hubert, *keep this* boy:] Thus the old copies. Mr. Tyrwhitt would read:

*Hubert, keep* thou *this boy*:— STEEVENS.

P. 48, l. 12. —*Philip*,— here the King, who had knighted him by the name of Sir *Richard*, calls him by his former name. STEEVENS.

P. 48, l. 14. *My mother is assailed in our tent*,] The author has not attended closely to the history. The Queen-mother, whom King John had made Regent in Anjou, was in possession of the town of Mirabeau in that province. On the approach of the French army with Arthur at their head, she sent letters to King John to come to her relief; which he did immediately. As he advanced to the town, he encountered the army that lay before it, routed them, and took Arthur prisoner. The Queen *in the mean* while remained in perfect security *in the castle* of Mirabeau.

Such is the best authenticated account. Other historians however say that Arthur took Elinor prisoner. The author of the old play has followed them. In that piece Elinor is taken by Arthur, and rescued by her son. MALONE.

P. 49, l. 12. Must by the hungry *now* be fed upon:] This word *now* seems a very idle term here, and conveys no satisfactory idea. An antithesis, and opposition of terms, so perpetual with our author, requires:

*Must by the hungry* war *be fed upon.*

*War*, demanding a large expence, is very poetically said to be *hungry*, and to prey on the wealth and *fat* of *peace*. WARBURTON.

This emendation is better than the former word, but yet not necessary. Sir T. Hanmer reads—hungry *maw*, with less deviation from the common reading, but with not so much force or elegance as *war*. JOHNSON.

Either emendation may be unnecessary. Perhaps, the *hungry now* is *this hungry instant*. Shakspeare uses the word *now* as a substantive, in *Measure for Measure*. STEEVENS.

The meaning, I think, is, "—the fat ribs of peace must now be fed upon by the hungry troops," —to whom some share of this ecclesiastical spoil would naturally fall. The expression, like many other of our author's, is taken from the sacred writings. MALONE.

P. 49, l. 14. *Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,*] In an account of the Romish curse given by Dr. Grey, *it appears* that three candles were extinguished, *one by one*, in different parts of the execration. JOHNSON.

*In* Archbishop Winchelsea's sentences of excom-

communication, 1298, it is directed that the sentence against infringers of certain articles should be "—throughout explained *in order in English*, with *bells tolling*, and *candles lighted*, that it may cause the greater dread; for laymen have greater regard to this solemnity, than to the effect of such sentences." See Dodsley's *Old Plays*, Vol. XII. p. 397, edit. 1780. REED.

P. 49, l. 33. But I will fit it with some better *time.*] The old copy reads—*tune.* Corrected by Mr. Pope. The same mistake has happened in *Twelfth Night.* MALONE.

In the handwriting of Shakspeare's age, the words *time* and *tune* are scarcely to be distinguished from each other. STEEVENS.

P. 50, l. 10. *Gawds* are any showy ornaments. STEEVENS.

P. 50, l. 25. *Conceit* here, as in many other places, signifies *conception*, thought. MALONE.

P. 50, l. 27. *Brooded*, I apprehend, is here used, with our author's usual licence, for *brooding*; i. e. day, who is as vigilant, as ready with open eye to mark what is done in his presence, as an animal at brood. MALONE.

P. 51, l. 14. and fol. This is one of the scenes to which may be promised a lasting commendation. Art could add little to its perfection, and time itself can substract nothing from its beauties. STEEVENS.

P. 51, l. 20-22. *For England, cousin*: &c.] King John after he had taken Arthur prisoner, sent him to the town of Falaise in Normandy, under the care of Hubert, his Chamberlain; whence he was afterwards removed to Rouen, and *delivered to* the custody of Robert de Veypont. *Here he* was secretly put to death. MALONE.

P. 51, l. 28–30. *So, by a roaring tempest on the flood*
*A whole armado* &c.] This similitude, as little as it makes for the purpose in hand, was, I do not question, a very taking one when the play was first represented; which was a winter or two at most after the Spanish invasion in 1588. It was in reference likewise to that glorious period that Shakspeare concludes his play in that triumphant manner:

"This England never did, nor never shall,
"Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror," &c.

But the whole play abounds with touches relative to the then posture of affairs. WARBURTON.

This play, so far as I can discover, was not played till a long time after the defeat of the *armado*. The old play, I think, wants this simile. The commentator should not have affirmed what he can only guess. JOHNSON.

*Armado* is a Spanish word signifying a *fleet of war*. The *armado* in 1588 was called so by way of distinction. STEEVENS.

P. 51, last l. but one. — *convicted* sail,—] Overpowered, baffled, destroyed. To *convict* and to *convince* we e in our author's time synonymous. MALONE.

P. 52, l. 12. Such temperate order in so fierce *a cause*, —] We should read *course*, i. e. *march*. The Oxfor editor condescends to this emendation. WARBURTON.

Change is needless. A *fierce cause* is a canse conducted with precipitation. "*Fierce* wretchedness," in *Timon*, is, *hasty*, *sudden misery*. STEEVENS.

P. 52, l. 21. In the vile prison of afflicte *breath*: —] I think

should read *earth*. The passage seems to have been copied from Sir Thomas More: "If the body be to the *soule* a *prison*, how strait a prison maketh he the body, that stuffeth it with *riff-raff*, that the soule can have no room to stirre itself — but is, as it were, enclosed not in a prison, but in a *grave*." FARMER.

Perhaps the old reading is justifiable. So, in *Measure for Measure:*

"To be *imprison'd* in the viewless *winds*."

STEEVENS.

It appears from the amendment proposed by Farmer, and by the quotation adduced by Steevens in support of the old reading, that they both consider this passage in the same light, and suppose that King Philip intended to say, "that the breath was the prison of the soul;" but I think they have mistaken the sense of it; and that by "the vile prison of afflicted breath," he means the same vile prison in which the breath is confined; that is, the body. M. MASON.

There is surely no need of change, "The vile prison of afflicted breath," is the body, the prison in which the *distressed soul* is confined.

MALONE.

P. 52. l. 27. To *defy* anciently signified to *refuse*. STEEVENS.

P. 53, l. 3. The *gap of breath* is the mouth; the outlet from whence the breath issues. MALONE.

P. 53, l. 15. It is hard to say what Shakspeare means by *modern:* it is not opposed to *ancient*. In *All's well that ends well*, speaking of a girl in contempt, he uses this word: "her *modern* grace." It apparently means something slight *and inconsiderable*. JOHNSON.

*Modern, is trite, ordinary*, common. STEEVENS.

P. 54, l. 3. As the epithet *wiry* is here
buted to *hair;* so, in another description t
of Apollo supplies the office of *wire.* In
*struction to the commissioners for the ch*
*a wife for Prince Arthur,* it is directed "
the eye-browes" of the young Queen of
(who, after the death of Arthur, was mar
Henry VIII. and divorced by him for the
Anna Bulloygn). They answer, "Her bro
of a browne heare, very small, like a *u*
*heare.*" HENLEY.

P. 53, l. 7. *Const.* To England, if you
Neither the French King nor Pandulph, h
a word of England, since the entry of Con
Perhaps therefore, in despair, she means
dress the absent King John: "Take my
England, if you will;" — now that he is i
power, I have no prospect of seeing him
It is therefore of no consequence to me w

sentiment which great sorrow always dictates. Whoever cannot help himself casts his eyes on others for assistance, and often mistakes their inability for coldness. JOHNSON.

P. 55, l. 19, *Lew.* There's nothing in this world, can make me joy:] The young Prince feels his defeat with more sensibility than his father. Shame operates most strongly in the earlier years; and when can disgrace be less welcome than when a man is going to his bride? JOHNSON.

P. 55, l. 21. *Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,*] Our author, here and in another play, seems to have had the 90th Psalm in his thoughts: "For when thou art angry, all our days are gone, we bring *our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told.*" MALONE.

P. 55. l. 23. *And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet* world's *taste,*] The old copy — *sweet words.* STEEVENS.

The *sweet word* is *life*; which, says the speaker, is no longer sweet, yielding now nothing but shame and bitterness. Mr. Pope, with some plausibility, but certainly without necessity, reads — *the sweet* world's *taste.* MALONE.

I prefer M. Pope's reading, which is sufficiently justified by the following passage in *Hamlet*:

"How weary, *stale, flat* and unprofitable
"Seem to me all the uses of this *world!*"
STEEVENS.

P. 57, first l. — *that steeps his safety in true blood,*] The blood of him that has the *just* claim. JOHNSON.

*The* expression seems to mean no more than *innocent* blood in general. RITSON.

P. 57, l. 8. The author very finely calls *monstrous birth*, an *escape of nature*. As if it were produced while she was busy elsewhere, or intent upon some other thing. WARBURTON.

P. 57, l. 31. — they would be as a *call*] The image is taken from the manner in which birds are sometimes caught; one being placed for the purpose of drawing others to the net, by his note or *call*. MALONE.

P. 57, l. 33. 34. — *as a little snow*, &c.] Bacon, in his *History of Henry VII.* speaking of Simnel's march, observes, that "their *snowball* did not gather as it went." JOHNSON.

P. 58, l. 9 *Northampton.*] The fact is, as has been already stated, that Arthur was first confined at Falaise, and afterwards at Rouen in Normandy, where he was put to death. — Our author has deviated in this particular from the history, and brought King John's nephew to England; but there is no circumstance either in the original play, or in this of Shakspeare, to point out the particular castle in which he is supposed to be confined. The castle of Northampton has been mentioned in some modern editions as the place, merely because in the first act King John *seems* to have been in that town. In the old copy there is no where any notice of place. MALONE.

P. 59, l. 3-5, Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be *as sad as night, Only for wantonness,*] It should seem that *this* affectation had found its way into England, *at it is* ridiculed by Ben Jonson in the character of Master Stephen in *Every Man in his Humour*, 1601. STEEVENS.

Lyly, in his *Midas*, ridicules the affectation of *melancholy*: "Now every base companion, being in his *muble fables*, says, he is *melancholy*.—Thou should'st say thou art *lumpish*. If thou encroach on our *courtly* terms, weele trounce thee." FARMER.

I doubt whether our author had any authority for attributing this species of affectation to the French. He generally ascribes the manners of England to all other countries. MALONE.

P. 59, l. 4. By *my christendom*,] This word is used both here and in *All's well that ends well*, for *baptism*, or rather *the baptismal name:* nor is this use of the word peculiar to our author. Lyly, his predecessor, has employed the word in the same way. MALONE.

P. 60, l. 28. The participle *heat*, though now obsolete, was in use in our author's time. So, in the sacred writings: "He commanded that they should heat the furnace one seven times more than it was wont to be *heat*." *Dan.* iii. 19. MALONE.

P. 60, l. 31. And quench his *firy indignation*,] These words are taken from the Bible. In the Epistle to the Hebrews, we read—"a certain fearful looking for of judgement and *fiery indignation*." ch. x. v. 27. WHALLEY.

P. 62, l. 2. — *that there were but a mote in yours*] Our author, who has borrowed so much from the sacred writings, without doubt remembered, — "And why beholdest thou the *mote* that is in thy brother's *eye*," &c. *Matth.* vii. 3. A *mote* is a small particle of straw or chaff. It is likewise used by old writers for an *atom*. MALONE.

P. 62, l. 16. — *if you will, cut out my tongue*,] This is accord-

ing to nature. We imagine no evil so great as that which is near us. JOHNSON.

P. 62, l. 22. — *the fire is dead with grief*,] The sense is: *the fire*, being *created* not to hurt, but *to comfort*, *is dead with grief for* finding itself *used* in acts of cruelty, which, being innocent, I have *not deserved*. JOHNSON.

P. 62, l. 26. *There is no malice in this burning coal;*] Dr. Grey says, "that *no malice in a burning coal* is certainly absurd, and that we should read:

*There is no malice burning in this coal.*

STEEVENS.

Dr. Grey's remark on this passage is an hypercriticism. The coal was still burning, for Hubert says, "he could revive it with his breath:" but it had lost for a time its power of injuring by the abatement of its heat. Mr. MASON.

P. 62. last l. — that doth *tarre him on*.] i. e. stimulate, set him on. Supposed to be derived from ταράττω, excito, The word occurs again in *Hamlet*, STEEVENS.

P. 63, l. 6. *Well, see to live;*] The meaning is not, I believe, — keep your eye-sight, that you may live (for he might have lived though blind). The words agreeably to a common idiom of our language, mean, I conceive, no more than *live*. MALONE.

*See to live* means only — *Continue to enjoy the means of life*. STEEVENS.

On further consideration of these words, I believe the author meant, "Well live, and live *with* the means of seeing; that is, with your eyes *unin*ured." MALONE.

P. 63, l. 21. — closely — i. e. secretly, *privately*. REED.

P. 64, l. 2—4. *This once again, — — — Was once superfluous:*] This one time more was one time more than enough. JOHNSON.

It should be remembered that King John was at present crowned for the *fourth time*. STEEVENS.

John's second coronation was at Canterbury in the year 1201. He was crowned a third time at the same place, after the murder of his nephew, in April 1202; probably with a view of confirming his title to the throne, his competitor no longer standing in his way. MALONE.

P. 64, l. 11. To *guard*, is *to fringe*. JOHNSON.

Rather, to lace. So, in *The Merchant of Venice;*

"— give him a livery

"More *guarded* than his fellows." STEEVENS.

P. 64, l. 20. *This act is an ancient tale new told;*] Had Shakspeare been a diligent examiner of his own compositions, he would not so soon have repeated an idea which he had first put into the mouth of the Dauphin:

"Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,

"Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man."

Mr. Malone has a remark to the same tendency. STEEVENS.

P. 64, l. 32. *Their do confound their skill in covetousness:*] i.e. not by their avarice, but in an eager emulation, an intense desire of excelling. THEOBALD.

P. 64, last l. *Fault* means *blemish*. STEEVENS.

P. 65, l. 7. *Since all and every part of what we would,*] Since the whole and each particular part of our wishes, &c. MALONE.

P. 65, l. 12. (*when lesser is my fear,*)] Mr.

Theobald reads — (the *lesser is my fear*) which, in the following note, Dr. Johnson has attempted to explain. STEEVENS.

I have told you some reasons, in my opinion *strong*, and shall tell more *yet stronger*; for the stronger my reasons are, the *less is my fear* of your disapprobation. This seems to be the meaning. JOHNSON.

The first folio reads:

—(then *lesser is my fear*)

The true reading is obvious enough:

—(when *lesser is my fear*). TYRWHITT.

I have done this emendation the justice to place it in the text. STEEVENS.

P. 65, l. 19. *To sound the purposes of all their hearts*,] To *declare*, to *publish* the desires of all those. JOHNSON.

P. 65, l. 26. *If, what in rest you have, in right you hold*,] Perhaps we should read:

*If, what in* wrest *you have, in right you hold*, —

i. e. if what you possess by an act of seizure or violence, &c.

So again, in this play:

"The imminent decay of *wrested* pomp."

*Wrest* is a substantive used by Spenser, and by our author in *Troilus and Cressida*. STEEVENS.

The emendation proposed by Mr. Steevens is its own voucher. If *then* and *should* change places, and a mark of *interrogation* be placed *after exercise*, the full sense of the passage will be restored. HENLEY.

Mr. Steevens's reading of *wrest* is better than his explanation. If adopted, the meaning must

be — *If what you possess, or have in your hand, or grasp.* RITSON.

It is evident that the words *should* and *then*, have changed their places. M. MASON.

The construction is — If you have a good title to what you now quietly possess, why then *should your* fears move you, &c. MALONE.

P. 65, l. 33. In the middle ages the whole education of Princes and noble youths consisted in martial exercises, &c. These could not be easily had in a prison, where mental improvements might have been afforded as well as any where else; but this sort of education never entered into the thoughts of our active, warlike, but illiterate nobility. PERCY.

P. 66, l. 18. *Between his purpose and his conscience,*] Between his *consciousness* of guilt, and his *design* to conceal it by fair professions. JOHNSON.

The *purpose* of the King, which Salisbury alludes to, is that of putting Arthur to death, which he considers as not yet accomplished, and therefore supposes that there might still be a conflict in the King's mind,

"Between his *purpose* and his conscience."

So when Salisbury sees the death body of Arthur, he says,

"It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
"The practise and the *purpose* of the King."

M. MASON.

Rather, between the criminal act that he *planned* and commanded to be executed, and the reproaches of his conscience consequent on the execution of it. MALONE.

*P. 66, l. 19. Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:*] But

heralds are not planted, I presume, in the midst betwixt two lines of battle; though they, and trumpets, are often sent over from party to party, to propose terms, demand a parley, &c. I have therefore ventured to read, *sent*. THEOBALD.

*Set* is not *fixed*, but only *placed*; heralds must be *set* between battles, in order to be *sent* between them. JOHNSON.

P. 66, l. 21—25. *And, when it breaks*, &c.] This is but an indelicate metaphor, taken from an imposthumated tumour. JOHNSON.

P. 67, l. 27. The King asks *how all goes in France*, the messenger catches the word *goes*, and answers, that *whatever* is in France *goes* now *into* England. JOHNSON.

P. 68, l. 16. *How wildly then walks my estate in France!*] So, in one of the Paston Letters, Vol. III. p. 99: "The country of Norfolk and Suffolk stand right *wildly*." STEEVENS.

i. e. How ill my affairs *go* in France! — The verb, to *walk*, is used with great license by old writers. It often means to *go*; to *move*. MALONE.

P. 68, l. 30. — — I was *amaz'd*] i. e. stunned, confounded. STEEVENS.

P. 69, l. 6. And here's a *prophet*,] This man was a hermit in great repute with the common people. Notwithstanding the event is said to have fallen out as he had prophesied, the poor fellow was inhumanly dragged at horses' tails through the streets of Warham, and together with his son, who appears to have been even more innocent than his father, hanged afterwards upon a gibbet. *See* Holinshed's *Chronicle*, under the year *1213*. DOUCE.

P. 69, l. 21. *Deliver him to safety,*) That is, *Give him into safe custody.* JOHNSON.

P. 70, l. 19. — *five moons were seen to-night:*] This incident is mentioned by few of our historians: I have met with it no where but in *Matthew of Westminster* and *Polydore Virgil*, with a small alteration. These kind of appearances were more common about that time than either before or since. GREY.

This incident is likewise mentioned in the old *King John.* STEEVENS.

P. 71, l. 6. 7. *Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste*
*Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,)*]
I know not how the commentators understand this important passage, which in Dr. Warburton's edition is marked as eminently beautiful, and, on the whole, not without justice. But Shakspeare seems to have confounded the man's shoes with his gloves. He that is frighted or hurried may put his hand into the wrong glove, but either shoe will equally admit either foot. The author seems disturbed by the disorder which he describes. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson forgets that ancient *slippers* might ossibly be very different from modern ones. cott in his *Discoverie of Witchcraft* tells us: He that receiveth a mischance, will consider, hether he put not on his shirt the wrong side twards, or his *left shoe* on his *right foot.*" ne of the jests of Scogan, by Andrew Borde, is w he defrauded two shoe-makers, one of a right t boot, and the other of a left foot one. And ies in one of his epigrams, compares a man to oft-knit *hose that serves each leg.*" FARMER.

In *The Fleire*, 1615, is the following passage: "—This fellow is like your *upright shoe*, he will serve either foot." From this we may infer that some shoes could only be worn on the foot for which they were made. And Barratt in his *Alvearie*, 1580, as an instance of the word *wrong*, says: "—to put on his *shooes wrong*." Again, in *Frobisher's second Voyage for the discoverie of Cataia*, 4to. bl. l. 1578: "They also beheld (to their great maruile) a dublet of canvas made after the Englishe fashion, a shirt, a girdle, three shoes for *contrarie feet*," &c. p. 21.

STEEVENS.

See Martin's *Description of the Western Islands of Scotland*, 1703, p.207: "The generality now only wear shoes having one thin sole only, and *shaped after the right and left foot*, so that what is for one foot will not serve the other," The meaning seems to be, that the extremities of the shoes were not round or square, but were cut in an oblique angle, or aslant from the great toe to the little one. See likewise, *The Philosophical Transactions abridged*, Vol. III. p. 432, and Vol. VII. p. 23, where are exhibited shoes and sandals shaped to the feet, spreading more to the outside than the inside.

TOLLET.

So, in Holland's translation of *Suetonius*, 1606: "—if in a morning his shoes were put one [r. *on*] wrong, and namely *the left for the right*, he held it unlucky." Our author himself also furnishes an authority to the same point. Speed in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, speaks of a *left shoe*. It should be remembered that tailors generally work bare-footed; a circumstance which

Shakspeare probably had in his thoughts when he wrote this passage. MALONE.

P. 71, l. 21. and fol. *It is the curse of Kings,* &c.] This plainly hints at Davison's case, in the affair of Mary Queen of Scots, and so must have been inserted long after the first representation. WARBURTON.

It is extremely probable that our author meant to pay his court to Elizabeth by this covert apology for her conduct to Mary. The Queen of Scots was beheaded in 1587, some years, I believe, before he had produced any play on the stage. MALONE.

P. 71, l. 29. — — advis'd respect.] i. e. deliberate consideration, reflection. STEEVENS.

P. 72, l. 3. *Quoted,*] i. e. observed, distinguish'd. STEEVENS.

P. 72, l. 12. *Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,*] There are many touches of nature in this conference of John with Hubert. A man engaged in wickedness would keep the profit to himself, and transfer the guilt to his accomplice. These reproaches vented against Hubert are not the words of art or policy, but the eruptions of a mind swelling with consciousness of a crime, and desirous of discharging its misery on another.

This account of the timidity of guilt is drawn *ex ipsis recessibus mentis*, from the intimate knowledge of mankind, particularly that line in which he says, that *to have bid him tell his tale express* words, would have *struck him dumb*: a thing is more certain, than that bad men use *the arts of* fallacy upon themselves, palliate *actions* to their own minds by gentle terms,

and hide themselves, from their own detection in ambiguities and subterfuges. JOHNSON.

P. 73, l. 3. 4. *Within this bosom never enter'd yet*
*The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,*] Nothing can be falser than what Hubert here says in his own vindication; for we find, from a preceding scene, *the motion of a murd'rous thought had entered into him,* and that very deeply: and it was with difficulty that the tears, the entreaties, and the innocence of Arthur had diverted and suppressed it. WARBURTON.

P. 73, l. 24. *Arth.* The wall is high; and
yet will I leap down:]
Our author has here followed the old play. In what manner Arthur was deprived of his life, is not ascertained. Matthew Paris, relating the event, uses the word *evanuit*; and indeed as King Philip afterwards publickly accused King John of putting his nephew to death, without mentioning either the manner of it or his accomplices, we may conclude that it was conducted with impenetrable secrecy. The French historians however say, that John coming in a boat, during the night-time, to the castle of Rouen, where the young Prince was confined, ordered him to be brought forth, and having stabbed him, while supplicating for mercy, the King fastened a stone to the dead body, and threw it into the Seine, in oder to give some colour to a report, which he afterwards caused to be spread, that the Prince attempting to escape out of a window of *the tower* of the castle, fell into the river, and *was* drowned. MALONE.

P. 74, l. 14. *Whose* private with me, of the
Dauphin's love,] i. e. whose

whose private account of the Dauphin's affection to our cause, is much more ample than the letters. POPE.

P. 74, l. 18. — — *or e'er we meet.*] This phrase, so frequent in our old writers, is not well understood. *Or* is here the same as *ere*, i. e. *before*, and should be written (as it is still pronounced in Shropshire) *ore*. There the common people use it often. Thus, they say, *Ore to-morrow*, for *ere* or *before to-morrow*. The addition of *ever*, or *e'er*, is merely augmentative.

That *or* has the full sense of *before*, and that *e'er* when joined with it is merely augmentative, is proved from innumerable passages in our ancient writers, wherein *or* occurs simply without *e'er*, and must bear that signification. PERCY.

That *or* should be written *ore*, I am by no means convinced. The vulgar pronunciation of a particular county ought not to be received as a general guide. *Ere* is nearer the Saxon primitive. *aere*. STEEVENS.

P. 74, l. 20. — — *distemper'd—*,] i. e. ruffled, out of humour. STEEVENS.

P. 74, l. 30. To *reason*, in Shakspeare, is not so often to *argue*, as to *talk*. JOHNSON.

P. 75, l. 27. *To the yet-unbegotten sin of times;*] That is, of all future times. MALONE.

P. 76, l. 5. *Never to taste the pleasures of the world,*) This is a copy of the vows made in the ages of superstition and chivalry. JOHNSON.

*P. 76, l. 8. 9. Till I have* set a glory to this *hand,*

*By giving it the worship of revenge.*] The *worship* is the *dignity*, the *honour*. We still say *worshipful* of *magistrates*. JOHNSON.

I think it should be —a glory to this *head*;— pointing to the dead Prince, and using the word *worship* in its common acceptation. *A glory* is a frequent term:

"Round a quaker's beaver cast a *glory*," says Mr. Pope: the solemn confirmation of the other lords seems to require this sense. The late Mr. Gray was much pleased with this correction. FARMER.

The old reading seems right to me, and means,— *till I have famed and renowned my own hand by giving it the honour of revenge for so foul a deed. Glory* means *splendor* and magnificence in *St. Matthew*, vi. 29. So, in Markham's *Husbandry*, 1631, p. 353: "But if it be where the tide is scant, and doth no more but bring the river to a *glory*," i. e. fills the banks without overflowing. TOLLET.

I believe, at repeating these lines, Salisbury should take hold of the *hand* of Arthur, to which he promises to pay the worship of revenge. M. MASON.

I think the old reading the true one. MALONE.

P. 76, l. 20. *Your sword is bright, Sir; put it up again.*] i. e. lest it lose its brightness. MALONE.

P. 76. l. 26. — *true* defence;] *Honest* defence; defence in a *good cause*. JOHNSON.

P. 76, last. l. and P. 77, first l. *Do not prove me so;*

*Yet, I am none*:] Do not make me a murderer, by compelling me to kill you; I am hitherto not a murderer. JOHNSON.

P. 77, l. 11. — *toasting-iron*,] The same thought is found in *King Henry V*: "I dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out mine *iron*. It is a simple one, but what though? it will *toast cheese*." STEEVENS.

P. 77, l. 24. *Remorse* here, as almost every where in these plays, and the contemporary books, signifies *pity*. MALONE.

P. 78, l. 5. 6. *Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince Lucifer*: &c.] I remember once to have met with a book, printed in the time of Henry VIII. (which Shakspeare possibly might have seen,) where we are told that the deformity of the condemned in the other world, is exactly proportioned to the degrees of their guilt. The author of it observes how difficult it would be, on this account, to distinguish between Belzebub and Judas Iscariot. STEEVENS.

P. 78, l. 32. *Scamble* and *scramble* have the same meaning. STEEVENS.

P. 78, l. 33. *The unowed interest*—] i. e. the interest which has no proper owner to claim it. STEEVENS.

That is, the interest which is not at this moment legally *possessed* by any one, however rightfully entitled to it. On the death of Arthur, the *right* to the English crown devolved to his sister, Eleanor. MALONE.

P. 79, l. 5. *Wrested pomp* is *greatness obtained by violence*. JOHNSON.

Rather, greatness wrested from its possessor. MALONE.

P. 79, l. 24. 25. — *use all your power*
*To stop their marches*, 'fore we are inflam'd,] This cannot *be right, for* the nation was already as much in-

flamed as it could be, and so the King himself declares. We should read *for* instead of *'fore*, and then the passages will run thus:

— — *use all your power*
*To stop their marches*, for *we are inflam'd;*
*Our discontented counties do revolt*, &c.

M. MASON.

P. 79, l. 26. Our discontented *counties* do revolt;] Perhaps *counties*, in the present instance, do not mean the division of a kingdom, but *lords, nobility*, as in *Romeo and Juliet*, *Much ado*, &c. STEEVENS.

P. 80, l. 7. A *convertite* is a *convert*.

STEEVENS.

The same expression occurs in *As you Like it*, where Jaques, speaking of the young Duke, says:

"There is much matter in these *convertites*."

In both these places, the word *convertite* means a *repenting sinner;* not, as Steevens says, *a convert*, by which, in the language of the present time, is meant a person who changes from one religion to another; in which sense the word could neither apply to *K. John*, or to Duke Frederick: In the sense I have given it, it will apply to both.

M. MASON.

A *convertite* (a word often used by our old writers, where we should now use *convert*,) signified either, one converted *to the faith*, or one reclaimed from worldly pursuits, and devoted to penitence and religion.

Mr M. Mason says, a *convertite* cannot mean a *convert*, because the latter word "in the *language of the present time* means a person that changes from one religion to another." But the question is, not what is the language of the present time, but what was the language of Shak

speare's stage. Marlowe uses the word *convertite* exactly in the sense now affixed to *convert*. John, who had in the former part of this play asserted in very strong terms the supremacy of the King of England in all ecclesiastical matters, and told Pandulph that he had no reverence for "the Pope or his *usurp'd* authority." having now made his peace with the "*holy church*," and resigned his crown to the Pope's representative, is considered by the legate as one newly converted to the true faith, and very properly styled by him a *convertite*. The same term, in the second sense above mentioned, is applied to the *usurper*, Duke Frederick, in *As you Like it*, on his having "put on a religious life, and thrown into neglect the pompous court:"

" — — out of these *convertites*
"There is much matter to be heard and learn'd." MALONE.

P. 81, l. 23. To *forage* is here used in its original sense, for to *range abroad*. JOHNSON.

P. 82, l. 9-10. *Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,*
*Our party may well meet a prouder foe.*]
*Let us then away with courage;* yet I so well *know* the faintness of *our party*, that I think *it may easily happen that they shall encounter enemies who have more spirit than themselves.* JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is, I believe, mistaken. Faulconbridge means — for all their boasting, I know very well that our party is able to cope with one yet prouder and more confident of its strength than theirs. Faulconbridge would otherwise dispirit *the King, whom* he means to animate. STEEVENS.

P. 82, l. 13. *A plain, near* St. Edmund's-Bury.] I have ventured to fix the place of the scene here, which is specified by none of the editors, on the following authorities. In the preceding act, where Salisbury has fixed to go over to the Dauphin; he says:

"Lords, I will meet him at *St. Edmund's-Bury*."

And Count Melun, in this last act says:

" — and many more with me,
"Upon the altar at *St. Edmund's-Bury*;
"Even on that altar, where we swore to you
"Dear amity, and everlasting love."

And it appears likewise from *The Troublesome Reign of King John, in two parts*, (the first rough model of this play,) that the interchange of vows betwixt the Dauphin and the English barons, was at *St. Edmund's-Bury*. THEOBALD.

P. 82, l. 18. Return the *precedent* —] i. e. the rough draft of the original treaty between the Dauphin and the English lords. Thus (adds Mr. M. Mason) in *K. Richard III.* the scrivener employed to engross the indictment of Lord Hastings, says, "that it took him eleven hours to write it, and that the *precedent* was full as long a doing." STEEVENS.

P. 83, l. 10. — a *stranger* march] Our author often uses *stranger* as an adjective. See the last scene. MALONE.

P. 83, l. 13. *Spot* probably means, *stain* or *disgrace*. M. MASON.

P. 83, l. 18. *clippeth* — i. e. embraceth. STEEVENS.

P. 83, l. 20—23. *And grapple thee unto a pagan shore;*
*Where these two Christian armies might combine* &c.] Our author seems to have been thinking on the wars carried on by Christian Princes in the holy land against the Saracens; where the united armies of France and England might have laid their mutual animosities aside, and fought in the cause of Christ, instead of fighting against brethren and countrymen, as Salisbury and the other English noblemen who had joined the Dauphin, were about to do.
MALONE.

P. 83, l. 23. *And not to-spend it so unneighbourly!*] This is one of many passages, in which Shakspeare concludes a sentence without attending to the manner in which the former part of it is constructed. MALONE.

Shakspeare only employs in the present instance a phraseology which he had used before in *The Merry Wives of Windsor:*

"And, fairy-like, *to*-pinch the unclean-knight."

*To*, in composition with verbs, is common enough in ancient language. STEEVENS.

P. 85, l. 28. *Between compulsion, and a brave respect!*] This *compulsion* was the necessity of a reformation in the state; which, according to Salisbury's opinion (who, in his speech preceding, calls it an *enforced cause*) could only be procured by foreign arms: and the *brave respect* was the love of his country.
WARBURTON.

P. 8, l. 14-16. *And even there, methinks, and angel spake:*
*Look, where the holy legate comes apace,* &c.] Sir T. Hanmer,

and after him Dr. Warburton read here — *an angel* speeds. I think unnecessarily. The Dauphin does not yet hear the legate indeed, nor pretend to hear him; but seeing him advance, and concluding that he comes to animate and authorize him with the power of the church, he cries out, *at the sight of this holy man, I am encouraged* as by the voice of an angel. JOHNSON.

Rather, *In what I have now said,* an angel spake; for see, the holy legate approaches, to give a warrant from *heaven,* and the name of *right* to our cause. MALONE.

P. 85. l. 7. *Acquainted me with interest to this land,*] This was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time. So again, in *King Henry IV.* Part II:

"He hath more worthy interest *to* the state,
"Than thou the shadow of succession."

MALONE.

P. 85, l. 25. *Bank'd their towns* may mean, throw up entrenchments before them.

The old play of *K. John*, however, leaves this interpretation extremely disputable. It appears from thence that these salutations were given to the Dauphin as he *sailed along the banks* of the river. This, I suppose, Shakspeare calls *banking* the towns.

We still say to *coast* and to *flank*; and to *bank* has no less of propriety, though it is not reconciled to us by modern usage. STEEVENS.

P. 85, last l. but one. *Before I drew this gallant head of war,*] *i. e.* assembled it, drew it out into the field. STEEVENS.

P. 86, first l. To outlook conquest, —] *i. e.*

face down, bear down, by a show of magnanimity. STEEVENS.

P. 86, l. 22. This *unhair'd* sauciness, &c.] The printed copies — *unheard*; but *unheard* is an epithet of very little force or meaning here; besides, let us observe how it is coupled. Faulconbridge is sneering at the Dauphin's invasion, as an unadvised interprize, savouring of youth and indiscretion; the result of childishness, and unthinking rashness; and he seems altogether to dwell on this character of it, by calling his preparation *boyish troops*, *dwarfish war*, *pigmy arms*, &c. which, according to my emendation, sort very well with *unhair'd*, i. e. *unbearded* sauciness. THEOBALD.

P. 86, l. 28. To *take the hatch*, is to *leap the hatch*. To *take a hedge* or a *ditch*, is the hunter's phrase. STEEVENS.

P. 86, l. 29. I believe our author, with his accustomed licence, use *concealed* for *concealing*; wells that afforded *concealment* and protection to those who took refuge there. MALONE.

*Concealed wells* are wells in conceale or *obscure* situations; viz. in places *secured from public notice.*" STEEVENS.

P. 87. first l. Even at *the crying of your nation's crow*,] i. e. at the crowing of a cock; *gallus* meaning both a cock and a Frenchman. DOUCE.

P. 87, l. 6. An *aiery* is the nest of an eagle. STEEVENS.

P. 89, first l. This news was brought to *Richard*—] *Sir Richard Faulconbridge*; — and yet the King a little before (*Act III. sc. ii.*) calls him by his original *name of Philip*. STEEVENS.

P. 89, l. 28. — *you are bought and sold;*] The same proverbial phrase, intimating treachery, is used *in K. Richard III.* Act. V. sc. iii. in *K. Henry. VI.* P. I. Act. IV. sc. iv. and in *The Comedy of Errors*, Act III. sc. i. STEEVENS.

P. 89, last l. *Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,*] Though all the copies concur in this reading, how poor is the metaphor of *unthreading* the *eye* of a *needle?* And besides, as there is no mention made of a needle, how remote and obscure is the allusion without it? The text, as I have restored it, is easy and natural; and it is the mode of expression, which our author is every where fond of, to *tread* and *untread*, the *way*, *path*, *steps*, &c. THEOBALD.

The metaphor is certainly harsh, but I do not think the passage corrupted. JOHNSON.

P. 90, l. 4. *He* means —] The Frenchman, i. e. Lewis, means, &c. See Melun's next speech: "If Lewis do win the day —." MALONE.

P. 90, l. 13. 14. — — *as a form of wax*
*Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?*] This is said in allusion to the images made by witches. Holinshed observes that it was alledged against dame Eleanor Cobham and her confederates, "that they had devised *an image of wax*, representing the King, which by their sorceric by little and little consumed, intending thereby in conclusion to waste and destroy the King's person."

*Resolve* and *dissolve*, had anciently the same meaning. STEEVENS.

P. 90, l. 27. Paying the fine of *rated* treachery,] It were easy to change *rated* to *hated* for an easier meaning.

but *rated* suits better with *fine*. The Dauphin has *rated* your treachery, and set upon it a *fine* which your lives must pay. JOHNSON.

P. 91, l. 9. *Rank*, as applied to water, here signifies *exuberant, ready to overflow*: as applied to the actions of the speaker and his party, it signifies *inordinate*. MALONE.

P. 91, l. 15. *Right in thine eye,*] This is the old reading. *Right* signifies *immediate*. It is now obsolete. Some commentators would read—*pight*, i. e. pitched as a tent is; others, *fight in thine eye*. STEEVENS.

P. 91, l. 17. *And happy newness, that intends old right.*] Happy innovation, that purposed the restoration of the ancient rightful government. JOHNSON.

P. 91, l. 25. *When* the *English* measur'd—] Old copy—*When* English measure, &c. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

P. 91. last l. but one.—*tatter'd*—] For *tatter'd*, the folio reads, *tottering*. JOHNSON.

It is remarkable through such old copies of our author as I have hitherto seen, that wherever the modern editors read *tatter'd*, the old editions give us *totter'd* in its room. Perhaps the present broad pronunciation, almost particular to the Scots, was at that time common to both nations. STEEVENS.

*Tattering*, which in the spelling of our author's time was *tottering*, is used for *tatter'd*. The active and passive participles are employed by him very indiscriminately. MALONE.

I read—*tatter'd*, an epithet which occurs again in *King Lear* and *Romeo and Juliet*. Of tattering (which would obviously mean tearing to

*Vatters*) our author's works afford no parallel. STEEVENS.

P. 92, l. 16. — *keep good quarter*,] i. e. keep in your allotted posts or stations. STEEVENS.

P. 93, l. 2. Thou hast *a perfect thought*:] i. e. a well-informed one. STEEVENS.

P. 93, l. 10. — *eycless* night,] The old copy reads — *endless*. STEEVENS.

We should read *eyeless*. So, Pindar calls the moon, *the eye of night*. WARBURTON.

P. 93, l. 25. *The King, I fear, is poison'd by a monk*:] Not one of the historians who wrote within sixty years after the death of King John, mentions this very improbable story. The tale is, that a monk, to revenge himself on the King for a saying at which he took offence, poison'd a cup of ale, and having brought it to his Majesty, drank some of it himself to induce the King to taste it, and soon afterwards expired. Thomas Wykes is the first who relates it in his Chronicle, as a *report*. According to the best accounts John died at Newark, of a fever. MALONE.

This subject is fully discussed in the *History of Leicestershire*, Vol. II. p. 152. NICHOLS.

P. 93, l. 27–29. — — — *that you might*
*The better arm you to the sudden time,*
*Than if you had at leisure known of this.*]
That you might be able to prepare instantly for the sudden revolution in affairs which the King's death will occasion, in a better manner than you could have done, if you had not known of it till the event had actually happened, and the kingdom was reduced to a state of composure and quiet. MALONE.

P. 94, l. 1-5. *Why, know you not? the lords*
*are all come back,*
*And brought Prince Henry in their company;*] Perhaps we ought to point thus:
*Why know you not, the lords are all come*
*back,*
*And brought Prince Henry in their company?*
MALONE.

P. 94, l. 19. Is touch'd *corruptibly;*] i. e. *corruptively.* Such was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age. MALONE.

P. 95, l. 5. *In* their *continuance,*] I suspect our author wrote — *In* they *continuance.* In his Sonnets the two words are frequently confounded. If the text be right, *continuance* means *continuity.* Bacon uses the word in that sense. MALONE.

P. 95, 6-8. Death, having prey'd upon the
outward parts,
Leaves them *insensible;* and his siege is now
Against the mind, &c.] The old copy reads — *invisible.* STEEVENS.

As the word *invisible* has no sense in this passage, I have no doubt but the modern editors are right in reading *insensible,* which agrees with the two preceding lines:
— *fierce extremes,*
*In their continuance,* will not feel *themselves.*
*Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,*
*Leaves them* insensible: *his siege now*
*Against the mind,* &c.
The last lines are evidently intended as a paraphrase, and confirmation of the two first.
M. MASON.

*Invisible* is here used adverbially. Death, *having glutted* himself with the ravage of the al-

most wasted body, and knowing that the disease with which he has assailed it is mortal, before its dissolution, proceeds from mere satiety, to attack the mind, leaving the body *invisibly;* that is, in such a secret manner that the eye cannot *precisely* mark his progress, or see when his attack on the vital powers has ended, and that on the mind begins; or in other words, at what particular moment reason ceases to perform its function, and the understanding, *in consequence of a corroding and mortal malady*, begins to be disturbed. Our poet in his *Venus and Adonis* calls Death, "*invisible* commander."

Henry is here only pursuing the same train of thought which we find in his first speech in the present scene.

Our author has in many other passages in his plays used adjectives adverbially.

Mr. Rowe reads — *her* siege —, an error derived from the corruption of the second folio. I suspect, that this strange mistake was Mr. Gray's authority for making *Death* a female; in which, I believe, he has neither been preceded or followed by any poet:

"The painful family of *Death*,
"More hideous than their *Queen*." MALONE.

Mr. Malone reads:

*Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,*
*Leaves them* invisible; &c.

As often as I am induced to differ from the opinions of a gentleman whose laborious diligence in the cause of Shakspeare is without example, I subject myself to the most unwelcome part of editorial duty. Success, however, is not in every instance proportionable to zeal and efforts, and he who shrinks from controversy, should also have

avoided the *vestibulum ipsum, primasque fauces* of the school of Shakspeare.

Sir Thomas Hanmer gives us — *insensible*, which affords a meaning sufficiently commodious. But as *invisible* and *insensible* are not words of exactest consonance, the legitimacy of this emendation has been disputed. It yet remains in the text, for the sake of those who discover no light through the ancient reading.

Perhaps (I speak without confidence) our author wrote — *invincible*, which, in sound, so nearly resembles *invisible*, that an inattentive compositor might have substituted the one for the other — All our modern editors (Mr Malone excepted) agree that *invincible* in *King Henry IV*, P. II. Act. III. sc. ii. was a misprint for *invisible*; and so (*vice versa*) *invisible* may here have usurped the place of *invincible*.

If my supposition be admitted, the Prince must design to say, that Death had battered the royal outworks, but, seeing they were *invincible*, quitted them, and directed his force against the mind. In the present instance, the King of Terrors is described as a besieger, who, failing in his attempt to storm the bulwark, proceeded to undermine the citadel. Why else did he change his mode and object of attack? — The Spanish ordnance sufficiently *preyed* on the ramparts of Gibraltar, but still left them *impregnable*. — The same metaphor, though not continued so far, occurs again in *Timon of Athens*:

"— — Nature,

"To whom all sores lay *siege*,"

Mr. Malone, however, gives a different turn to *the passage before* us; and leaving the word siege *out of his account*, appears to represent Death

as a gourmand, who had satiated
the King's body, and took his int
by way of change of provision.

Neither can a complete acquiescen
gentleman's examples of adjectives
bially, he well expected; as they cl
light and familiar dialogue, or whe
full-grown adverb was unfavourabl
metre. Nor indeed are these dc
(which perform their office, like tl
"without a tail,") discoverable in
rative like that before us. A por
also might be no other than typo
perfections; for this part of spe
its termination, will necessarily t
of an adjective. — I may subjoin
beginning of the present scene, the
*ruptible* is not offered as a *locum*
adverb *corruptibly*, though they were
ed to our author's measure.

It must, notwithstanding, be allo
jectives employed adverbially are s
with in the language of Shakspeare.
we ought not (as Polonius says) t
wind of the poor phrase," by supp
istence where it must operate equ
provoke a simile, as on the presen

That Death, therefore, "left the
of the King *invisible*," could not,
ment, have been an expression
our poet in his most careless mon
position. It conveys an idea too li
et of Orcus, in the fifth Iliad.*) G

*) Αὖν' Ἄϊδος κυνέην, ΜΗ ΜΥ
μος Ἄρης.

ceipt of fern-seed," Colonel Feignwell's *moros musphonon*, or the consequences of being bit by a *Seps*, as was a Roman soldier, of whom says our excellent translator of Lucan,

" — none was left, no least remains were seen,
" No marks to show that once a man had been." *)

Besides, if the outward part (i. e. the body) of the expiring monarch was, in plain, familiar, and unqualified terms, pronounced to be *invisible*, how could those who pretended to have just *seen* it, expect to be believed? and would not an audience, uninitiated in the mystery of adverbial adjectives, on hearing such an account of the royal carcase, have exclaimed, like the Governor of Tilbury Fort in the *Critic*:

" — — thou canst not *see* it,
" Because 'tis *not in sight*."

But I ought not to dismiss the present subject, without a few words in defence of Mr. Gray, who had authority somewhat more decisive than that of the persecuted second folio of Shakspeare, for representing *Death* as a *Woman*. The writer of the *Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College*, was sufficiently intimate with Lucretius, Horace, Ovid, Phaedrus, Statius, Petronius, Seneca the dramatist, &c. to know that they *all* concurred in exhibiting *Mors* as a *Goddess*. Mr. Spence in his *Polymetis*, p. 261, (I refer to a book of easy access,) has produced abundant examples in proof of my assertion, and others may be readily supplied. One comprehensive instance, indeed, will answer my present purpose. *Statius*, in his eighth Thebaid, describing

*) *Rowe*; Book IX. l. 1334.

a troop of ghastly females who surrounded the throne of Pluto, has the following lines:

*Stant Furiae circum,* variae*que ex ordine* Mortes.
*Saevaque multisonas exercet Poena catenas.*

From this group of personification, &c. it is evident that not merely *Death*, as the source or principle of mortality, but each particular kind of Death was represented under a feminine shape. For want, therefore, of a corresponding masculine term, Dobson, in his Latin version of the second *Paradise Lost*, was obliged to render the terrific offspring of Satan, by the name of *Hades*; a luckless necessity, because *Hades*, in the 964th line of the same book, exhibits a character completely discriminated from that of *Death*.

Were I inclined to be sportive, (a disposition which commentators should studiously repress,) might I not maintain on the strength of the foregoing circumstances, that the editor of the folio 1632 (far from being an ignorant blunderer,) was well instructed in the niceties of Roman mythology? and might not my ingenious fellow-labourer, on the score of his meditated triumph over Mr. Gray, be saluted with such a remark as reached the ear of Cadmus? —

— *Quid, Agenore nate, peremptum*
*Serpentum spectas? et tu spectabere serpens.*

Fashionable as it is to cavil at the productions of our Cambridge Poet, it has not yet been discovered that throughout the fields of classic literature, even in a single instance, he had mistook his way. STEEVENS.

P. 95, l. 10 — *in their throng and press to that last hold,* ] In their

tumult and hurry of resorting to the last tenable part. JOHNSON.

P. 96, l. 9. — and you are so *strait*,] i. e. narrow, avaricious; an unusual sense of the word. STEEVENS.

P. 96, l. 25. Shakspeare here uses the word *shrouds* in its true sense. The *shrouds* are the great ropes, which come from each side of the mast. In modern poetry the word frequently signifies the sails of a ship. MALONE.

This latter usage of the word — *shrouds*, has hitherto escaped my notice. STEEVENS.

P. 96, l. 31. *Module* and *model*, it has been already observed, were in our author's time only different modes of spelling the same word. *Model* signified not an archetype after which something was to be formed, but the thing formed after an archetype: and hence it is used by Shakspeare and his contemporaries for a *representation*. MALONE.

P. 97, l. 1-4. For, in a night, &c. &c.] This untoward accident really happened to King John himself. As he passed from Lynn to Lincolnshire, he lost by an inundation all his treasure, carriages, baggage, and regalia. MALONE.

P. 98, l. 26 and fol. *O, let us pay the time but needful woe*, &c.] Let us now indulge in sorrow, since there is abundant cause for it. England has been long in a scene of confusion, and its calamities have anticipated our tears. By those which we now shed, we only *pay* her what is her due. MALONE.

I believe the plain meaning of the passage is this: — As previously we have found sufficient *cause for lamentation*, let us not waste the present *time in superfluous sorrow*. STEEVENS.

P. 98, last l. *If England to itself do rest but true.*] This sentiment seems borrowed from the conclusion of the old play:

"If England's peers and people join in one,
"Nor Pope, nor France, nor Spain, can do them wrong." STEEVENS.

The tragedy of *King John*, though not written with the utmost power of Shakspeare, is varied with a very pleasing interchange of incidents and characters. The lady's grief is very affecting; and the character of the Bastard contains that mixture of greatness and levity which this author delighted to exhibit. JOHNSON.

---

## *NOTES TO*

# KING RICHARD II.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD II.] But this history comprises little more than the two last years of this Prince. The action of the drama begins with Bolingbroke's appealing the Duke of Norfolk, on an accusation of high treason, which fell out in the year 1398; and it closes with the murder of King Richard at Pomfret-castle towards the end of the year 1400, or the beginning of the ensuing year. THEOBALD.

It is evident from a passage in *Camden's Annals*, that there was an old play on the subject of Richard the Second; but I know not in what language. Sir Gillie Merick, who was concerned in the hare-brained business of the Earl of Essex, and was hanged for it, with the ingenious

Cuffe, in 1601, is accused, amongst other things, "quod exoletam tragoediam de tragicâ abdicatione regis Ricardi Secundi in publico theatro coram conjuratis datâ pecuniâ agi curasset."

I have since met with a passage in my Lord Bacon, which proves this play to have been in English. It is in the arraignments of *Cuffe and Merick*, Vol. IV. p. 412. of Mallet's edition: "The afternoon before the rebellion, Merick, with a great company of others, that afterwards were all in the action, had procured to be played before them the play of deposing *King Richard the Second*; — when it was told him by one of the players, that the play was *old*, and they should have loss in playing it, because few would come to it, there was forty shillings extraordinary given to play, and so thereupon played it was."

It may be worth enquiry, whether some of the *rhyming* parts of the present play, which Mr. Pope thought of a different hand, might not be borrowed from the old one. Certainly however, the general tendency of it must have been very different, since, as Dr. Johnson observes, there are some expressions in this of Shakspeare, which strongly inculcate the doctrine of *indefeasible right*. FARMER.

It is probable, I think, that the play which Sir Gilly Merick procured to be represented, bore the title of HENRY IV. and not of RICHARD II. *Camden* calls it — "*exoletam tragediam de tragica abdicatione regis Ricardi secundi*;" and (Lord Bacon in his account of *The Effect of that which passed* at the arraignment of *Merick* and others) says, "That the afternoon before the *rebellion, Merick* had procured to be played before them, the play *of deposing* King Richard

*the Second.*" But in a more particular account of the proceeding against *Merick*, which is printed in the *State Trails*, Vol. VII, p. 60, the matter is stated thus: "The story of HENRY IV. being set forth in a play, and in that play there being set forth the killing of the King upon a stage; the Friday before, Sir *Gilly Merick* and others of the Earl's train having an humour to see a play, they must needs have *the play of* HENRY IV. The players told them that was stale; they should get nothing by playing that; put no play else would serve: and Sir *Gilly Merick* gives forty shillings to *Philips* the player to play this, besides whatsoever he could get."

*Augustine Philippes* was one of the patentees of the Globe playhouse with *Shakspeare* in 1603; but the play here described was certainly not *Shakspeare's* HENRY IV. as that commences above a year after the death of Richard.

TYRWHITT.

This play of Shakspeare was first entered at Stationers' Hall by Andrew Wise, Aug. 29, 1597.

STEEVENS.

It was written, I imagine, in the same year.

MALONE.

P. 100, l. 8. *Duke of* Aumerle,] *Aumerle*, or *Aumale*, is the French for what we now call *Albemarle*, which is a town in Normandy. The old historians generally use the French title.

STEEVENS.

P. 100, l. 11. Earl *Berkley*.] It ought to be *Lord* Berkley. There was no *Earl* Berkley till some ages after. STEEVENS.

P. 100, l. 17. Lord Ross.] Now spelt *Roos*, one of the Duke of Rutland's titles.

STEEVENS.

P. 101, l. 10. — *according to thy oath and band,*] When these public challenges were accepted, each combatant found a pledge for his appearance at the time and place appointed. STEEVENS.

*Band* and *Bond* were formerly synonymous. MALONE.

P. 103, l. 3. — my *right-drawn* sword,] Drawn in a right or just cause. JOHNSON.

P. 103, l. 23. — any other ground *inhabitable*] That is, *not habitable, uninhabitable.* JOHNSON.

P. 104, l. 10. To *inherit* is no more than to *possess*, though such a use of the word may be peculiar to Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

P. 104, l. 17. *Lewd* here signifies *wicked.* It is so used in many of our old statutes. MALONE.

P. 104, l. 29. That he did plot the *Duke of Gloster's* death;] Thomas of *Woodstock*, the youngest son of Edward III.; who was murdered at Calais, in 1397. MALONE.

P. 104. l. 30. *Suggest* his soon-believing adversaries;) i. e. prompt, set them on by injurious hints. STEEVENS.

P. 105, l. 7. — *this slander of his blood,*] i. e. this reproach to his ancestry. STEEVENS.

P. 105, l. 13. — *my scepter's awe* —] The reverence due to my scepter. JOHNSON.

P. 106, l. 17 and fol. I must make one remark in general on the *rhymes* throughout this whole play; they are so much inferior to the rest of the writing, that they appear to me of a different hand. What confirms this, is, that the context *does every* where exactly (and frequently much

better) connect, without the inserted rhymes, except in a very few places; and just there too, the rhyming verses are of a much better taste than all the others, which rather strengthens my conjecture. POPE.

"This observation of Mr. Pope's, (says Mr. Edwards,) happens to be very unluckily placed here, because the context, without the inserted rhymes, will not *connect* at all. Read this passage as it would stand corrected by this rule, and we shall find, when the rhyming part of the dialogue is left out, King Richard begins with dissuading them from the duel, and, in the very next sentence, appoints the time and place of their combat."

Mr. Edwards's censure is rather hasty; for in the note, to which it refers, it is allowed that some rhymes must be retained to make out the connection. STEEVENS.

P. 106, l. 31. — there is *no boot.*] That is, *no advantage, no use,* in delay or refusal. JOHNSON.

P. 106, last l. — — *but my fair name,*
(*Despite of death, that lives upon my grave,*)]
That is, *my name that lives on my grave,* in *despight of death.* This easy passage most of the editors seem to have mistaken. JOHNSON.

P. 107, l. 2. *Baffled* in this place means treated with the greatest ignominy imaginable. TOLLET.

P. 107, l. 30. *Motive,* for instrument, WARBURTON.
Rather that which fear puts in motion. JOHNSON.

P. 108, l. 6. Since we cannot *atone you* —] *i. e.* reconcile you. STEEVENS.

P. 108, l. 7. To design in our author's time

signified to *mark out*. — The word is still used with this signification in Scotland. MALONE.

P. 108, l. 8. *Marshal*, command &c.] The old copies — *Lord* Marshall; but (as Mr. Ritson observes) the metre requires the omission I have made. It is also justified by his Majesty's repeated address to the same officer, in scene iii. STEEVENS.

P. 108, l. 14. The *Duchess of* Gloster was Eleanor Bohun, widow to Duke Thomas, son of Edward III. WALPOLE.

P. 108, l. 15. — *the part I had in Gloster's blood*] That is, my relation of consanguinity to Gloster. HAOMER.

P. 109, l. 15. — thou dost *consent* —] i. e. *assent*. So, in *St. Luke's Gospel*, xxiii. 51: "The same had not *consented* to the counsel and deed of them." STEEVENS.

P. 109, l. 33. To *complain* is commonly a verb neuter, but it is here used as a verb active. *Complain myself* (as Mr. M. Mason observes) is a literal translation of the French phrase, *me plaindre*. STEEVENS.

P. 110, l. 10. *Caitiff* originally signified a *prisoner*; next a *slave*, from the condition of prisoners; then a *scoundrel*, from the qualities of a slave,

Ἡμισυ τῆς ἀρετῆς ἀποαίνυται δούλιον ἦμαρ.

In this passage it partakes of all these significations. JOHNSON.

This just sentiment is in Homer; but the learned commentator quoting, I suppose from memory, has compressed a couplet into a single line:

Ημισυ γαρ τ' αρετης αποαινυται ευρυοπα Ζευς
Ανερος, ευτ' αν μιν κατα δουλιον ημαρ ελησιν.
*Odyss.* Lib. XVII. v. 322. HOLT WHITE.

I do not believe that *caitiff* in our language ever signified *a prisoner*. I take it to be derived, not from *captif*, but from *chetif*. Fr. poor, miserable. TYRWHITT.

P. 110, l. 27. — — — *unfurnish'd walls,*] In our ancient castles the naked stone walls were only covered with tapestry, or arras, hung upon tenter hooks, from which it was easily taken down on every removal of the family. See the preface to *The Household Book of the Fifth Earl of Northumberland, begun in* 1512. STEEVENS.

P. 110, l. 31. 32. — — *let him not come there,*
*To seek out sorrow that dwells every where;*] Perhaps the pointing might be reformed without injury to the sense:

— *let him not come there*
*To seek out sorrow: — that dwells every where.* WHALLEY.

P. 111, l. 4. — *the Lord* Marshal,] Shakspeare has here committed a slight mistake. The office of Lord Marshal was executed on this occasion by Thomas Holland, Duke of Surrey. Our author has inadvertently introduced that nobleman as a distinct person from the Marshal, in the present drama.

Mowbray Duke of Norfolk was Earl Marshal of England; but being himself one of the combatants, the Duke of Surry officiated as Earl Marshal for the day. MALONE.

P. 111, l. 4. AUMERLE.] Edward Duke of Aumerle, so created by his cousin german, King Richard II. in 1397. He was the eldest son of

Edward of Langley Duke of York, fifth son of King Edward the Third, and was killed in 1415, at the battle of Agincourt. He officiated at the lists of Coventry as High Constable of England. MALONE.

P. 112, l. 4. *Nor.* My name &c.] Mr. Edwards, in his MS. notes, observes, from Holinshed, that the Duke of Hereford, appellant, entered the lists first; and this, indeed must have been the regular method of the combat; for the natural order of things requires, that the accuser or challenger should be at the place of appointment first. STEEVENS.

P. 112, l. 11. — and *my* succeeding issue,] *His* is the reading of the first folio; other editions read — *my* issue. Mowbray's issue, was by this accusation, in danger of an attainder, and therefore he might come, among other reasons, for their sake: but the reading of the folio is more just and grammatical. JOHNSON.

The three oldest quartos read *my*, which Mr. M. Mason prefers, because, says he, Mowbray subjoins —

"To prove him, in defending of myself,
"A traitor to my God, my King, and *me*."

STEEVENS.

P. 114, l. 9. 10. *And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,*
*That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,*] *Waxen* may mean *soft*, and consequently *penetrable*, or *flexible*. The brigandines or coats of mail, then in use, were composed of small pieces of steel quilted over one another, and yet so flexible as to accommodate the dress they form, to every *motion of the body*. Of these many are still to *be seen in the Tower of London*. STEEVENS.

The object of Bolingbroke's request is, that the temper of his lance's point might as much exceed the mail of his adversary, as the iron of that mail was harder than wax. HENLEY.

P. 114, l. 33. *This feast of battle*—] "War is death's *feast*," is a proverbial saying. See Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.

P. 114, last l. As gentle and as jocund, as to *jest*;] Not so neither. We should read to *just*; i. e. to tilt or tourney which was a kind of sport too. WARBURTON.

The sense would perhaps have been better if the author had written what his commentator substitutes; but the rhyme, to which sense is too often enslaved, obliged Shakspeare to write *jest*, and obliges us to read it. JOHNSON.

The commentators forget that to *jest* sometimes signifies in old language *to play a part in a mask*. Thus, in *Hieronymo*:

"He promised us in honour of our guest,
"To grace our banquet with some pompous *jest*."

and accordingly a mask is performed. FARMER.

Dr. Farmer has well explained the force of this word. TOLLET.

P. 115, l. 33. A *warder* appears to have been a kind of truncheon carried by the person who presided at these single combats. STEEVENS.

P. 116, l. 12–17. *And for we think* &c. &c.] These five verses are omitted in the other editions, and restored from the first of 1598. POPE.

P. 116, l. 15—22 *To wake our peace,*—
*Which so rous'd up*—
*Might*—*fright fair peace*,] Thus the sentence stands in the common reading absurdly enough; which made the Oxford editor, instead

of *fright fair peace*, read, *be affrighted;* as if these latter words could ever, possibly, have been blundered into the former by transcribers. But his business is to alter as his fancy leads him, not to reform errors, as the text and rules of criticism direct. In a word then, the true original of the blunder was this: the editors, before Mr. Pope, had taken their editions from the folios, in which the text stood thus:

*— — the dire aspect*
*Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbour swords;*
*Which so rous'd up — —*
*— — fright fair peace.*

This is sense. But Mr. Pope, who carefully examined the first printed plays in quarto (very much to the advantage of his edition) coming to this place, found five lines, in the first edition of this play printed in 1598, omitted in the first general collection of the poet's work's; and not enough attending to their agreement with the common text, put them into their place. Whereas, in truth, the five lines were omitted by Shakspeare himself, as not agreeing to the rest of the context; which, on revise, be thought fit to alter. On this account I have put them into hooks, not as spurious, but as rejected on the author's revise; and, indeed, with great judgement: for,

*To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle*
*Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep,*

as pretty as it is in the image, is absurd in the sense: for peace awake is still peace, as well as *when asleep.* The difference is, that peace asleep *gives one the* notion of a happy people sunk

in sloth and luxury, which is not the idea the speaker would raise, and from which state the sooner it was awaked the better. WARBURTON.

To this note written with such an appearance to taste and judgement, I am afraid every reader will not subscribe. It is true, that *peace awake is still peace, as well as when asleep;* but peace awakened by the tumults of these jarring nobles, and peace indulging in profound tranquillity, convey images sufficiently opposed to each other for the poet's purpose. *To wake peace* is *to introduce discord. Peace asleep,* is peace exerting its natural influence, from which it would be frighted by the clamours of war. STEEVENS.

P. 117, l. 11. To *deserve* a *merit* is a phrase of which I know not any example. I wish some copy would exhibit:

*A dearer* meed, *and not so deep a maim.*

*To deserve a meed* or *reward,* is regular and easy. JOHNSON.

As Shakspeare uses *merit* in this place, in the sense of reward, he frequently uses the word *meed,* which properly signifies reward, to express *merit.* M. MASON.

P. 117, l. 28. — *compassionate;*] for *plaintive.* WARBURTON.

P. 118, l. 2. (*Our part therein we banish with yourselves,*)] It is a question much debated amongst the writers of the law of nations, whether a banished man may be still tied in his allegiance to the state which sent him into exile. Tully and Lord Chancellor Clarendon declare for the affirmative; Hobbes and Puffendorf hold the negative. Our author, by this line, seems to be of the same opinion. WARBURTON.

P. 118, l. 9. — *advised* — i. e. concerted, deliberated. STEEVENS.

P. 118, l. 14. *Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy;* —] I do not clearly see what is the sense of this abrupt line; but suppose the meaning to be this. Hereford immediately after his oath of perpetual enmity addresses Norfolk, and, fearing some misconstruction, turns to the King and says — *so far as to mine enemy* — that is, *I should say nothing to him but what enemies may say to each other.*

Reviewing this passage, I rather think it should be unterstood thus: *Norfolk, so far* I have addressed myself to thee *as to mine enemy*, I now utter my last words with kindness and tenderness, *Confess thy treasons.* JOHNSON.

He only wishes him to *fare* like his enemy, and he disdains to say *fare* well, as Aumerle does in the next scene. TOLLET.

Bolingbroke only uses the phrase by way of caution, lest Mowbray should think he was about to address him *as a friend.* Norfolk, says he, so far as a man may speak to his enemy, &c. RITSON.

Perhaps the author intended that Hereford in speaking this line should show some courtesy to Mowbray; — and the meaning may be, So much civility as an enemy has a right to, I am willing to offer to thee. MALONE.

P. 118, l. 27. 28. — — *Now no way can I stray;*
*Save back to England, all the world's my way.*] Perhaps Milton had this in his mind when he wrote these lines:

"The world was all before them, where to choose

"Their place of rest, and Providence their guide." JOHNSON.

The Duke of Norfolk after his banishment went to Venice, where, says Holinshed, "for thought and melancholy he deceased." MALONE.

I should point the passage thus:

— *Now no way can I stray,*
*Save back to England: — all the world's my way.*

There's no way for me to go wrong, except back to England. M. MASON.

P. 119, l. 20. 21.. *Shorten my days* &c.] It is matter of very melancholy consideration, that all human advantages confer more power of doing evil than good. JOHNSON.

P. 119, l. 27. — *upon good advice.*] Upon great consideration. MALONE.

P. 119, l. 29. *Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave;*] i. e. you had yourself a part or share in the verdict that I pronounced. MALONE.

P. 120, l. 3. *A partial slander* —] That is, the *reproach* of *partiality*. This is a just picture of the struggle between principle and affection. JOHNSON.

P. 121, l. 4 — 11. *Nay, rather,* &c. &c.] This, and the six verses which follow, I have ventured to supply from the old quarto. The allusion, it is true, to an *apprenticeship,* and becoming a *journeyman,* is not in the sublime taste; nor, as Horace has expressed it, "*spirat tragicum satis:*" however, as there is no doubt of the passage being genuine, the lines are not so despicable as to deserve being quite lost. THEOBALD.

P. 121, l. 7—9. — and in the end, &c. &c.] I am afraid our author in this place designed a ver

very poor quibble, as *journey* signifies both *travel* and a *day's work*. However, he is not to be censured for what he himself rejected. JOHNSON.

The quarto, in which these lines are found, is said in its title-page to have been corrected by the author; and the play is indeed more accurately printed than most of the other single copies. There is now, however, no certain method of knowing by whom the rejection was made. STEEVENS.

P. 121, l. 12. and fol. *All places* &c. &c.] The fourteen verses that follow are found in the first edition. POPE.

I am inclined to believe that what Mr. Theobald and Mr. Pope have restored were expunged in the revision by the author: If these lines are omitted, the sense is more coherent. Nothing is more frequent among dramatic writers, than to shorten their dialogues for the stage. JOHNSON.

P. 121, l. 17. — *did banish thee;*] Read:

Therefore, *think not, the King did banish thee.* RITSON.

P. 121, l. 27. *The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strew'd:*] Shakspeare has other allusions to the ancient practice of strewing rushes over the floor of the *presence chamber.* HENLEY.

See Hentzner's account of the presence chamber, in the palace at Greenwich, 1598. *Itinerar.* p. 135. MALONE.

P. 121, l. 30. A *measure* was a formal court dance. STEEVENS.

P. 122, l. 14. Here the first act ought to end, that between the first and second acts there may be *time for John* of Gaunt to accompany his son, *return, and fall* sick. Then the first scene of the

second act begins with a natural conversation, interrupted by a message from John of Gaunt, by which the King is called to visit him, which visit is paid in the following scene. As the play is now devided, more time passes between the two last scenes of the first act, than between the first act and the second. JOHNSON.

P. 123, l. 27. *And had the tribute of his supple knee,*] To illustrate this phrase, it should be remembered that *courtesying*, (the act of reverence now confined to women) was anciently practised by men. STEEVENS.

P. 123, last l. but one. *Expedient* — i. e. *expeditious.* STEEVENS.

P. 124, l. 3. — *for* our coffers —] i. e. because. So, in *Othello*:

"— Haply, *for* I am black; —." STEEVENS.

P. 125, l. 3. — *the Duke of* YORK,] Edmund, son of Edward III. WARPOLE.

P. 125, l. 23. and musick *at the close,*] This I suppose to be a musical term. STEEVENS.

P. 126, first l. *Lascivious metres;*] The old copies have — *meeters;* but I believe we should read *metres*, for *verses*. *Venom sound* agrees well with *lascivious ditties*, but not so commodiously with *one who meets another;* in which sense the word appears to have been generally received. STEEVENS.

P. 126, l. 3. *Report of fashions in proud Italy;*] Our author, who gives to all nations the customs of England, and to all ages the manners of his own, has charged the times of Richard with a folly not perhaps known then, but very frequent in Shakspeare's

time, and much lamented by the wisest and best of our ancestors. JOHNSON.

P. 126, l. 10. *Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.*] Where the will rebels against the notice of the understanding. JOHNSON.

P. 126, l. 11. *Direct not him, whose way himself, will choose;*] Do not attempt to *guide him, who,* whatever thou shalt say, *will take his own course.* JOHNSON.

P. 126. l. 16. — *rash* — is, *hasty, violent.* JOHNSON.

P. 126, l. 28. I once suspected that for *infection* we might read *invasion;* but the copies all agree, and I suppose Shakspeare meant to say, that islanders are secured by their situation both from *war* and *pestilence.* JOHNSON.

In Allot's *England's Parnassus,* 1600, this passage is quoted — "Against *intestion,*" &c. perhaps the word might be *infestion,* if such a word was in use. FARMER.

P. 126, l. 35. Against the envy of *less happier* lands;] So read all the editions, except Sir T. Hanmer's, which has *less happy.* I believe, Shakspeare, from the habit of saying *more happier,* according to the custom of his time, inadvertently writ *less happier.* JOHNSON.

P. 127, first l. Fear'd *by their* breed] i. e. by means of their breed. MALONE.

P. 127, l. 1—5. — *royal Kings* &c. &c.] Perhaps the passage, which appears a little disordered, may be regulated thus:

— — *royal kings,*
*Fear'd for their breed, and famous for their birth,*

For Christian service, and true chivalry;
*Renowned for their deed, as far from home*
*As is the sepulcher* —. JOHNSON.

P. 127, l. 10. *Like to a tenement, or pelting farm:*] "In this 22d yeare of King Richard (says Fabian) the common fame ranne, that the kinge had *letten to farm* the realme unto Sir William Scrope, earl of Wiltshire, and then treasurer of England, to Syr John Bushey, Sir John Bagot, and Sir Henry Grene, knightes." MALONE.

P. 127, l. 14. With *inky blots,*] I suspect that our author wrote — *inky* bolts. How can *blots* bind in any thing? and do not *bolts* correspond better with *bonds? Inky bolts* are *written restrictions.* So, in *The Honest Man's Fortune,* by Beaumont and Fletcher, Act IV. sc. i:

" — *manacling* itself
"In *gyves* of parchment." STEEVENS.

P. 127, l. 14. — *and rotten parchment* bonds;] Alluding to the great sums raised by loans and other exactions, in this reign, upon the English subjects. GREY.

Gaunt does not allude, as Grey supposes, to any loans or exactions extorted by Richard, but to the circumstances of his having actually *farmed* out his royal realm, as he himself styles it. In the last scene of the first act he says:

"And, for our coffers are grown somewhat light,
"We are enforc'd to *farm* our royal realm."

And it afterwards appears that the person who farmed the realm was the Earl of Wiltshire, one of his own favourites. M. MASON.

P. 127, l. 19. — and QUEEN;] Shakspeare, as Mr. Walpole suggests to me, has deviated from

historical truth in the introduction of Richard's Queen as a woman in the present piece; for Anne, his first wife, was dead before the play commences, and Isabella, his second wife, was a child at the time of his death. MALONE.

P. 127, l. 19. AUMERLE, was Edward, eldest son of Edmund Duke of York, whom he succeeded in the title. He was killed at Agincourt. WALPOLE.

P. 127, l. 20. ROSS, was William Lord *Roos*, (and so should be printed,) of Hamlake, afterwards Lord Treasurer to Henry IV.

WALPOLE.

It rather should be printed *Ros*, for so it was then spelt. NICHOLS.

P. 127. l. 20. WILLOUGHBY.] William Lord Willoughby of Eresby, who afterwards married Joan, widow of Edmund Duke of York.

WALPOLE.

P. 127, l. 23. — *being rag'd, do rage the more.*] Read, — *being rein'd do rage the more.*" RITSON.

P. 129, l. 8. *State of law*, i. e. *legal sovereignty*. But the Oxford editor alters it to *state o'er law*, i. e. *absolute sovereignty*. A doctrine, which, if ever our poet learnt at all, he learnt not in the reign when this play was written, Queen Elizabeth's, but in the reign after it, King James's. By *bondslave to the law*, the poet means his being inslaved to his *favourite subjects*. WARBURTON.

This sentiment, whatever it be, is obscurely expressed. I understand it differently from the learned commentator, being perhaps not quite so zealous for Shakspeare's political reputation. *The reasoning* of Gaunt, I think, is this: By set*ing the royalties* to farm thou hast reduced

*thyself to a state below sovereignty, thou art* now no longer King but Landlord of England, *subject to the same restraint and limitations as other Landlords; by making thy condition* a state of law, *a condition upon which the common rules of law can operate,* thou art become a bond-slave to the law; *thou hast made thyself amenable to laws from which thou wert originally exempt.*

Whether this explanation be true or no, it is plain that Dr. Warburton's explanation of *bond-slave to the law,* is not true. JOHNSON.

Warburton's explanation of this passage is too absurd to require confutation; and his political observation is equally ill-founded. The doctrine of absolute sovereignty might as well have been learned in the reign of Elizabeth, as in that of her successor. She was, in fact, as absolute as he wished to be.

Johnson's explanation is in general just; but I think that the words, *of law,* must mean, *by law,* or according *to law,* as we say, *of course,* and *of right,* instead of *by right,* or *by course.* — Gaunt's reasoning is this — "Having let your kingdom by lease, you are no longer the King of England, but the Landlord only; and your state is by law, subject to the law." M. MASON.

Mr. Heath explains the words *state of law* somewhat differently: "Thy royal *estate, which is established by the law,* is now in virtue of thy having leased it out, subjected," &c. MALONE.

P. 129, l. 10. — *a lunatick lean-witted fool,*] Dr. Farmer observes to me that the same expression occurs in the 106th Psalm:

— and sent leanness withal into their soul."

STEEVENS.

P. 129, l. 30. 31 *And thy unkindness be like*
*crooked age,*
*To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.*]
Thus stands these lines in all the copies, but I think there is an error. Why should Gaunt, already *old*, call on any thing *like age* to end him? How can age be said to *crop at once?* How is the idea of *crookedness* connected with that of *cropping?* I suppose the poet dictated thus:

*And thy unkindness be* time's *crooked* edge
*To crop at once* —

That is, *let thy unkindness* be time's scythe *to crop*.

*Edge* was easily confounded by the ear with *age*, and one mistake once admitted made way for another. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare, I believe, took this idea from the figure of Time, who was represented as carrying a *sickle* as well as a *scythe*. A *sickle* was anciently called a *crook*, and sometimes, as in the following instances, *crooked* may mean armed with a *crook*. MALONE.

Shakspeare had probably two different but kindred ideas in his mind; the bend of age, and the sickle of time, which he confounded together. M. MASON.

P. 129, last l. but one. *Love they* to live,] That is, *let them love*. JOHNSON.

P. 130, l. 11. NORTHUMBERLAND.] Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland. WALPOLE.

P. 130. l. 23. — *our pilgrimage must be:*] That is, our pilgrimage is yet to come. M. MASON.

P. 130, l. 26. 27. *Which* live like venom, &c.] This alludes to a *tradition that* St. Patrick freed the kingdom of

Ireland from venomous reptiles of every kind.
STEEVENS.

P. 131, l. 3. 4. — *the prevention of poor Bolingbroke*
*About his marriage.*] When the Duke of Hereford, after his banishment, went into France, he was honourably entertained at that court, and would have obtained in marriage the only daughter of the Duke of Berry, uncle to the French King, had not Richard prevented the match.
STEEVENS.

P. 131, l. 13. *Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;*] i. e. when he was of thy age. MALONE.

P. 132, l. 5. — *deny his offer'd homage:*] That is, *refuse* to admit the *homage*, by which he is to hold his lands. JOHNSON.

P. 134, l. 15. To *strike* the *sails*, is to *contract* them when there is too much wind.
JOHNSON.

P. 134, l. 15. — *securely perish.*] We perish by too great confidence in our security. MALONE.

P. 134, l. 18. *Unavoided* is, I believe, here used for *unavoidable*. MALONE.

P. 134, the two last l. but one. (*The son of Richard Earl of Arundel,*)
*That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,*] I suspect that some of these lines are transposed, as well as that the poet has made a blunder in his enumeration of persons. No copy that I have seen, will authorize me to make an alteration, though according to Holinshed, whom Shakspeare followed in great measure, more than one is necessary.

All the persons enumerated in Holinshed's account of those who embark'd with Bolingbroke, are here mentioned with great exactness, except

"Thomas Arundell, sonne and heire to the late earle of Arundell, beheaded at the Tower-hill." See Holinshed. And yet this nobleman, who appears to have been thus omitted by the poet, is the person to whom alone that circumstance relates of having *broke from the Duke of Exeter*, and to whom alone, of all mentioned in the list, the Archbishop was related, he being *uncle* to the lord, though Shakspeare by mistake calls him his *brother*. See Holinshed, p. 496.

From these circumstances here taken notice of, which are applicable only to this lord in particular, and from the improbability that Shakspeare would omit so principal a personage in his historian's list, I think it can scarce be doubted but that a line is lost in which the name of this Thomas Arundell had originally a place.

M. Ritson, with some probability, supposes Shakspeare could not have neglected so fair an opportunity of availing himself of a rough ready-made verse which offers itself in Holinshed:

(*The son and heir to the late Earl of Arundel,*) STEEVENS.

For the insertion of the line included within crotchets, I am answerable; it not being found in the old copies.

The passages in Holinshed relative to this matter run thus: "Aboute the same time the Earl of Arundell's sonne, named Thomas, *which was kept in the Duke of Exeter's house*, escaped out of the realme, by meanes of one William Scot," &c. "Duke Henry,—chiefly through the earnest persuasion of Thomas Arundell, late Archbishoppe of Canterburie, (who, as before *you have heard*, had been removed from his see, *and banished* out of the realme by King Richarde

means,) got him downe to Britaine :—and when all his provision was made ready, he tooke the sea, together with the said Archbishop of Canterburie, and his nephew Thomas Arundell, sonne and heyre to the late Earle of Arundell, beheaded on Tower-hill. There were also with him Reginalde Lord Cobham, Sir Thomas Erpingham" &c.

There cannot, therefore, I think, be the smallest doubt, that a line was omitted in the copy of 1597, by the negligence of the transcriber or compositor, in which not only Thomas Arundell, but his father, was mentioned; for *his* in a subsequent line (*His* brother) must refer to the *old* Earl of Arundel. MALONE.

P. 134, last l. *His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,*] Thomas Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, brother to the Earl of Arundel who was beheaded in this reign, had been banished by the parliament, and was afterwards deprived by the Pope of his see, at the request of the King; where he is here called, *late* of Canterbury. STEEVENS.

P. 135, l. 11. *Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,*] As this expression frequently occurs in our author it may not be amiss to explain the original meaning of it. When the wing-feathers of a hawk were dropped, or forced out by any accident, it was usual to supply as many as were deficient. This operation was called, *to imp a hawk.* Turbervile has a whole chapter on *The Way and Manner howe to* ympe *a Hawke's Feather, how soever it be broken* or broosed. STEEVENS.

P. 135, l. 13. — our scepter's gilt,] i. e. *gilding,* superficial display of gold. STEEVENS.

P. 136, l. 5–8. *Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,*
*Is coming towards me; and my inward soul*
*With nothing trembles; and something it grieves,*
*More than with parting from my lord the King.*] The following line requires that this should be read just the contray way:

*With* something *trembles, yet at* nothing *grieves.* WARBURTON.

All the old editions read:

— *my inward soul*
*With nothing trembles, at something it grieves.*

The reading, which Dr. Warburton corrects, is itself an innovation. His conjectures give indeed a better sense than that of any copy, but copies must not be needlessly forsaken.

JOHNSON.

I suppose it is the *unborn sorrow* which she calls *nothing*, because it is not yet brought into existence. STEEVENS.

Warburton does not appear to have understood this passage, nor Johnson either. Through the whole of this scene, till the arrival of Green, the Queen is describing to Bushy, a certain unaccountable despondency of mind, and a foreboding apprehension which she felt of some unforeseen calamity. She says, "that her inward soul trembles without any apparent cause, and grieves at something more than the King's departure, though she knows not what." He endeavours to persuade her that it is merely the consequence of her sorrow for the King's absence. She says it may be so, but her soul tells her otherwise.

He then tells her it is only conceit; but she is not satisfied with that way of accounting for it, as she says that conceit is still derived from some fore-father grief, but what she feels was begot by nothing; that is, had no preceding cause. *Conceit* is here used in the same sense that it is in *Hamlet*, when the King says that Ophelia's madness was occasioned by "*conceit* upon her father." M. MASON.

P. 136, l. 14-20. *Like pérspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon, Show nothing but confusion; ey'd awry, Distinguish form: so* &c.] This is a fine similitude, and the thing meant is this. Amongst *mathematical* recreations, there is one in *optics*, in which a figure it drawn, wherein all the rules of *perspective* are *inverted:* so that, if held in the same position with those pictures which are drawn according to the rules of *perspective*, it can present nothing but confusion: and to be seen in form, and under a regular appearance, it must be looked upon from a contrary station; or, as Shakspeare says, *ey'd awry*. WARBURTON.

Dr. Plot's *History of Staffordshire*, p. 391, explains this perspective, or odd kind of "pictures upon an indented board, if beheld directly, you only perceive a confused piece of work; but, if obliquely, you see the intended person's picture;" which, he was told, was made thus: "The board being indented, (or furrowed with a plough-plane,) the print or painting was cut into parallel pieces equal to the depth and number of the indentures on the board, and they were pasted on the flats that strike the eye holding it obliquely, so that the edges of the paralle

pieces of the print or painting exactly joining on the edges of the indentures, the work was done."

TOLLET.

The following short poem would almost persuade one that the words *rightly* and *awry* (perhaps originally written — *aright* and *wryly*) had exchanged places in the text of our author.

Lines prefixed to "*Melancholike Humours, in Verses of Diverse Natures, set down by Nich. Breton, Gent.* 1600."

In Authorem.

"Thou that wouldst finde the habit of true passion,
"And see a minde attir'd in perfect straines:
"Not wearing moodes, as gallant's doe a fashion
"In these pide times, only to shewe their braines;

"Looke here on Breton's worke, the master print,
"Where such perfections to the life doe rise:
"If they seeme *wry*, to such as looke asquint.
"The fault's not in the object, but their eyes.

"For, as one comming with a *laterall* viewe
"Unto a cunning piece-wrought *perspective*,
"Wants facultie to make censure true:
"So with this author's readers will it thrive:

"Which, being eyed *directly*, I divine,
"His proofe their praise will meete, as in this line." *Ben Jonson.* STEEVENS.

To, in *Hentzner*, 1598, Royal Palace, White-hall. "*Edwardi VI.* Angliae regis effigies, primo *intuitu monstrosum* quid repraesentans, sed si

quis — effigiem rectâ intueatur, tum vera deprahenditur." FARMER.

The *perspectives* here mentioned, were not pictures; but round chrystal glasses, the convex surface of which was cut into faces, like those of the rose-diamond; the concave left uniformly smooth. These chrystals — which were sometimes mounted on tortoise-shell-box-lids, and sometimes fixed into ivory cases — if placed as here represented, would exhibit the different appearances described by the poet.

The word *shadows* is here used, in oppsition to substance, for reflected images, and not as the dark forms of bodies, occasioned by their interception of the light that falls upon them. HENLEY.

P. 136, l. 28 *As, — though, in thinking, on no thought I think,*] Old copy — *on* thinking: but we should read — *As though* in *thinking;* that is, *though, musing, I have no distinct idea of calamity.* The involuntary and unaccountable depression of the mind, which every one has sometime felt, is here very forcibly described. JOHNSON.

P. 136, l. 30. *Conceit* is here, as in *K. Henry VIII.* and many other places, used for a *fanciful conception.* MALONE.

P. 136, the two last l. but one. *For nothing hath begot my something grief;*
*Or something hath the nothing that I grieve;*] With these lines I know not well what can be done. The Queen's reasoning as it now stands, is this: my *trouble* is not *conceit*, for *conceit is still* derived *from* some antecedent cause, *some* fore-father grief; but with me the case is, that *either* my real grief hath no real *cause, or some* real cause has produced a fancied

*grief.* That is, *my grief is not conceit, because it either has not a cause like conceit, or it has a cause like conceit.* This can hardly stand. Let us try again, and read thus:

*For nothing hath begot my something grief;*
Not *something hath the nothing that I grieve.*

That is, *my grief is not conceit; conceit is an imaginary uneasiness from some past occurrence.* But, on the contrary, here is *real grief without a real cause;* not *a real cause with a fanciful sorrow.* This, I think, must be the meaning; harsh at the best, yet better than contradiction or absurdity. JOHNSON.

P. 136, last l. and P. 137, first l. *'Tis in reversion that I do possess;*
*But what it is, is not yet known;*] I am about to propose an interpretation which many will think harsh, and which I do not offer for certain. To *possess a man,* in Shakspeare, is to *inform him fully, to make him comprehend.* To *be possessed,* is *to be fully informed.* Of this sense the examples are numerous.

I therefore imagine the Queen says thus:

*'Tis in reversion — that I do possess;* —
*The event is yet in futurity* — that I know with full conviction — *but what it is, that is not yet known.* In any other interpretation she must say that *she possesses* what is not yet come, which, though it may be allowed to be poetical and figurative language, is yet, I think, less natural than my explanation. JOHNSON.

As the grief the Queen felt, was for some event which had not yet come to pass, or at least yet come to her knowledge, she expresses this by *saying that the grief* which she then actually possessed, *was still in reversion,* as she had no right

to feel the grief until the event should happen which was to occasion it. M. MASON.

P. 137, l. 11. *might have retir'd his power,*] Might have *drawn it back.* A French sense. JOHNSON.

P. 138, l. 2. The author seems to have used *heir* in an improper sense, an *heir* being one that *inherits by succession,* is here put for one that *succeeds,* though he succeeds but in order of time, not in order of descent. JOHNSON.

Johnson has mistaken the meaning of this passage also. The Queen does not in any way allude to Bolingbroke's succession to the crown, an event, of which she could at that time have had no idea. She had said before, that "some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb, was coming towards her." She talks afterwards of her unknown griefs "being begotten;" she calls Green "the midwife of her woe;" and then means to say, in the same metaphorical jargon, that the arrival of Bolingbroke was the dismal offspring that her foreboding sorrow was big of; which she expresses by calling him her "sorrow's dismal heir," and explains more fully and intelligibly in the following line:

*Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy.* M. MASON.

P. 139, l. 6. The lordship of *Plashy,* was a town of the Duchess of Gloster's in Essex. See *Hall's Chronicle,* p. 13. THEOBALD.

P. 139, l. 18. — my *untruth* — that is, *disloyalty, treachery.* JOHNSON.

P. 139, l. 19. *The King had cut off my head with my brother's.*] None of York's brothers had his head cut off, either by the King or any one else. The Duke

of Gloster, to whose death he probably alludes, was secretly murdered at Calais, being smothered between two beds. RITSON.

P. 139, l. 22 *Come, sister, — cousin, I would say:*] This is one of Shakspeare's touches of nature. York is talking to the Queen his cousin, but the recent death of his sister is uppermost in his mind. STEEVENS.

P. 141, l. 27. And hope *to joy,* is little less in joy,] To *joy* is, I believe, here used as a verb. MALONE.

P. 144, l. 7. *My Lord of Hereford, my message is to you.*] I suspect that our author designed this for a speech rendered abrupt by the impatience of Bolingbroke's reply; and therefore wrote:

*My Lord of Hereford, my message is —*

The words *to you* only serve to destroy the metre. STEEVENS.

P. 144, l. 8. *My Lord, my answer is — to Lancaster;*] Your message, you say, is to my Lord of *Hereford.* My answer is, It is not to him; it is to the *Duke of Lancaster.* MALONE.

P. 144, l. 15. *To raze one title of your honour out:*] "How the names of them which for capital crimes against majestie were *erazed out* of the publicke records, tables, and registers, or forbidden to be borne by their posteritie, when their memorie was damned, I could show at large." *Camden's Remains,* p. 136, edit. 1605. MALONE.

P. 144, l. 19. — *absent time,*] i. e. time of *the King's absence.* JOHNSON.

P. 145, l. 4. *But then more why:*] This seems to be wrong. We might read:

*But more than* this; *why*, &c. TYRWHITT.

The expression of the text, though a singular one, was, I have no doubt the author's. It is of a colour with those immediately preceding: *Grace me* no grace, nor *uncle me* no uncle' MALONE.

P. 145, l. 7. 8. *Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,*

*And ostentation of despised arms?*] But sure the ostentation of despised arms would not *fright* any one. We should read:

— disposed *arms*, i. e. forces in battle array. WARBURTON.

This alteration is harsh. Sir T. Hanmer reads *despiteful*. Mr. Upton gives this passage as a proof that our author uses the passive participle in an active sense. The copies all agree. Perhaps the old Duke means to treat him with contempt as well as with severity, and to insinuate that he despises his power, as being able to master it. In this sense all is right. JOHNSON.

P. 145, l. 22. *On what condition* stands it,] It should be, *in what condition*, i. e. *in what degree of guilt*. The particles in the old editions are of little credit. JOHNSON.

P. 145. l. 32. with an *indifferent eye:* i. e. with an *impartial eye*. "Every juryman (says Edward Coke) ought to be impartial and *indifferent*." MALONE.

P. 146, l. 2-4. — *Wherefore was I born?* &c.] *To* what purpose serves birth and lineal succession? I am Duke of Lancaster by the same right *of birth* as the King is King of England. JOHNSON

P. 146, l. 8. By *his wrongs* are meant *the* persons who *wrong him.* M. MASON.

P. 146, l. 9. *I am denied to sue my livery here,*] A law phrase belonging to the feudal tenures. STEEVENS.

P. 146, l. 19. *It stands your Grace upon,*] i. e. it is your interest, it is matter of consequence to you. STEEVENS.

P. 147, l. 23 and fol.] Here is a scene so unartfully and irregularly thrust into an improper place, that I cannot but suspect it accidentally transposed; which, when the scenes were written on single pages, might easily happen in the wildness of Shakspeare's drama. This dialogue was, in the author's draught, probably the second scene in the ensuing act, and there I would advise the reader to insert it, though I have not ventured on so bold a change. My conjecture is not so presumptuous as may be thought. The play was not, in Shakspeare's time, broken into acts: the editions published before his death, exhibit only a sequence of scenes from the beginning to the end, without any hint of a pause of action. In a drama so desultory and erratic, left in such a state, transpositions might easily be made. JOHNSON.

P. 147, l. 25. SALISBURY,] John Montacute, Earl of Salisbury. WALPOLE.

P. 148, l. 7-13. *The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd* &c.] This enumeration of prodigies is in the highest degree poetical and striking. JOHNSON.

Some of these prodigies are found in Holinshed: *"In this* yeare in a manner throughout all *the realme of* England, old baie trees withered." &c. *This* was esteemed a bad omen. STEEVENS.

P. 149, l. 16 — — disfigur'd *clean.*] it is *quite, completely.* REED.

P. 149, l. 19. *Broke the possession of a royal bed,*] There is, I believe, no authority for this. Isabel, the Queen of the present play, was but nine years old. Richard's first Queen, Anne, died in 1392, and the King was extremely fond of her. MALONE.

P. 149, last l. To *dispark* is to throw down the hedges of an enclosure. STEEVENS.

P. 150, first l. *From my own windows torn my household coat,*] It was the practice when coloured glass was in use, of which there are still some remains in old seats and churches, to anneal the arms of the family in the windows of the house. JOHNSON.

P. 150, l. 2. The *impress* was a device or motto. STEEVENS.

P. 150, last l. but one. *To fight with Glendower and his complices;*] Though this intermediate line has taken possession of all the old copies, I have great suspicion of its being an interpolation; and have therefore ventured to throw it out. The first and third lines rhyme to each other; nor do I imagine this was casual, but intended by the poet. Were we to acknowledge the line genuine, it must argue the poet of forgetfulness and inattention to history. Bolingbroke is, as it were, but just arrived; he is now at Bristol, weak in his numbers; has had no meeting with a parliament; nor is so far assured of the succession, as to think of going to *suppress* insurrections before he is planted in the *throne.* Besides, we find the opposition of Glendower begins *The* First Part of K. Henry IV

and Mortimer's defeat by that hardy Welchman is the tidings of the first scene of that play. Again, though Glendower, in the very first year of K. Henry IV. began to be troublesome, put in for the supremacy of Wales, and imprisoned Mortimer; yet it was not till the succeeding year that the King employed any force against him.

THEOBALD.

This emendation, which I think is just, has been followed by Sir T. Hanmer, but is neglected by Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

It is evident from the preceding scene, that there was a force in Wales, which Bolingbroke might think it necessary to suppress; and why might not Shakspeare call it Glendower's? When we next see Bolingbroke, he is in Wales, and mentions his having received intelligence that the Welchmen are dispersed. REED.

Mr. Heath observes, that Bolingbroke marched to Chester, probably with a view to attack the Welsh army headed by Lord Salisbury. He thinks therefore the line is genuine. See sc. iii. Stowe expressly says that "Owen Glendower served King Richard at Flint-Castle." MALONE.

P. 151, first l. Here may be properly inserted the last scene of the second act. JOHNSON.

P. 151, l. 17–21. *As a long parted mother with her child*
*Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting;*
*So, weeping, smiling*, &c.] It has been proposed to read — smiles in *weeping;* and this change the repetition in the next line seems plainly to point out. STEEVENS.

*Perhaps smiles* is here used as a substantive. *As a mother* plays fondly with her child from

whom she has been a long time parted, crying, and at the same time smiling, at meeting him.

It has been proposed to read — smiles in *weeping*; and I once thought the emendation very plausible. But I am now persuaded the text is right. If we read *weeping*, the *long parted* mother and her child do not *meet*, and there is no particular cause assigned for either her smiles or her tears. MALONE.

From the actual smiles and tears of the long parted mother, &c. we may, I think, sufficiently infer that she had *met* with her child. STEEVENS.

P. 151, l. 30. *Guard it*, signifies here, as in many other places, *border* it. MALONE.

P. 152, l. 4–10. *Fear not, my Lord*; &c.] Of this speech, the four last lines were restored from the first edition by Mr. Pope. They were, I suppose, omitted by the players only to shorten the scene, for they are worthy of the author and suitable to the personage. JOHNSON.

P. 152, l. 18–19. *That, when the searching*
*eye of heaven is hid*
*Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,*]
The old copies read—*that* lights. The emendation was made by Dr. Johnson. Sense might be obtained by a slight transposition, without changing the words of the original text;

*That when the searching eye of heaven,*
*that lights*
*The lower world, is hid behind the globe;*—

By *the lower world*, as the passage is amended by Dr. Johnson, we must understand, *a world lower than this of ours*; I suppose, our *Antipodes*.

That this is the sense of the passage, is obvious from the King's application of the simile:

"So, when this thief, this traitor Bolingbroke, —
"Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
"Whilst we were wand'ring with the *antipodes*, —
Shall see us rising in our throne the east" &c.
HENLEY.

*The lower world* may signify *our world*. MALONE.

P. 152, l. 23. *He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,*] It is not easy to point out an image more striking and beautiful than this, in any poet, whether ancient or modern. STEEVENS.

P. 153, l. 2. 3. *The breath of worldly men cannot depose*
*The deputy elected by the Lord:*] Here is the doctrine of indefeasible right expressed in the strongest terms; but our poet did not learn it in the reign of K. James, to which it is now the practice of all writers, whose opinions are regulated by fashion or interest, to impute the original of every tenet which they have been taught to think false or foolish. JOHNSON.

Far be it from me to palliate the conduct of the wretched James; but the truth is that the inherent rights of the people had been ill understood, or rather were not acknowledged, by his predecessors. The doctrine of the divine right of Kings, and of the passive obedience of subjects, have never been carried further in any country than in this island, while the house of Tudor sate on the throne. Of this fact, the Homilies, composed during the reign of young Edward, and appointed in the Thirty-nine Articles *to be read in* churches, furnish striking and abundant *proof*. HOLT WHITE.

P. 154, l. 18. *K. Rich.* Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd;] It seems to be the design of the poet to raise Richard to esteem in his fall, and consequently to interest the reader in his favour. He gives him only passive fortitude, the virtue of a confessor, rather than of a King. In his prosperity we saw him imperious and oppressive; but in his distress he is wise, patient, and pious. JOHNSON.

P. 155, l. 13. *Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows*] Such is the reading of all the copies; yet I doubt whether *beadsmen* be right, for the *bow* seems to be mentioned here as the proper weapon of a *beadsman*. The King's *beadsmen* were his chaplains. Trevisa calls himself the *beadsman* of his patron. *Beadsman* might likewise be any man maintained by charity to pray for his benefactor. Hanmer reads —*the* very beadsmen, but *thy* is better. JOHNSON.

The reading of the text is right enough: "As boys strive to speak big, and clasp their effeminate joints in stiff unwieldy arms," &c. "so his very *beadsmen* learn to bend their bows against him." *Their* does not absolutely denote that the *bow* was their usual or proper weapon; but only taken up and appropriated by them on this occasion. PERCY.

P. 155, l. 13. 14. — — *bows*

*Of double-fatal yew* —] Called so, because the leaves of the yew are poison, and the wood is employed for instruments of death. WARBURTON.

From some of the ancient statutes it appears that every Englishman, while archery was practised, was obliged to keep in his house either

bow of *yew* or some other wood. It should seem therefore that *yews* were not only planted in church-yards to defend the churches from the wind, but on account of their use in making *bows*; while by the benefit of being secured in enclosed places, their poisonous quality was kept from doing mischief to cattle. STEEVENS.

P. 155, l. 20. 21. *Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?*
*What is become of Bushy? where is Green?*] Here are *four* of them named; and, within a very few lines, the King hearing they had made their peace with Bolingbroke, calls them *three* Judasses. But how was their peace made? Why, with the loss of their heads. This being explained, Aumerle says:

"Is Bushy, Green, and the Earl of Wiltshire dead?

So that Bagot ought to be left out of the question: and, indeed he had made the best of his way for Chester, and from thence had escaped into Ireland.

The poet could not be guilty of so much forgetfulness and absurdity. The transcribers must have blundered. It seems probable to me that he wrote, as I have conjecturally altered the text:

*Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is* he got?

i. e. into what corner of my dominions is he *slunk* and *absconded*. THEOBALD.

This emendation Dr. Warburton adopts. Hanmer leaves a blank after Wiltshire. I believe the author, rather than transcriber, made a *mistake*. *Where is he* got, does not sound in *my ear like an* expression of Shakspeare. JOHNSON.

I agree with Johnson in thinking that this was a misake of the author's, because we find a mistake of the same nature in the second act, where Bolingbroke says, that Bristol castle was held by Bushy and Bagot; yet it is certain that Bagot was not taken at Bristol, for we find him afterwards accusing Aumerle of treason; and in the parting scene between him, Green, and Bushy, he declares his intention of flying to the King in Ireland. M. MASON.

Perhaps Shakspeare intended to mark more strongly the perturbation of the King by making him inquire at first for Bagot, whose loyalty, on further recollection, might show him the impropriety of his question. MALONE.

P. 156, l. 26. *And that small model of the barren earth,*] He uses *model* for *mould*. That earth, which closing upon the body, takes its form. This interpretation the next line seems to authorize. JOHNSON.

Perhaps, all that *model*, in the present instance, means, is the sepulchral hillock of earth which ascertains the length and breadth of the body beneath it. In this sense it may be termed its *model*. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare generally uses *model*, not for an *exemplar*, but for a thing made after a pattern. MALONE.

P. 156, l. 27. *Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.*] A metaphor, not of the most sublime kind, taken from a *pie*. JOHNSON.

P. 156, last l. and fol. P. — *there the antick sits*, etc.] Here is an allusion to the *antick* or *fool* of old farces, whose chief

part is to deride and disturb the graver and more splendid personages. JOHNSON.

If there be any such allusion intended, it is to the *old Vice*, who, indeed, appears to have been such a character as Dr. Johnson describes. The *Fool* was rather introduced to be laughed at. RITSON.

P. 157, l. 12. *Tradition*, seems here used for *traditional practices:* that is, *established* or *customary homage.* JOHNSON.

P. 157, l. 24. *And fight and die, is death destroying death;*] That is, do *die fighting*, is to return the evil that we suffer, to destroy the destroyers. I once read *death* defying *death;* but *destroying* is as well. JOHNSON.

P. 158. l. 17. 18. — *I'll hate him everlastingly,*
*That bids me be of comfort any more.*] This sentiment is drawn from nature. Nothing is more offensive to a mind convinced that its distress is without a remedy, and preparing to submit quietly to irresistible calamity, than these petty and conjectured comforts which unskilful officiousness thinks it virtue to administer. JOHNSON.

P. 158, l. 22. To *ear* the land — i. e. *plough* it. STEEVENS.

P. 159, first l. In our former edition I had called this scene *the same* with the preceding. That was at Barkloughly castle, on the coast where Richard landed; but Bolingbroke never marched further in Wales than to Flint. The interview *between* him and Richard was at the *castle of Flint*, where this scene should be said to *lie, or rather in* the camp of Bolingbroke before

that castle. — "Go to Flint castle." See above. STEEVENS.

P. 159. l. 23. To *take* the *head* is, to act without restraint; to take undue liberties. We now say, *we give* the horse *his head*, when we relax the reins. JOHNSON.

P. 161, l. 17. *Bishop of* Carlisle,] Thomas Merkes. WALPOLE.

P. 161, l. 19. and fol. *York.* See, see, &c. &c.] The following six lines are absurdly given to Bolingbroke, who is made to condemn his own conduct and disculp the King's. It is plain these six and the four following all belong to York. WARBURTON.

It should be observed that the four last of these lines are in all the copies given to York. STEEVENS.

P. 162, l. 19. 20. — — *He is come to ope*
*The purple testament of bleeding war*;] I once thought that Shakspeare might have had the sacred book (which is frequently covered with purple leather) in his thoughts; but the following note renders such a supposition extremely doubtful. MALONE.

I believe our author uses the word *testament* in its legal sense. Bolingbroke is come to open the testament of war, that he may peruse what is decreed there in his favour. *Purple* is an epithet referring to the future effusion of blood. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens is certainly right in his interpretation of this passage. MALONE.

P. 162, l. 23. By the flower *of England's face* is meant the choicest youths of England, who shall be slaughtered in this quarrel, or have bloody *crowns. The flower* of England's face, to desig

her choicest youth, is a fine and noble expression. Pericles, by a similar thought, said "that the destruction of the Athenian youth was a fatality like cutting off the spring from the year."

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton reads — *light in peace*, but *live in peace* is more suitable to Richard's intention, which is to tell him, that though he should get the crown by rebellion, it will be long before it will live in peace, be so settled as to be firm. *The flower of England's face*, is very happily explained. JOHNSON.

*The flower of England's face*, I believe, means *England's flowery face*, the *flowery surface of England's soil*. STEEVENS.

P. 162, last l. *And by the* buried *hand of* warlike *Gaunt;*] Dr. Warburton would read —

*And by the* warlike *hand of* buried *Gaunt;*

and this, no doubt, was Shakspeare's meaning, though he has affectedly misplaced the epithet.

RITSON.

P. 163, l. 7. — he will *commend* to rust,] i. e. commit. See Minsheu's dict. in v. MALONE.

P. 163, l. 32. *Sooth* is *sweet* as well as *true*. In this place *sooth* means *sweetness* or softness, a signification yet retained in the verb *to sooth*.

JOHNSON.

P. 164, l. 13. *My gay apparel,*] Dr. Grey observes, "that King Richard's expence in regard to dress, was very extraordinary." Holinshed has the same remark; and adds, that he had "one cote which he caused to be made for him of gold and stone, valued at 30,000 marks. STEEVENS.

*Stowe*, in his *Survey*, says, "to the value of *three thousand* marks." So also, in *Vita*

*Richardi Secundi*, published by T. Hearne, p. 156. MALONE.

P. 164, l. 20. *Some way of common trade*,] The phrase is still used by common people. When they speak of a road much frequented, they say, "it is a road of much *traffic*." STEEVENS.

P. 164, l. 20. 21. —— — *where subjects' feet*
*May hourly trample on their sovereign's head*:] Shakspeare is very apt to deviate from the pathetic to the ridiculous. Had the speech of Richard ended at this line, it had exhibited the natural language of submissive misery, conforming its intention to the present fortune, and calmly ending its purposes in death. JOHNSON.

P. 165. l. 4. 5. Give Richard leave to live till Richard *die?*
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says — *ay*.] Here is another instance of injury done to the poet's metre by changing his orthography. *I*, which was Shakspeare's word, rhymed very well with *die;* but *ay* has quite a different sound. TYRWHITT.

In some counties *ay* is at this day pronounced with a sound very little differing from that of *I*. MALONE.

P. 165, l, 6. — base court —] *Basse court*, Fr. So, in Hinde's *Eliosto Libidinoso*, 1606: "— they were, for a public observation, brought into the *base court* of the palace." STEEVENS.

P. 166, l. 21–23. *Set on towards London:* — &c.] "The Duke with a high sharpe voyce bade bring forth the Kings horses, and then two little nagges, not worth forty franks, were brought forth; the King was

set on the one, and the Earle of Salisburie on the other: and thus the Duke brought the King from Flint to Chester, where he was delivered to the Duke of Glocesters sonne and to the Earle of Arundels sonne, (that loved him but little, for he had put their fathers to death,) who led him straight to the castle." Stowe, (p. 521, edit. 1605,) from a manuscript account written by a person who was present. MALONE.

P. 167, last lines. *My wretchedness unto a row of pins,*
*They'll talk of state; for every one doth so*
*Against a change: Woe is forerun with woe.*] The poet, according to the common doctrine of prognostication, supposes dejection to forerun calamity, and a kingdom to be filled with rumours of sorrow when any great disaster is impending. The sense is, that publick evils are always presignified by publick pensiveness, and plaintive conversation. JOHNSON.

P. 168, l. 16. *Showing, as in a model, our firm estate ?*] How could he *say ours* when he immediately subjoins, that it was infirm? we should read:

— a *firm state.* WARBURTON.

The servant says *our*, meaning the state of the garden in which they are at work. The state of the metaphorical garden was indeed *unfirm*, and therefore his reasoning is very naturally induced. Why (says he) should we be careful to preserve order in the narrow cincture of this *our state*, when the *great state of the kingdom* is in disorder? I have replaced the old reading which Dr. Warburton *would have* discontinued in favour of his own *conjecture.* STEEVENS.

P. 168, l. 20. *Knots* are figures planted in box, the lines of which frequently intersect each other. STEVENS.

P. 169, l. 17. 18. — *I am press'd to death, Through want of speaking!*] The poet alludes to the ancient legal punishment called *peine, forte et dure*, which was inflicted on those persons, who, being arraigned, refused to plead, remaining obstinately silent. They were *pressed to death* by a heavy weight laid upon their stomach. MALONE.

P. 169, l. 21. — *to dress* this garden,] This was the technical language of Shakspeare's time. So, in Holy Writ: "— and put him into the *garden* of Eden, *to dress* it, and to keep it." *Gen.* ii. 15. MALONE.

P. 170, l. 16. *I would, the plants thou graft'st, may never grow.*] This execration of the Queen is somewhat ludicrous, and unsuitable to her condition; the gardener's reflection is better adapted to the state both of his mind and his fortune. Mr. Pope, who has been throughout this play very diligent to reject what he did not like, has yet, I know not why, spared the last lines of this act. JOHNSON.

P. 171, l. 2. Westminster *Hall.*] The rebuilding of Westminster Hall, which Richard had begun in 1397, being finished in 1399, the first meeting of parliament in the new edifice was for the purpose of deposing him. MALONE.

P. 171, l. 6. SURREY,] Thomas Holland Earl of Kent. He was brother to John Holland Duke of Exeter, and was created Duke of Surrey in the 21st year of King Richard the Second, 1397. The Dukes of Surrey and Exeter were half brothers to the King, being sons of his mother Joa (daughte

(daughter of Edmond Earle of Kent) who after the death of her second husband, Lord Thomas Holland, married Edward the Black Prince. MALONE.

P. 171, l. 7. FITZWATER,] The christian name of this nobleman was Walter. WALPOLE.

P. 171, l. 15. *Timeless* for *untimely*. WARBURTON.

P. 172 l. 6. Shall I so much dishonour my fair *stars*,] I rather think it should be *stem*, being of the royal blood. WARBURTON.

I think the present reading unexceptionable. The *birth* is supposed to be influenced by the *stars*, therefore our author, with his usual license takes *stars* for *birth*. JOHNSON.

We learn from Pliny's *Natural History*, that the vulgar error assigned the bright and fair stars to the rich and great: "*Sidera singulis attributa nobis, et clara divitibus, minora pauperibus*," &c. Lib. I. cap. viii. ANONYMOUS.

P. 172. l. 19. 20. *If that thy valour stand on sympathies,*
*There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:*] Here is a translated sense much harsher than that of stars explained in the foregoing note. Aumerle has challenged Bagot with some hesitation, as not being his equal, and therefore one whom, according to the rules of chivalry, he was not obliged to fight, as a nobler life was not to be staked in a duel against a baser. Fitzwater then throws down his *gage*, a pledge of battle; and tells him that if he stands upon *sympathies*, that is, upon equality *of blood*, the combat is now offered him by a man of rank not inferior to his own. Sympathy is an affection incident at once to two subjects.

This community of affection implies a likeness or equality of nature, and thence our poet transferred the term to equality of blood. JOHNSON.

P. 172, l. 25. 26. And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my *rapier's point.*]
Shakspeare deserts the manners of the age in which his drama was placed, very often without necessity or advantage. The edge of a sword had served his purpose as well as the *point of a rapier*, and he had then escaped the impropriety of giving the English nobles a weapon which was not seen in England till two centuries afterwards. JOHNSON.

Mr. Ritson censures this note in the following terms: "It would be well however, though not quite so easy for some learned critic to bring some proof in support of this and such like assertions. Without which the authority of Shakspeare is at least equal to that of Dr. Johnson." It is probable that Dr. Johnson did not see the necessity of citing any authority for a fact so well known, or suspect that any person would demand one. If an authority however only is wanted, perhaps, the following may be deemed sufficient to justify the Doctor's observation: "— at that time two other Englishmen, Sir W. Stanley, and Rowland Yorke, got an ignominious name of traytors. This Yorke, borne in London, was a man most negligent and lazy, but desperately hardy; he was in his time most famous among those who respected fencing, having been *the first* that brought into England *that wicked and pernicious fashion* to fight in the fields in duels *with a rapier called a tucke*, onely for the *thrust: the English having* till that very time

*used to fight with backe swords, slashing and cutting one the other, armed with targets or bucklers, with very broad weapons, accounting it not to be a manly action to fight by thrusting and stabbing, and chiefly under the waste.*" Darcie's *Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, 4to. 1625. p. 225, sub anno, 1587. REED.

P. 173, l. 6. *I take the earth to the like,*] This speech I have restored from the first edition in humble imitation of former editors, though, I believe, against the mind of the author. For *the earth* I suppose we should read, *they oath.* JOHNSON.

To *take the earth* is, at present, a fox-hunter's phrase. But I know not how it can be applied here. It should seem, however, from the following passage in Warner's *Albion's England* 1602. B. III. c. xvi. that the expression is yet capable of another meaning:

"Lo here my gage, (he *terr'd* his glove)
thou know'st the victor's meed."

To *terre* the glove was, I suppose, to dash it on the *earth.*

Let me add, however, in support of Dr. Johnson's conjecture, that the word *oath*, in *Troilus and Cressida*, quarto 1609, is corrupted in the same manner. Instead of the "— untraded *oath*," it gives "—untraded *earth*." We might read, only changing the place of one letter, and altering another:

*I task* thy heart *to the like,* — —

i. e. I put thy valour to the same trial. STEEVENS.

*P. 173*, l. 10. *From sun to sun:*] i. e. as *I think*, from sun-rise to sun-set. MALONE.

P. 173, last l. but one. *I dare meet Surry in a wilderness,*] I dare meet him where no help can be had by me against him. So, in *Macbeth:*

"—or be alive again,
"And dare me to the desert with thy sword."

JOHNSON.

P. 174, l. 3. — *in this new world,*] In this world where I have just begun to be an actor. Surry has, a few lines above, called him *boy.*

JOHNSON.

P. 174. l. 10. — *here do I throw down this,*] Holinshed says, that on this occasion "he threw down *a hood* that he had borrowed." STEEVENS.

He had before thrown down his own hood, when accused by Bagot. MALONE.

P. 175, l. 13. *Yet best* beseeming *me to speak the truth.*] It might be read more grammatically:

*Yet best* beseems it *me to speak the truth.*

But I do not think it is printed otherwise than as Shakspeare wrote it. JOHNSON.

P. 175, l. 16. *nobless* — i. e. nobleness; a word now obsolete, but used both by Spenser and Ben Jonson. STEEVENS.

P. 175, l. 22–26. And shall *the figure of God's majesty,* &c.) Here is another proof that our author did not learn in King James's court his elevated notions of the right of Kings. I know not any flatterer of the Stuarts, who has expressed this doctrine in much stronger terms. It must be observed that the poet *intends,* from the beginning to the end, to exhibit this Bishop as brave, pious, and venerable.

JOHNSON.

*Shakspeare* has represented the character of *the Bishop* as he found it in Holinshed, where

this famous speech, (which contains in the most express terms, the doctrine of passive obedience,) is preserved. The politicks of the historian were the politicks of the poet. STEEVENS.

The chief argument urged by the Bishop in Holinshed, is, that it was unjust to proceed against the King "without calling him openly to his aunswer and defence." He says, that "none of them were worthie or meete to give judgement to so noble a Prince,,, but does not expressly assert that he could not be lawfully deposed. Our author, however, undoubtedly had Holinshed before him. MALONE.

It does not appear from any better authority than Holinshed that Bishop Merkes made this famous speech, or any speech at all upon this occasion, or even that he was present at the time. His sentiments, however, whether right or wrong, would have been regarded neither as novel nor unconstitutional. And it is observable that usurpers are as ready to avail themselves of the doctrine of *divine right*, as lawful sovereigns; to dwell upon the *sacredness* of their *persons* and the *sanctity* of their *character*. RITSON.

P. 176, l. 16. After this line, whatever follows, almost to the end of the act, containing the whole process of dethroning and debasing King Richard, was added after the first edition, of 1598, and before the second of 1615. Part of the addition is proper, and part might have been forborn without much loss. The author, I suppose, intended to make a very moving scene. JOHNSON.

The addition was first made in the quarto 1608. STEEVENS.

*The* first edition was in 1597, not in 1598. *When* it is said that this scene was added, the

reader must understand that it was added by the *printer*, or that a more perfect copy fell into the hands of the later editor than was published by a former. There is no proof that the whole scene was not written by Shakspeare at the same time with the rest of the play, though for political reasons it might not have been exhibited or printed during the life of Queen Elizabeth. MALONE.

P. 176, l. 23. I will be his *conduct.*] i. e. conductor. STEEVENS.

P. 177, l. 3. The *favour* of these men:] The *countenances;* the *features.* JOHNSON.

P. 177, l. 21–26. *Now is this golden crown like a deep well,* etc.] This is a somparison not easily accommodated to the subject, nor very naturally introduced. The best part is this line, in which he makes the usurper the *empty* bucket. JOHNSON.

P. 178, l. 1. 2. *My care is — loss of care, by old care done;*
*Your care is — gain of care, by new care won:*] Shakspeare often obscures his meaning by playing with sounds. Richard seems to say here, that *his cares are not made less by the increase of Bolingbroke's cares;* for this reason, that *his care is the loss of care,*— his grief it, that his regal cares are at an end, *by the cessation of the care to which he had been accustomed.* JOHNSON.

P. 178, l. 13. With mine own tears I 'wash away my *balm,*] The oil of consecration. He has mentioned it before. JOHNSON.

P. 179, l. 4. *If thou would'st,*] That is, if *thou* wouldst read over a list of they own deeds. JOHNSON.

P. 179, l. 22. But they can see a *sort*—] a *pack*, a *company*. WARBURTON.

P. 179, l. 30. — *haught*,] i. e. *haughty*. STEEVENS.

P. 179, l. 33. *No, not that name was given me at the font*,] How that name which was given him at the font could be usurped, I do not understand. Perhaps Shakspeare meant to shew that imagination, dwelling long on its own misfortunes, represents them as greater than they really are. ANONYMOUS.

P. 180, l. 23. 24. — *the very book — Where all my sins are writ*,] This phrase is from the 139th *Psalm*, v. 15: — and in thy *book were all my* members *written*." STEEVENS.

P. 180, l. 32. 33. *That every day under his household roof*
*Did keep ten thousand men?*] Shakspeare is here not quite accurate. Our old chronicles only say "that to his household came every day, to *meate*, ten thousand men." MALONE.

P. 182, l. 5. — *Conveyers* are you all,] To *convey* is a term often used in an ill sense, and so Richard understands it here. Pistol says of *stealing*, convey *the wise it call*, and to *convey* is the word for sleight of hand, which seems to be alluded to here. *Ye are all*, says the deposed Prince, *jugglers*, who rise with this nimble dexterity *by the fall of a good King*. JOHNSON.

P. 182, l. 15-17. *The woe's to come; the children yet unborn*
*Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.*] This pathetic denunciation shows that Shakspeare intended to

impres his auditors with dislike of the deposal of Richard. JOHNSON.

P. 182, l. 22, To *bury* mine intents,] *To conceal*, to *keep secret*. JOHNSON.

P. 182, last l. In the first edition there is no personal appearance of King Richard, so that all to the line at which he leaves the stage was inserted afterwards. JOHNSON.

P. 183, l. 6. — *Julius Caesar's ill-erected tower*,] The Tower of London is traditionally said to have been the work of Julius Caesar. JOHNSON.

By—*ill-erected*, I suppose, is meant — erected for bad purposes. STEEVENS.

P. 183, l. 16. 17. *Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand*
*Thou map of honour:*—] The Queen uses comparative terms absolutely. Instead of saying, *Thou who appearest* as the ground on which the magnificence of Troy was once erected, she says—
*Ah, thou the model*, &c.
*Thou map of honour;*—
Thou *picture* of greatness. JOHNSON.

*Model*, it has already been observed, is used by our author, for a thing made after a pattern. He is, I believe, singular in this use of the word. Thou ruined majesty, says the Queen, that *resemblest* the desolated waste where Troy once stood. MALONE.

P. 183, l. 18. *Inn* does not here signify a house of publick entertainment; but a dignified habitation. Lord Howard's magnificent seat in Essex is still called Audley-*Inn*. STEEVENS.

I cannot agree with Steevens. *Inn* means a *house* of entertainment, and is opposed to ale-*house* in the following line. M. MASON.

P. 183, l. 22–27. *Joint not with grief*, &c.] Do not thou unite with grief against me; do not, by thy additional sorrows, enable grief to strike me down at once. My own part of sorrow I can bear, but thy affliction will immediately destroy me. JOHNSON.

P. 183, last l. and P. 184, first l. — *I am sworn brother, sweet,*
*To grim necessity;*] I have reconciled myself to necessity, I am in a state of amity with the constraint which I have sustained. JOHNSON.

The expression — *sworn brother*, alludes to *fratres jurati*, who, in the ages of adventure, bound themselves by mutual oaths, to share fortunes together. STEEVENS.

P. 184, l. 18–20. — — *if aught but beasts,*
*I had been still a happy King of men.*] 'Tis marvellous, that Mr. Upton did not quote this passage as an evidence of our author's learning, and observe, that a more faithful translation of Homer's ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν could not have been made. STEEVENS.

P. 184, l. 28. — *to quit their grief*,] to retaliate their mournful stories. JOHNSON.

P. 184, l. 31 and fol. *For why, the senseless brands* &c.] The poet should have ended this speech with the foregoing line, and have spared his childish prattle about the fire. JOHNSON.

This is certainly childish prattle, as Johnson calls it; but it is of the same stamp with the other speeches of Richard, after the landing of Bolingbroke, which are a strange medley of sense and puerility. M. MASON.

*P. 185*, l. 32. — for *with a kiss 'twas made*,] *A kiss* appears to have been an established cir-

cumstance in our ancient nuptial ceremony. STEEVENS.

P. 186, l. 3. *Hallowmas;*] *All-ballows*, or *all-hallowtide;* the first of November. STEEVENS.

P. 186, l. 15. *Better far off, than — near, be ne'er the near'.*] To be *never the nigher*, or, as it is commonly spoken in the midland counties, *ne'er the ne'er*, is, to make no advance towards the good desired. JOHNSON.

The meaning is, it is better to be at a great distance, than being near each other, to find that we yet are not likely to be peaceably and happily united. MALONE.

P. 187, l. 25. *With painted imag'ry,*] Our author probably was thinking of the painted clothes that were hung in the streets, in the pageants that were exhibited in his own time; in which the figures sometimes had labels issuing from their mouths, containing sentences of gratulation. MALONE.

P. 188, l. 2. *Are idly bent,*] That is, *carelessly* turned, thrown without attention. This the poet learned by his attendance and practice on the stage. JOHNSON.

P. 188, l. 24. *Aumerle that was;*] The Dukes of *Aumerle*, Surrey, and Exeter, were by an act of Henry's first parliament deprived of their dukedoms, but were allowed to retain their earldoms of *Rutland*, Kent, and Huntingdon. *Holinshed*, p. 513, 514. STEEVENS.

P. 189, first l. — *bear you well* —] that is, conduct yourself with prudence. JOHNSON.

P. 189, l. 5. Triumphs are Showes, such as *Masks, Revels*, &c. STEEVENS.

P. 189, l. 9. *What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom?*] The seals of deeds were formerly impressed on slips or labels of parchment, appendant to them. MALONE.

P. 189, l. 11. *Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.*] Such harsh and defective lines as this, are probably corrupt, and might be easily supplied, but that it would be dangerous to let conjecture loose on such slight occasions. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakspeare wrote-*Boy*, let me see the writing. York uses these words a little lower. MALONE.

P. 190. l. 18. — thou art *amaz'd.*] i. e. perplexed, confounded. STEEVENS.

P. 190, l. 31-33. *A dozen of them* &c.] That the Dukes of Exeter and Surry, and the Earl of Salisbury entered into a conspiracy for this purpose is unquestionable; but Hall's narrative, copied by Holinshed and Sir John Hayward, is by no means to be depended upon. Aumerle, in particular, is not charged by any contemporary writer, unless it be the writer of a romance, as having the least concern in it. See a "Requiem to the Conspirators," in *A Collection of Ancient Songs*, lately published, where may be found an authentic account of the plot from writers of authority. RITSON.

P. 192, first l. *Enquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there.*] This is a very proper introduction to the future character of Henry the Fifth, to his debaucheries in his youth, and his greatness in his manhood. JOHNSON.

*Shakspeare* seldom attended to chronology.

The Prince was at this time but twelve years old, for he was born in 1388, and the conspiracy on which the present scene is formed, was discovered in the beginning of the year 1400. — He scarcely frequented taverns or stews at so early an age. MALONE.

P. 194, l. 11. *Sheer* is pellucid, transparent. STEEVENS.

P. 194, l. 34. *The King and the Beggar* seems to have been an interlude well known in the time of our author, who has alluded to it more than once. I cannot now find that any copy of it is left. JOHNSON.

*The King and Beggar* was perhaps once an interlude; it was certainly a song. The reader will find it in the first volume of Dr. Percy's collection. It is there entitled, *King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid.* STEEVENS.

P. 196, l. 17. — *pardonnez moy.*] That is *excuse me*, a phrase used when any thing is civilly denied, The whole passage is such as I could well wish away. JOHNSON.

P. 196, l. 24. *The chopping French* —] *Chopping*, I suppose, here means *jabbering*, talking flippantly a language unintelligible to Englishmen; or perhaps it may mean, — the French, who *clip* and *mutilate* their words. I do not remember to have met the word, in this sense, in any other place. In the universities they talk of *chopping* logick. MALONE.

P. 197, l. 4. — our trusty *brother-in-law*,] The brother-in-law meant, was John Duke of *Exeter* and Earl of Huntingdon (own brother to *King* Richard II.) and who had married with *the* lady Elizabeth, sister of Henry Bolingbroke. THEOBALD.

P. 197 l. 5. — the *Abbot,*] i. e. the Abbot of Westminster. THEOBALD.

P. 198, l. 16. — this little world;] i. e. his own frame; — "the state of man;" which in our author's *Julius Caesar* is said to be "like to a little kingdom." MALONE.

P 198, l. 21. By the *word*, I suppose, is meant the *holy word*. STEEVENS.

P. 199, l. 7. Thus play I, *in one person,*] Alluding, perhaps, to the necessities of our early theatres. The title-pages of some of our *Moralities* show, that three or four characters were frequently represented by *one person*. STEEVENS.

P. 199, l. 29–31. *My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they jar*
*Their watches on to mine eyes, the outward watch,*] I think this passage must be corrupt, but I know not well how to make it better. The first quarto reads:

*My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs they jar,*
*Their watches on unto mine eyes the outward watch.*

The quarto 1615:

*My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar,*
There *watches on unto mine eyes the outward watch.*

The first folio agrees with the second quarto.

Perhaps out of these two readings the right may be made. *Watch* seems be used in a double sense, for a quantity of time, and for the *instrument* that measures time. I read, but *with no* great confidence, thus:

*My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar*
*Their watches on; mine eyes the outward watch,*
*Whereto*, &c. JOHNSON.

I am unable to throw any certain light on this passage. A few hints, however, which may tend to its illustration, are left for the service of future commentators.

The *outward watch*, as I am informed, was the moveable figure of a man habited like a watchman, with a pole and lantern in his hand. The figure had the word — *watch* written on its forehead; and was placed above the dial-plate. This information was derived from an artist *after the operation of a second cup*; therefore neither Mr. Tollet, who communicated it, or myself, can vouch for its authenticity, or with any degree of confidence apply it to the passage before us. Such a figure, however, appears to have been alluded to in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*: "—he looks like one of these *motions* in a great antique clock," &c. A *motion* anciently signified a *puppet*.

To *jar* is, I believe, to make that noise which is called *ticking*. STEEVENS.

There appears to be no reason for supposing with Dr. Johnson, that this passage is corrupt. It should be recollected, that there are three ways in which a clock notices the progress of time; viz. by the libration of the pendulum, the index on the dial, and the striking of the hour. *To these*, the King, in his comparison, severally *alludes*; his sighs corresponding to the jarring *of the* pendulum, which, at the same time that *it* watches or numbers the seconds, marks also their

progress in minutes on the dial or outward watch, to which the King compares his eyes; and their want of figures is supplied by a succession of tears, or (to use an expression of Milton) *minute drops:* his finger, by as regularly wiping these away, performs the office of the dial's point: — his clamorous groans are the sounds that tell the hour. HENLEY.

P. 199, last lines. *Now, Sir, the* sound, *that*
tells *what hour it is,*
Are *clamorous groans.*,] Should we not read thus:
*Now, Sir; the* sounds *that* tell *what hour it is,*
Are *clamorous groans.*" &c. RITSON.

P. 200, l. 4. ——*his Jack o'the clock,*] That is, I strike, for him. MALONE.

P. 200, l. 6. — *though it have holpe madmen*
*to their wits,*] In what degree musick was supposed to be useful in curing madness, the reader may receive information from *Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part. II. Sect. ii. REED.

The allusion is perhaps, to the persons bit by the tarantula, who are said to be cured by musick. MALONE.

P. 200, l. 9. 10. ———— and love to Richard
*Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.*] i. e, is as strange and uncommon as a *brooch* which is now no longer worn. MALONE.

I believe the meaning is, this world in which I am universally hated. JOHNSON.

P. 200, l. 16. *that sad dog*] It should be remembered that the word *sad* was in the time of our author used for *grave*. The expression will *then be the* same as if he had said, that grave, *that gloomy villain.* STEEVENS.

P. 200, l. 22. *Sometimes* was used for *formerly*, as well as *sometime*, which the modern editors have substituted. MALONE.

P. 201. l 11. *Jaunce* and *jaunt* were synonymous words. STEEVENS.

P. 202, l. 13. — *here to die.*] Shakspeare in this scene has followed Holinshed, who took his account of Richard's death from Hall, as Hall did from Fabian, in whose Chronicle, I believe, this story of Sir Piers of Exton first appeared. Froisart, who had been in England in 1396, and who appears to have finished his Chronicle soon after the death of the King, says, "how he died, and by what meanes, I could not tell whanne I wrote this Chronicle." Had he been murdered by eight armed men, (for such is Fabian's story,) "four of whom he slew with his own hand," and from whom he must have received many wounds, surely such an event must have reached the ears of Froisart, who had a great regard for the King, having received form him at his departure from England "a goblet of silver and gilt, waying two marke of silver, and within it a C. nobles; by the whych (he adds) I am as yet the better, and shal be as longe as I live; wherefore I am bounde to praye to God for his soule, and wyth muche sorrowe I wryte of his deathe."

Nor is this story of his murder consistent with the account (which is not controverted) of his body being brought to London and exposed in Cheapside for two hours, ("his heade on a blacke quishen, and his *vysage open*,") where it was viewed, says Froisart, by twenty thousand persons. The account given by Stowe, who seems to have had *before* him a Manuscript History of the latter part of Richard's life, written by a person who

was with him in Wales, appears much more probable. He says, "he was imprisoned in Pomfrait Castle, where xv dayes and nightes they vexed him with continuall hunger, thirst, and cold, and finally bereft him of his life, with such a kind of death as never before that time was knowen in England, saith Sir John Fortiscute," probably in his *Declaration touching the title of the House of Yorke*, a work yet, I believe, somewhere existing in Ms. Sir John Fortescue was called to the bar a few years after the death of Richard: living therefore so near the time, his testimony is of the highest weight. And with him Harding, who is supposed to have been at the battle of Shrewsbury in 1403, concurs, "Men sayd *for-hungered* he was." Chron. 1543, fol. 199, So also Walsingham, who wrote in the time of Henry V. and Polydore Vergil.

The Percies in the Manifesto which they published against King Henry IV. in the third yeare of his reign, the day before the battle of Shrewsbury, expressly charge him with having "carried his sovereign lord traiterously within the castell of Pomfret, without the consent or the judgement of the lordes of the realm, by the space of fiftene daies and so many nightes, (which is horrible among Christian people to be heard,) *with hunger, thirst and cold to perishe.*" Had the story of Sir Pierce of Exton been true, it undoubtedly must have reached them. Their not mentioning it is decisive.

If, however, we are to give credit to Sir John Hayward, this controverted point will not admit *of dispute*; for in *The* First part of the Life *and Reign of King Henry IV.* 4to. 1599. after relating the story of King Richard's assas-

sination, he very gravely tells us, that "after being felled to the ground, he with a faint and feeble voice *groaned forth* these words: "My great grandfather Edward II." &c. Mr. Hume in his entertaining, but often superficial, History of England, has not been weak enough to insert this fictitious dying speech. He might, however, have inserted it with as much propriety as an abridgement of the oration of the Bishop of Carlisle, on the deposition of the King being propounded in parliament, which Hayward feigned in imitation of Livy, grounding himself on a few sentences preserved in our old Chronicles, which he has expanded into *thirteen quarto pages*. The writers of the *Parliamentary History* have in this matter been as careless as Mr. Hume. MALONE.

The representation here given of the King's death is perfectly agreeable to Hall and Holinshed. But the fact was otherwise. He refused food for several days, and died of abstinence and a broken heart. See Walsingham, Otterbourne, the Monk of Evesham, the continuator of the History of Croyland, and the anonymous Godstow Chronicle. RITSON.

P. 203, l. 6. The heads of *Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt*, and *Kent*:] So the folio. The quarto reads — of *Oxford, Salisbury, Blunt*, and *Kent*. It appears from the histories of this reign that the reading of the folio is right. MALONE.

P. 203, l. 24–29. *The grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminster*, &c.] *This* Abbot of Westminster was William de Colchester. The relation here given of his death, after Holinshed's Chronicle, is untrue, as he survived the King many years; and though called

"the grand conspirator," it is very doubtful whether he had any concern in the conspiracy; at least nothing was proved against him. RITSON.

P. 203, last l. but one. *Carlisle,* this is your . . doom: &c.] This Prelate was committed to the Tower, but on the intercession of his friends, obtained leave to change his prison for Westminster-Abbey. In order to deprive him of his see, the Pope, at the King's instance, translated him to a bishoprick *in partibus infidelium;* and the only preferment he could ever after obtain, was a rectory in Gloucestershire. He died in 1409. RITSON.

---

This play is extracted from the *Chronicle of Holinshed,* in which many passages may be found which Shakspeare has, with very little alteration, transplanted into his scenes: particularly a speech of the Bishop of Carlisle, in defence of King Richard's unalienable right, and immunity from human jurisdiction.

Jonson who, in his *Catiline* and *Sejanus,* has inserted many speeches from the Roman historians, was perhaps induced to that practice by the example of Shakspeare, who had condescended sometimes to copy more ignoble writers. But Shakspeare had more of his own than Jonson; and, if he sometimes was willing to spare his labour, showed by what he performed at other times, that his extracts were made by choice or idleness rather than necessity.

This play is one of those which Shakspeare *has apparently* revised; but as success in works *of invention is* not always proportionate to labour, *it is not* finished at last with the happy

force of some other of his tragedies, nor can be said much to affect the passions, or enlarge the understanding. JOHNSON.

The notion that Shakspeare revised this play, though it has long prevailed, appears to me extremely doubtful; or, to speak more plainly, I do not believe it. See further on this subject in *An Attempt to ascertain the order of his plays*. MALONE.

END OF THE EIGHTH VOLUME.

FEB 2 8 1939